

THE HARVARD CLASSICS  
EDITED BY CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D.

With Introductions and Notes

# The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri

Hell ■ Purgatory ■ Paradise

TRANSLATED BY HENRY F. CARY



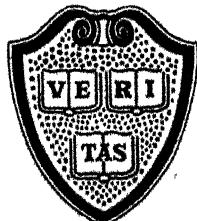
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## Introductory Note

Much of the life of Dante Alighieri is obscure, and the known facts are surrounded by a haze of legend and conjecture. He was born in Florence in 1265, of a family noble but not wealthy. His early education is a matter of inference, but we know that he learned the art of writing verse from the poets of France and Provence, and that after he reached manhood he devoted much time to study and became profoundly learned. As a young man he saw military service and shared in the recreations of his contemporaries; and he married some time before he was thirty-two. In Dante's day politics in Florence were exciting and dangerous; and after a few years of participation in public affairs he was condemned to death by his political enemies in 1302. He saved himself by exile, and never returned to his native town. The rest of his life was mainly spent wandering about the north of Italy, in Verona, Bologna, Pisa, Lucca, and finally Ravenna, where he died in 1321. During the years of his exile he found generous patrons in men like the heads of the Scala family in Verona and Guido Novello da Polenta in Ravenna; and at Bologna and elsewhere he was welcomed as a teacher.

In the early part of the century in which Dante was born, the literary language of Tuscany was still Latin, and not the least of his services to his country was his influence in finally establishing the dignity of Italian as a medium for great literature. He himself used Latin in at least three works: his lecture "De Aqua et Terra"; his "De Monarchia," in which he expounded his political theory of the relation of the Empire and the Papacy; and his unfinished "De Vulgari Eloquentia," containing his defense of the use of Italian. More important, however, were his two great works in the vernacular, the "Vita Nuova," a series of poems with prose commentary, on his love for Beatrice, and the "Divina Commedia."

The Beatrice, real or ideal, who plays so important a part in the poetry of Dante, is stated by Boccaccio to have been the daughter of Folco Portinari, a rich Florentine, and wife of the banker Simone dei Bardi. With this actual person Dante's acquaintance seems to have been of the slightest; but, after the fashion of the chivalric lovers of the day, he took her as the object

of his ideal devotion. She became for him, especially after her death in 1290, the center of a mystical devotion of extraordinary intensity, and appears in his masterpiece as the personification of heavenly enlightenment.

The "Divine Comedy" was entitled by Dante himself merely "Commedia," "meaning a poetic composition in a style intermediate between the sustained nobility of tragedy, and the popular tone of elegy." The word had no dramatic implication at that time, though it did involve a happy ending. The poem is the narrative of a journey down through Hell, up the mountain of Purgatory, and through the revolving heavens into the presence of God. In this aspect it belongs to the two familiar medieval literary types of the Journey and the Vision. It is also an allegory, representing under the symbolism of the stages and experiences of the journey, the history of a human soul, painfully struggling from sin through purification to the Beatific Vision. Other schemes of interpretation have been worked out and were probably intended, for Dante granted the medieval demand for a threefold and even fourfold signification in this type of writing.

But the "Divine Comedy" belongs to still other literary forms than those mentioned. Professor Grandgent has pointed out that it is also an encyclopedia, a poem in praise of Woman, and an autobiography. It contains much of what Dante knew of theology and philosophy, of astronomy and cosmography, and fragments of a number of other branches of learning, so that its encyclopedic character is obvious. In making it a monument to Beatrice, he surpassed infinitely all the poetry devoted to the praise of women in an age when the deification of women was the commonplace of poetry. And finally he made it an autobiography—not a narrative of the external events of his life, but of the agony of his soul.

Thus, in an altogether unique way, Dante summarizes the literature, the philosophy, the science, and the religion of the Middle Ages. Through the intensity of his capacity for experience, the splendor of his power of expression, and the depth of his spiritual and philosophic insight, he at once sums up and transcends a whole era of human history.

# THE DIVINE COMEDY

## INFERNO [HELL]

### CANTO I

ARGUMENT.—The writer, having lost his way in a gloomy forest, and being hindered by certain wild beasts from ascending a mountain, is met by Virgil, who promises to show him the punishments of Hell, and afterward of Purgatory; and that he shall then be conducted by Beatrice into Paradise. He follows the Roman poet.

**I**N the midway<sup>1</sup> of this our mortal life,  
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray  
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,  
It were no easy task, how savage wild  
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,  
Which to remember only, my dismay  
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.  
Yet, to discourse of what there good befel,  
All else will I relate discover'd there.

How first I enter'd it I scarce can say,  
Such sleepy dulness in that instant weigh'd  
My senses down, when the true path I left;  
But when a mountain's foot I reach'd, where closed  
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,  
I look'd aloft, and saw his shoulders broad  
Already vested with that planet's beam,<sup>2</sup>  
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.

Then was a little respite to the fear,  
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain  
All of that night, so pitifully past:  
And as a man, with difficult short breath,  
Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,  
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands

<sup>1</sup>"In the midway." The era of the poem is intended by these words to be fixed to the thirty-fifth year of the poet's age, A.D. 1300. In his Convito, human life is compared to an arch or bow, the

highest point of which is, in those well framed by nature, at their thirty-fifth year.

<sup>2</sup>"That planet's beam." The sun.

At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet fail'd,  
 Struggling with terror, turn'd to view the straits  
 That none hath passed and lived. My weary frame  
 After short pause recomforted, again  
 I journey'd on over that lonely steep,  
 The hinder foot<sup>3</sup> still firmer. Scarce the ascent  
 Began, when, lo! a panther,<sup>4</sup> nimble, light,  
 And cover'd with a speckled skin, appear'd;  
 Nor, when it saw me, vanish'd; rather strove  
 To check my onward going; that oft-times,  
 With purpose to retrace my steps, I turn'd.

The hour was morning's prime, and on his way  
 Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,<sup>5</sup>  
 That with him rose when Love Divine first moved  
 Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope  
 All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin  
 Of that swift animal, the matin dawn,  
 And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased.  
 And by new dread succeeded, when in view  
 A lion came, 'gainst me as it appear'd,  
 With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,  
 That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf  
 Was at his heels, who in her leanness seem'd  
 Full of all wants, and many a land hath made  
 Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear  
 O'erwhelm'd me, at the sight of her appall'd,  
 That of the height all hope I lost. As one,  
 Who, with his gain elated, sees the time  
 When all unawares is gone, he inwardly  
 Mourns with heart-gripping anguish; such was I,  
 Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,  
 Who coming o'er against me, by degrees  
 Impell'd me where the sun in silence rests.

While to the lower space with backward step  
 I fell, my ken discern'd the form of one  
 Whose voice seem'd faint through long disuse of speech.  
 When him in that great desert I espied,

<sup>3</sup> "The hinder foot." In ascending a hill the weight of the body rests on the hinder foot.

<sup>4</sup> "A panther." Pleasure or luxury.

<sup>5</sup> "With those stars." The sun was in Aries, in which sign he supposes it to have begun its course at the creation.

"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,  
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be."

He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,  
And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both  
By country, when the power of Julius yet  
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was past,  
Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time  
Of fabled deities and false. A bard  
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son  
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,  
When the flames prey'd on Ilium's haughty towers.  
But thou, say wherefore to such perils past  
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount  
Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"  
"And art thou then that Virgil, that well-spring,  
From which such copious floods of eloquence  
Have issued?" I with front abash'd replied.  
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!  
May it avail me, that I long with zeal  
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense  
Have conn'd it o'er. My master thou, and guide!  
Thou he from whom alone I have derived  
That style, which for its beauty into fame  
Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.  
O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!  
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame  
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw  
That I was weeping, answer'd, "Thou must needs  
Another way pursue, if thou wouldest 'scape  
From out that savage wilderness. This beast,  
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none  
To pass, and no less hinderance makes than death:  
So bad and so accursed in her kind,  
That never sated is her ravenous will,  
Still after food more craving than before.  
To many an animal in wedlock vile  
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,  
Until that greyhound<sup>6</sup> come, who shall destroy

<sup>6</sup>This passage has been commonly understood as a eulogium on the liberal spirit of his Veronese patron, Can Grande della Scala.

Her with sharp pain. He will not life support  
 By earth nor its base metals, but by love,  
 Wisdom, and virtue; and his land shall be  
 The land 'twixt either Feltro.<sup>7</sup> In his might  
 Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,  
 For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,  
 Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.  
 He, with incessant chase, through every town  
 Shall worry, until he to hell at length  
 Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.  
 I, for thy profit pondering, now devise  
 That thou mayst follow me; and I, thy guide,  
 Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,  
 Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see  
 Spirits of old tormented, who invoke  
 A second death;<sup>8</sup> and those next view, who dwell  
 Content in fire,<sup>9</sup> for that they hope to come,  
 Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,  
 Into whose regions if thou then desire  
 To ascend, a spirit worthier<sup>10</sup> than I  
 Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,  
 Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King,  
 Who reigns above, a rebel to His law  
 Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed  
 That, to His city, none through me should come.  
 He in all parts hath sway; there rules, there holds  
 His citadel and throne. O happy those,  
 Whom there He chuses!" I to him in few:  
 "Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,  
 I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse  
 I may escape) to lead me where thou said'st,  
 That I Saint Peter's gate<sup>11</sup> may view, and those  
 Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."

Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

<sup>7</sup> Verona, the country of Can della Scala, is situated between Feltro, a city in the Marca Trivigiana, and Monte Feltro, a city in the territory of Urbino.

<sup>8</sup> "A second death." "And in these days men shall seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them." Rev. ix. 6.

<sup>9</sup> The spirits in Purgatory.

<sup>10</sup> "A spirit worthier." Beatrice, who conducts the Poet through Paradise.

<sup>11</sup> The gate of Purgatory, which the Poet feigns to be guarded by an angel placed there by St. Peter.

## CANTO II

ARGUMENT.—After the invocation, which poets are used to prefix to their works, he shows that, on a consideration of his own strength, he doubted whether it sufficed for the journey proposed to him, but that, being comforted by Virgil, he at last took courage, and followed him as his guide and master.

**N**OW was the day departing, and the air,  
Imbrown'd with shadows, from their toils released  
All animals on earth; and I alone  
Prepared myself the conflict to sustain,  
Both of sad pity, and that perilous road,  
Which my unerring memory shall retrace.  
O Muses! O high genius! now vouchsafe  
Your aid. O mind! that all I saw hast kept  
Safe in a written record, here thy worth  
And eminent endowments come to proof.

I thus began: "Bard! thou who art my guide,  
Consider well, if virtue be in me  
Sufficient, ere to this high enterprise  
Thou trust me. Thou hast told that Silvius' sire,<sup>1</sup>  
Yet clothed in corruptible flesh, among  
The immortal tribes had entrance, and was there  
Sensibly present. Yet if Heaven's great Lord,  
Almighty foe to ill, such favor show'd  
In contemplation of the high effect,  
Both what and who from him should issue forth,  
It seems in reason's judgment well deserved;  
Sith he of Rome and of Rome's empire wide,  
In Heaven's empyreal height was chosen sire:  
Both which, if truth be spoken, were ordain'd  
And establish'd for the holy place, where sits  
Who to great Peter's sacred chair succeeds.  
He from this journey, in thy song renown'd,  
Learn'd things, that to his victory gave rise  
And to the papal robe. In after-times  
The Chosen Vessel<sup>2</sup> also travel'd there,  
To bring us back assurance in that faith  
Which is the entrance to salvation's way.  
But I, why should I there presume? or who  
Permits it? not Aeneas I, nor Paul.

<sup>1</sup>"Silvius' sire." Aeneas.

<sup>2</sup>"The Chosen Vessel." St. Paul.

Myself I deem not worthy, and none else  
 Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then  
 I venture, fear it will in folly end.  
 Thou, who art wise, better my meaning know'st,  
 Than I can speak." As one, who unresolves  
 What he hath late resolved, and with new thoughts  
 Changes his purpose, from his first intent  
 Removed; e'en such was I on that dun coast,  
 Wasting in thought my enterprise, at first  
 So eagerly embraced. "If right thy words  
 I scan," replied that shade magnanimous,  
 "Thy soul is by vile fear assail'd, which oft  
 So overcasts a man, that he recoils  
 From noblest resolution, like a beast  
 At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.  
 That from this terror thou mayst free thyself,  
 I will instruct thee why I came, and what  
 I heard in that same instant, when for thee  
 Grief touch'd me first. I was among the tribe,  
 Who rest suspended,<sup>3</sup> when a dame, so blest  
 And lovely I besought her to command,  
 Call'd me; her eyes were brighter than the star  
 Of day; and she, with gentle voice and soft,  
 Angelically tuned, her speech address'd:  
 'O courteous shade of Mantua! thou whose fame  
 Yet lives, and shall live long as nature lasts!  
 A friend, not of my fortune but myself,  
 On the wide desert in his road has met  
 Hindrance so great, that he through fear has turn'd.  
 Now much I dread lest he past help have stray'd,  
 And I be risen too late for his relief,  
 From what in heaven of him I heard. Speed now,  
 And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,  
 And by all means for his deliverance meet,  
 Assist him. So to me will comfort spring.  
 I, who now bid thee on this errand forth,  
 Am Beatrice;<sup>4</sup> from a place I come

<sup>3</sup> The spirits in Limbo, neither admitted to a state of glory nor doomed to punishment.

<sup>4</sup> "Beatrice." The daughter of Folco Portinari, who is here invested with the character of celestial wisdom or theology.

Revisited with joy. Love brought me thence,  
Who prompts my speech. When in my Master's sight  
I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell.'

"She then was silent, and I thus began:  
'O Lady! by whose influence alone  
Mankind excels whatever is contain'd  
Within that heaven which hath the smallest orb,  
So thy command delights me, that to obey,  
If it were done already, would seem late.  
No need hast thou further to speak thy will:  
Yet tell the reason, why thou art not loth  
To leave that ample space, where to return  
Thou burnest, for this centre here beneath.'

"She then: 'Since thou so deeply wouldest inquire,  
I will instruct thee briefly why no dread  
Hinders my entrance here. Those things alone  
Are to be fear'd whence evil may proceed;  
None else, for none are terrible beside.  
I am so framed by God, thanks to His grace!  
That any sufferance of your misery  
Touches me not, nor flame of that fierce fire  
Assails me. In high Heaven a blessed Dame<sup>5</sup>  
Resides, who mourns with such effectual grief  
That hindrance, which I send thee to remove,  
That God's stern judgment to her will inclines.'  
To Lucia,<sup>6</sup> calling, her she thus bespeak:  
'Now doth thy faithful servant need thy aid,  
And I commend him to thee.' At her word  
Sped Lucia, of all cruelty the foe,  
And coming to the place, where I abode  
Seated with Rachel, her of ancient days,  
She thus address'd me: "Thou true praise of God!  
Beatrice! why is not thy succour lent  
To him, who so much loved thee, as to leave  
For thy sake all the multitude admires?  
Dost thou not hear how pitiful his wail,  
Nor mark the death, which in the torrent flood,  
Swoin mightier than a sea, him struggling holds?"

<sup>5</sup>"A blessed Dame." The Divine Mercy.    <sup>6</sup>"Lucia." The enlightening Grace of Heaven; as it is commonly explained.

Ne'er among men did any with such speed  
Haste to their profit, flee from their annoy,  
As, when these words were spoken, I came here,  
Down from my blessed seat, trusting the force  
Of thy pure eloquence, which thee, and all  
Who well have mark'd it, into honor brings.'

"When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes  
Tearful she turn'd aside; whereat I felt  
Redoubled zeal to serve thee. As she will'd,  
Thus am I come: I saved thee from the beast,  
Who thy near way across the goodly mount  
Prevented. What is this comes o'er thee then?  
Why, why dost thou hang back? why in thy breast  
Harbour vile fear? why hast not courage there,  
And noble daring; since three maids,<sup>7</sup> so blest,  
Thy safety plan, e'en in the court of Heaven;  
And so much certain good my words forebode?"

As florets, by the frosty air of night  
Bent down and closed, when day has blanch'd their leaves,  
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;  
So was my fainting vigor new restored,  
And to my heart such kindly courage ran,  
That I as one undaunted soon replied:  
"O full of pity she, who undertook  
My succour! and thou kind, who didst perform  
So soon her true behest! With such desire  
Thou hast disposed me to renew my voyage,  
That my first purpose fully is resumed.  
Lead on: one only will is in us both.  
Thou art my guide, my master thou, and lord."

So spake I; and when he had onward moved,  
I enter'd on the deep and woody way.

<sup>7</sup> "Three maids." The Divine Mercy, Lucia and Beatrice.

## CANTO III

**ARGUMENT.**—Dante, following Virgil, comes to the gate of Hell; where, after having read the dreadful words that are written thereon, they both enter. Here, as he understands from Virgil, those were punished who had passed their time (for living it could not be called) in a state of apathy and indifference both to good and evil. Then, pursuing their way, they arrive at the river Acheron; and there find the old ferryman Charon, who takes the spirits over to the opposite shore; which, as soon as Dante reaches, he is seized with terror, and falls into a trance.

“**T**HROUGH me you pass into the city of woe:  
Through me you pass into eternal pain:  
Through me among the people lost for aye.  
Justice the founder of my fabric moved:  
To rear me was the task of Power divine,  
Supremest Wisdom, and primeval Love.<sup>1</sup>  
Before me things create were none, save things  
Eternal, and eternal I endure.  
All hope abandon, ye who enter here.”

Such characters, in color dim, I mark’d  
Over a portal’s lofty arch inscribed.  
Whereat I thus: “Master, these words import  
Hard meaning.” He as one prepared replied:  
“Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave;  
Here be vile fear extinguish’d. We are come  
Where I have told thee we shall see the souls  
To misery doom’d, who intellectual good  
Have lost.” And when his hand he had stretch’d forth  
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheer’d,  
Into that secret place he led me on.

Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans,  
Resounded through the air pierced by no star,  
That e’en I wept at entering. Various tongues,  
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,  
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,  
With hands together smote that swell’d the sounds,  
Made up a tumult, that forever whirls  
Round through that air with solid darkness stain’d,  
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.

I then, with horror yet encompast, cried:  
“O master! what is this I hear? what race  
Are these, who seem so overcome with woe?”

<sup>1</sup> “Power,” “Wisdom,” “Love,” the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity.

He thus to me: "This miserable fate  
 Suffer the wretched souls of those, who lived  
 Without or praise or blame, with that ill band  
 Of angels mix'd, who nor rebellious proved,  
 Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves  
 Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth  
 Not to impair his lustre; nor the depth  
 Of Hell receives them, lest the accursed tribe  
 Should glory thence with exultation vain."

I then: "Master! what doth aggrieve them thus,  
 That they lament so loud?" He straight replied:  
 "That will I tell thee briefly. These of death  
 No hope may entertain: and their blind life  
 So meanly passes, that all other lots  
 They envy. Fame of them the world hath none,  
 Nor suffers; Mercy and Justice scorn them both.  
 Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."

And I, who straightway look'd, beheld a flag,  
 Which whirling ran around so rapidly,  
 That it no pause obtain'd: and following came  
 Such a long train of spirits, I should ne'er  
 Have thought that death so many had despoil'd.

When some of these I recognized, I saw  
 And knew the shade of him, who to base fear<sup>2</sup>  
 Yielding, abjured his high estate. Forthwith  
 I understood, for certain, this the tribe  
 Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing  
 And to His foes. These wretches, who ne'er lived,  
 Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung  
 By wasps and hornets, which bedew'd their cheeks  
 With blood, that, mix'd with tears, dropp'd to their feet,  
 And by disgusting worms was gather'd there.

Then looking further onwards, I beheld

<sup>2</sup>This is commonly understood of Celestine V, who abdicated the papal power in 1294. Venturi mentions a work written by Innocenzo Barcellini, of the Celestine order, and printed at Milan in 1701, in which an attempt is made to put a different interpretation on this passage. Lombardi would apply it to some one of Dante's fellow-citizens, who, refusing,

through avarice or want of spirit, to support the party of the Bianchi at Florence, had been the main occasion of the miseries that befell them. But the testimony of Fazio degli Uberti, who lived so near the time of our author, seems almost decisive on this point. He expressly speaks of the Pope Celestine as being in Hell.

A throng upon the shore of a great stream:  
Whereat I thus: "Sir! grant me now to know  
Whom here we view, and whence impell'd they seem  
So eager to pass o'er, as I discern  
Through the blear light?" He thus to me in few:  
"This shalt thou know, soon as our steps arrive  
Beside the woful tide of Acheron."

Then with eyes downward cast, and fill'd with shame,  
Fearing my words offensive to his ear,  
Till we had reach'd the river, I from speech  
Abstain'd. And lo! toward us in a bark  
Comes on an old man, hoary white with eld,  
Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits! hope not  
Ever to see the sky again. I come  
To take you to the other shore across,  
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell  
In fierce heat and in ice. And thou, who there  
Standest, live spirit! get thee hence, and leave  
These who are dead." But soon as he beheld  
I left them not, "By other way," said he,  
"By other haven shalt thou come to shore,  
Not by this passage; thee a nimbler boat  
Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide:  
"Charon! thyself torment not: so 'tis will'd,  
Where will and power are one: ask thou no more."

Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks  
Of him, the boatman o'er the livid lake,  
Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames. Meanwhile  
Those spirits, faint and naked, color changed,  
And gnash'd their teeth, soon as the cruel words  
They heard. God and their parents they blasphemed,  
The human kind, the place, the time, and seed,  
That did engender them and give them birth,

Then all together sorely wailing drew  
To the curst strand, that every man must pass  
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,  
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,  
Beckoning, and each, that lingers, with his oar  
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves  
One still another following, till the bough

Strews all its honours on the earth beneath;  
 E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood  
 Cast themselves, one by one, down from the shore,  
 Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.<sup>3</sup>

Thus go they over through the umber'd wave;  
 And ever they on the opposing bank  
 Be landed, on this side another throng  
 Still gathers. "Son," thus spake the courteous guide,  
 "Those who die subject to the wrath of God  
 All here together come from every clime  
 And to o'erpass the river are not loth:  
 For so Heaven's justice goads them on, that fear  
 Is turn'd into desire. Hence ne'er hath past  
 Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,  
 Now mayst thou know the import of his words."

This said, the gloomy region trembling shook  
 So terribly, that yet with clammy dews  
 Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave a blast,  
 That, lightening, shot forth a vermillion flame,  
 Which all my senses conquer'd quite, and I  
 Down dropp'd, as one with sudden slumber seized.

## CANTO IV

*ARGUMENT.*—The Poet, being roused by a clap of thunder, and following his guide onward, descends into Limbo, which is the first circle of Hell, where he finds the souls of those, who, although they have lived virtuously and have not to suffer for great sins, nevertheless, through lack of baptism, merit not the bliss of Paradise. Hence he is led on by Virgil to descend into the second circle.

**B**ROKE the deep slumber in my brain a crash  
 Of heavy thunder, that I shook myself,  
 As one by main force roused. Risen upright,  
 My rested eyes I moved around, and search'd  
 With fixed ken, to know what place it was  
 Wherein I stood. For certain, on the brink  
 I found me of the lamentable vale,  
 The dread abyss, that joins a thundrous sound  
 Of plaints innumerable. Dark and deep,

<sup>3</sup>"As a falcon at his call." This is Vellutello's explanation, and seems preferable to that commonly given: "as a bird that is enticed to the cage by the call of another."

And thick with clouds o'erspread, mine eye in vain  
Explored its bottom, nor could aught discern.

"Now let us to the blind world there beneath  
Descend," the bard began, all pale of look:  
"I go the first, and thou shalt follow next."

Then I, his alter'd hue perceiving, thus:  
"How may I speed, if thou yieldest to dread,  
Who still art wont to comfort me in doubt?"

He then: "The anguish of that race below  
With pity stains my cheek, which thou for fear  
Mistakest. Let us on. Our length of way  
Urges to haste." Onward, this said, he moved;  
And entering led me with him, on the bounds  
Of the first circle that surrounds the abyss.

Here, as mine ear could note, no plaint was heard  
Except of sighs, that made the eternal air  
Tremble, not caused by tortures, but from grief  
Felt by those multitudes, many and vast,  
Of men, women, and infants. Then to me  
The gentle guide: "Inquirest thou not what spirits  
Are these which thou beholdest? Ere thou pass  
Farther, I would thou know, that these of sin  
Were blameless; and if aught they merited,  
It profits not, since baptism was not theirs,  
The portal<sup>1</sup> to thy faith. If they before  
The Gospel lived, they served not God aright;  
And among such am I. For these defects,  
And for no other evil, we are lost;  
Only so far afflicted, that we live  
Desiring without hope." Sore grief assail'd  
My heart at hearing this, for well I knew  
Suspended in that Limbo many a soul  
Of mighty worth. "O tell me, sire revered!  
Tell me, my master!" I began, through wish  
Of full assurance in that holy faith  
Which vanquishes all error; "say, did e'er  
Any, or through his own or other's merit,

<sup>1</sup> "Portal." "*Porta della fede.*" This was an alteration made in the text by the Academicians della Crusca, on the au- thority, as it would appear, of only two manuscripts. The other reading is, "*parte della fede*," "part of the faith."

Come forth from thence, who afterward was blest?"

Piercing the secret purport<sup>2</sup> of my speech,  
He answer'd: "I was new to that estate  
When I beheld a puissant one<sup>3</sup> arrive  
Amongst us, with victorious trophy crown'd.  
He forth the shade of our first parent drew,  
Abel, his child, and Noah righteous man,  
Of Moses lawgiver for faith approved,  
Of patriarch Abraham, and David king,  
Israel with his sire and with his sons,  
Nor without Rachel whom so hard he won,  
And others many more, whom He to bliss  
Exalted. Before these, be thou assured,  
No spirit of human kind was ever saved."

We, while he spake, ceased not our onward road,  
Still passing through the wood; for so I name  
Those spirits thick beset. We were not far  
On this side from the summit, when I kenn'd  
A flame, that o'er the darken'd hemisphere  
Prevailing shined. Yet we a little space  
Were distant, not so far but I in part  
Discover'd that a tribe in honour high  
That place possess'd. "O thou, who every art  
And science valuest! who are these, that boast  
Such honor, separate from all the rest?"

He answer'd: "The renown of their great names,  
That echoes through your world above, acquires  
Favor in Heaven, which holds them thus advanced."  
Meantime a voice I heard: "Honor the bard  
Sublime! his shade returns, that left us late!"  
No sooner ceased the sound, than I beheld  
Four mighty spirits toward us bend their steps,  
Of semblance neither sorrowful nor glad.

When thus my master kind began: "Mark him,  
Who in his right hand bears that falchion keen,  
The other three preceding, as their lord.

<sup>2</sup> "Secret purport." Lombardi well observes that Dante seems to have been restrained by awe and reverence from uttering the name of Christ in this place of torment; and that for the same cause,

probably, it does not occur once throughout the whole of this first part of the poem.

<sup>3</sup> "A puissant one." Our Saviour.

This is that Homer, of all bards supreme:  
 Flaccus the next, in satire's vein excelling;  
 The third is Naso; Lucan is the last.  
 Because they all that appellation own,  
 With which the voice singly accosted me,  
 Honouring they greet me thus, and well they judge."

So I beheld united the bright school  
 Of him the monarch of sublimest song,<sup>4</sup>  
 That o'er the others like an eagle soars.

When they together short discourse had held,  
 They turn'd to me, with salutation kind  
 Beckoning me; at the which my master smiled:  
 Nor was this all; but greater honour still  
 They gave me, for they made me of their tribe;  
 And I was sixth amid so learn'd a band.

Far as the luminous beacon on we pass'd,  
 Speaking of matters, then befitting well  
 To speak, now fitter left untold. At foot  
 Of a magnificent castle we arrived,  
 Seven times with lofty walls begirt, and round  
 Defended by a pleasant stream. O'er this  
 As o'er dry land we pass'd. Next, through seven gates,  
 I with those sages enter'd, and we came  
 Into a mead with lively verdure fresh.

There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around  
 Majestically moved, and in their port  
 Bore eminent authority: they spake  
 Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet.

We to one side retired, into a place  
 Open and bright and lofty, whence each one  
 Stood manifest to view. Incontinent,  
 There on the green enamel of the plain  
 Were shown me the great spirits, by whose sight  
 I am exalted in my own esteem.

Electra<sup>5</sup> there I saw accompanied  
 By many, among whom Hector I knew,  
 Anchises' pious son, and with hawk's eye  
 Cæsar all arm'd, and by Camilla there

monarch of sublimest song."      <sup>5</sup>Daughter of Atlas, and mother of Dardanus, founder of Troy.

Penthesilea. On the other side,  
 Old King Latinus seated by his child  
 Lavinia, and that Brutus I beheld  
 Who Tarquin chased, Lucretia, Cato's wife  
 Marcia, with Julia<sup>6</sup> and Cornelia there;  
 And sole apart retired, the Soldan fierce.<sup>7</sup>

Then when a little more I raised my brow,  
 I spied the master of the sapient throng,<sup>8</sup>  
 Seated amid the philosophic train.  
 Him all admire, all pay him reverence due.  
 There Socrates and Plato both I mark'd  
 Nearest to him in rank, Democritus,  
 Who sets the world at chance,<sup>9</sup> Diogenes,  
 With Heraclitus, and Empedocles,  
 And Anaxagoras, and Thales sage,  
 Zeno, and Dioscorides well read  
 In nature's secret lore. Orpheus I mark'd  
 And Linus, Tully and moral Seneca,  
 Euclid and Ptolemy, Hippocrates,  
 Galenus, Avicen, and him who made  
 That commentary vast, Averroes.<sup>10</sup>

Of all to speak at full were vain attempt;  
 For my wide theme so urges, that oft-times  
 My words fall short of what bechanced In two  
 The six associates part. Another way  
 My sage guide leads me, from that air serene,  
 Into a climate ever vex'd with storms:  
 And to a part I come, where no light shines.

<sup>6</sup> "Julia." The daughter of Julius Caesar, and wife of Pompey.

<sup>7</sup> "The Soldan fierce." Saladin, or Salaheddin, the rival of Richard Coeur de Lion.

<sup>8</sup> "The master of the sapient throng." "Maestro di color che sanno." Aristotle.

<sup>9</sup> "Who sets the world at chance." Democritus, who maintained the world to have been formed by the fortuitous conourse of atoms.

<sup>10</sup> Averroes, called by the Arabians Ibn Roschd, translated and commented on the works of Aristotle.

## CANTO V

ARGUMENT.—Coming into the second circle of Hell, Dante at the entrance beholds Minos the Infernal Judge, by whom he is admonished to beware how he enters those regions. Here he witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by the most furious winds. Among these, he meets with Francesca of Rimini, through pity at whose sad tale he falls fainting to the ground.

**F**ROM the first circle I descended thus  
Down to the second, which, a lesser space  
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,  
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands,  
Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all  
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,  
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,  
According as he foldeth him around:  
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,  
It all confesses; and that judge severe  
Of sins, considering what place in Hell  
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft  
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath  
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand  
Always a numerous throng; and in his turn  
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears  
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurl'd.  
“O thou! who to this residence of woe  
Approachest!” when he saw me coming, cried  
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,  
“Look how thou enter here; beware in whom  
Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad  
Deceive thee to thy harm.” To him my guide:  
“Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way  
By destiny appointed; so ‘tis will’d,  
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more.”  
Now ‘gin the rueful wailings to be heard.  
Now am I come where many a plaining voice  
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came  
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groan’d  
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn  
By warring winds. The stormy blast of Hell  
With restless fury drives the spirits on,  
Whirl’d round and dash’d amain with sore annoy.

When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,  
 There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,  
 And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in Heaven.  
 I understood, that to this torment sad  
 The carnal sinners are condemn'd, in whom  
 Reason by lust is sway'd. As, in large troops  
 And multitudinous, when winter reigns,  
 The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;  
 So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.  
 On this side and on that, above, below,  
 It drives them: hope of rest to solace them  
 Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,  
 Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,  
 Stretch'd out in long array; so I beheld  
 Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on  
 By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who  
 Are these, by the black air so scourged?" "The first  
 'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,  
 "O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice  
 Of luxury was so shameless, that she made  
 Liking be lawful by promulg'd decree,  
 To clear the blame she had herself incurr'd.  
 This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,  
 That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;  
 And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.  
 The next in amorous fury slew herself,  
 And to Sichæus' ashes broke her faith:  
 Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."

There mark'd I Helen, for whose sake so long  
 The time was fraught with evil; there the great  
 Achilles, who with love fought to the end.  
 Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,  
 A thousand more he show'd me, and by name  
 Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.

When I had heard my sage instructor name  
 Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpower'd  
 By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind  
 Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly  
 I would address those two together coming,  
 Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:

"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.  
 Then by that love which carries them along,  
 Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind  
 Sway'd them towards us, I thus framed my speech:  
 "O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse  
 With us, if by none else restrain'd." As doves  
 By fond desire invited, on wide wings  
 And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,  
 Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;  
 Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,  
 They, through the ill air speeding: with such force  
 My cry prevail'd, by strong affection urged.

"O gracious creature and benign! who go'st  
 Visiting, through this element obscure,  
 Us, who the world with bloody stain imbru'd;  
 If, for a friend, the King of all, we own'd,  
 Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,  
 Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.  
 Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse  
 It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that  
 Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,  
 As now, is mute. The land,<sup>1</sup> that gave me birth,  
 Is situate on the coast, where Po descends  
 To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.

"Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,  
 Entangled him by that fair form, from me  
 Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:  
 Love, that denial takes from none beloved,  
 Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,  
 That, as thou seest, he yet deserts me not.  
 Love brought us to one death: Caïna<sup>2</sup> waits  
 The soul, who spilt our life." Such were their words;  
 At hearing which, downward I bent my looks,  
 And held them there so long, that the bard cried:  
 "What art thou pondering?" I in answer thus:  
 "Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire  
 Must they at length to that ill pass have reach'd!"

Then turning, I to them my speech address'd,

<sup>1</sup> "The land." Ravenna.

<sup>2</sup> "Caïna." The place to which murderers are doomed.

And thus began: "Francesca!<sup>3</sup> your sad fate  
 Even to tears my grief and pity moves.  
 But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,  
 By what, and how Love granted, that ye knew  
 Your yet uncertain wishes?" She replied:  
 "No greater grief than to remember days  
 Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens  
 Thy learn'd instructor. Yet so eagerly  
 If thou art bent to know the primal root,  
 From whence our love gat being, I will do  
 As one, who weeps and tells his tale. One day,  
 For our delight we read of Lancelot,<sup>4</sup>  
 How him love thrall'd. Alone we were, and no  
 Suspicion near us. Oft-times by that reading  
 Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue  
 Fled from our alter'd cheek. But at one point  
 Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,  
 The wished smile so rapturously kiss'd  
 By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er  
 From me shall separate, at once my lips  
 All trembling kiss'd. The book and writer both  
 Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day  
 We read no more." While thus one spirit spake,  
 The other wail'd so sorely, that heart-struck  
 I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far  
 From death, and like a corse fell to the ground.

<sup>3</sup> "Francesca." Francesca, the daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna, was given by her father in marriage to Gianciotto, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, a man of extraordinary courage, but deformed in his person. His brother Paolo, who unhappily possessed those graces which the husband of Francesca wanted, engaged her affections; and being

taken in adultery, they were both put to death by the enraged Gianciotto.

<sup>4</sup> "Lancelot." One of the Knights of the Round Table, and the lover of Ginevra, or Guinever, celebrated in romance. The incident alluded to seems to have made a strong impression on the imagination of Dante, who introduces it again, in the Paradise, Canto xvi.

## CANTO VI

**ARGUMENT.**—On his recovery, the Poet finds himself in the third circle, where the gluttonous are punished. Their torment is, to lie in the mire, under a continual and heavy storm of hail, snow, and discolored water; Cerberus, meanwhile barking over them with his threefold throat, and rending them piecemeal. One of these, who on earth was named Ciacco, foretells the divisions with which Florence is about to be distracted. Dante proposes a question to his guide, who solves it; and they proceed toward the fourth circle.

**M**Y sense reviving, that erewhile had droop'd  
 With pity for the kindred shades, whence grief  
 O'ercame me wholly, straight around I see  
 New torments, new tormented souls, which way  
 Soe'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.  
 In the third circle I arrive, of showers  
 Ceaseless, accursed, heavy and cold, unchanged  
 For ever, both in kind and in degree.  
 Large hail, discolor'd water, sleetey flaw  
 Through the dun midnight air stream'd down amain:  
 Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell.  
 Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,  
 Through his wide threefold throat, barks as a dog  
 Over the multitude immersed beneath.  
 His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,  
 His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with which  
 He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs  
 Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, as curs,  
 Under the rainy deluge, with one side  
 The other screening, oft they roll them round,  
 A wretched, godless crew. When that great worm<sup>1</sup>  
 Descried us, savage Cerberus, he oped  
 His jaws, and the fangs show'd us; not a limb  
 Of him but trembled. Then my guide, his palms  
 Expanding on the ground, thence fill'd with earth  
 Raised them, and cast it in his ravenous maw.  
 E'en as a dog, that yelling bays for food  
 His keeper, when the morsel comes, lets fall  
 His fury, bent alone with eager haste

<sup>1</sup> "When that great worm, descried us . . . he opened his jaws." In Canto xxxiv. Lucifer is called "The abhorred worm, that boreth through the world."

To swallow it; so dropp'd the loathsome cheeks  
Of demon Cerberus, who thundering stuns  
The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain.

We, o'er the shades thrown prostrate by the brunt  
Of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet  
Upon their emptiness, that substance seem'd.

They all along the earth extended lay,  
Save one, that sudden raised himself to sit,  
Soon as that way he saw us pass. "O thou!"  
He cried, "who through the infernal shades art led,  
Own, if again thou know'st me. Thou wast framed  
Or ere my frame was broken." I replied:

"The anguish thou endurest perchance so takes  
Thy form from my remembrance, that it seems  
As if I saw thee never. But inform  
Me who thou art, that in a place so sad  
Art set, and in such torment, that although  
Other be greater, none disgusteth more."  
He thus in answer to my words rejoin'd:  
"Thy city, heap'd with envy to the brim,  
Aye, that the measure overflows its bounds,  
Held me in brighter days. Ye citizens  
Were wont to name me Ciacco.<sup>2</sup> For the sin  
Of gluttony, damned vice, beneath this rain,  
E'en as thou seest, I with fatigue am worn:  
Nor I sole spirit in this woe: all these  
Have by like crime incur'd like punishment."

No more he said, and I my speech resumed:  
"Ciacco! thy dire affliction grieves me much,  
Even to tears. But tell me, if thou know'st,  
What shall at length befall the citizens  
Of the divided city;<sup>3</sup> whether any  
Just one inhabit there: and tell the cause,  
Whence jarring Discord hath assail'd it thus."

He then: "After long striving they will come

<sup>2</sup> "Ciacco." So called from his inordinate appetite; "ciacco," in Italian, signifying a pig. The real name of this glutton has not been transmitted to us.

<sup>3</sup> "The divided city." The city of Florence, divided into the Bianchi and Neri factions.

To blood; and the wild party from the woods<sup>4</sup>  
 Will chase the other<sup>5</sup> with much injury forth.  
 Then it behooves that this must fall,<sup>6</sup> within  
 Three solar circles;<sup>7</sup> and the other rise  
 By borrow'd force of one, who under shore  
 Now rests.<sup>8</sup> It shall a long space hold aloof  
 Its forehead, keeping under heavy weight  
 The other opprest, indignant at the load,  
 And grieving sore. The just are two in number.<sup>9</sup>  
 But they neglected. Avarice, envy, pride,  
 Three fatal sparks, have set the hearts of all  
 On fire." Here ceased the lamentable sound;  
 And I continued thus: "Still would I learn  
 More from thee, further parley still entreat.  
 Of Farinata and Tegghiaio<sup>10</sup> say,  
 They who so well deserved; of Giacopo,<sup>11</sup>  
 Arrigo, Mosca,<sup>12</sup> and the rest, who bent  
 Their minds on working good. Oh! tell me where  
 They bide, and to their knowledge let me come.  
 For I am prest with keen desire to hear  
 If Heaven's sweet cup, or poisonous drug of Hell,  
 Be to their lip assign'd." He answer'd straight:  
 "These are yet blacker spirits. Various crimes  
 Have sunk them deeper in the dark abyss.  
 If thou so far descendest, thou mayst see them.  
 But to the pleasant world, when thou return'st,  
 Of me make mention, I entreat thee, there.  
 No more I tell thee, answer thee no more."

<sup>4</sup> "The wild party from the woods." So called, because it was headed by Veri de' Cerchi, whose family had lately come into the city from Acona, and the woody country of the Val di Nievole.

<sup>5</sup> "The other." The opposite party of the Neri, at the head of which was Corso Donati.

<sup>6</sup> "This must fall." The Bianchi.

<sup>7</sup> "Three solar circles." Three years.

<sup>8</sup> "Of one, who under shore now rests." Charles of Valois, by whose means the Neri were replaced.

<sup>9</sup> "The just are two in number." Who these two were, the commentators are not

agreed. Some understand them to be Dante himself and his friend Guido Cavalcanti.

<sup>10</sup> "Of Farinata and Tegghiaio." See Canto x. and notes, and Canto xvi. and notes.

<sup>11</sup> "Giacopo." Giacopo Rusticucci. See Canto xvi. and notes.

<sup>12</sup> "Arrigo, Mosca." Of Arrigo, who is said by the commentators to have been of the noble family of the Fifanti, no mention afterward occurs. Mosca degli Uberti, or de' Lamberti, is introduced in Canto xxviii.

This said, his fixed eyes he turn'd askance,  
A little eyed me, then bent down his head,  
And 'midst his blind companions with it fell.

When thus my guide: "No more his bed he leaves,  
Ere the last angel-trumpet blow. The Power  
Adverse to these shall then in glory come,  
Each one forthwith to his sad tomb repair,  
Resume his fleshly vesture and his form,  
And hear the eternal doom re-echoing rend  
The vault." So pass'd we through that mixture foul  
Of spirits and rain, with tardy steps; meanwhile  
Touching, though slightly, on the life to come.  
For thus I question'd: "Shall these tortures, Sir!  
When the great sentence passes, be increased,  
Or mitigated, or as now severe?"

He then: "Consult thy knowledge; that decides,  
That, as each thing to more perfection grows,  
It feels more sensibly both good and pain.  
Though ne'er to true perfection may arrive  
This race accurst, yet nearer then, than now,  
They shall approach it." Compassing that path,  
Circuitous we journey'd; and discourse,  
Much more than I relate, between us pass'd:  
Till at the point, whence the steps led below,  
Arrived, there Plutus, the great foe, we found.

### CANTO VII

**ARGUMENT.**—In the present Canto, Dante describes his descent into the fourth circle, at the beginning of which he sees Plutus stationed. Here one like doom awars the prodigal and the avaricious; which is, to meet in direful conflict, rolling great weights against each other with mutual upbraidings. From hence Virgil takes occasion to show how vain the goods that are committed into the charge of Fortune; and this moves our author to inquire what being that Fortune is, of whom he speaks: which question being resolved, they go down into the fifth circle, where they find the wrathful and gloomy tormented in the Stygian lake. Having made a compass round great part of this lake, they come at last to the base of a lofty tower.

"**A**H me! O Satan! Satan!"<sup>1</sup> loud exclaim'd  
Plutus, in accent hoarse of wild alarm:  
And the kind sage, whom no event surprised,  
To comfort me thus spake: "Let not thy fear  
Harm thee, for power in him, be sure, is none

<sup>1</sup>"Pape Satan, Pape Satan, aleppe;" words without meaning.

To hinder down this rock thy safe descent.”  
Then to that swoln lip turning, “Peace!” he cried,  
“Curst wolf! thy fury inward on thyself  
Prey, and consume thee! Through the dark profound,  
Not without cause, he passes. So ’tis will’d  
On high, there where the great Archangel pour’d  
Heaven’s vengeance on the first adulterer proud.”

As sails, full spread and bellying with the wind,  
Drop suddenly collapsed, if the mast split;  
So to the ground down dropp’d the cruel fiend

Thus we, descending to the fourth steep ledge,  
Gain’d on the dismal shore, that all the woe  
Hems in of all the universe. Ah me!  
Almighty Justice! in what store thou heap’st  
New pains, new troubles, as I here beheld.  
Wherefore doth fault of ours bring us to this?

E’en as a billow, on Charybdis rising,  
Against encounter’d billow dashing breaks;  
Such is the dance this wretched race must lead,  
Whom more than elsewhere numerous here I found.  
From one side and the other, with loud voice,  
Both roll’d on weights, by main force of their breasts,  
Then smote together, and each one forthwith  
Roll’d them back voluble, turning again;  
Exclaiming these, “Why holdest thou so fast?”  
Those answering, “And why castest thou away?”  
So, still repeating their despiteful song,  
They to the opposite point, on either hand,  
Traversed the horrid circle; then arrived,  
Both turn’d them round, and through the middle space,  
Conflicting met again. At sight whereof  
I, stung with grief, thus spake: “O say, my guide!  
What race is this. Were these, whose heads are shorn,  
On our left hand, all separate to the Church?”

He straight replied: “In their first life, these all  
In mind were so distorted, that they made,  
According to due measure, of their wealth  
No use. This clearly from their words collect,  
Which they howl forth, at each extremity  
Arriving of the circle, where their crime

Contrary in kind disparts them. To the Church  
Were separate those, that with no hairy cowls  
Are crowned, both Popes and Cardinals, o'er whom  
Avarice dominion absolute maintains."

I then: "'Mid such as these some needs must be,  
Whom I shall recognize, that with the blot  
Of these soul sins were stain'd." He answering thus:  
"Vain thought conceivest thou. That ignoble life,  
Which made them vile before, now makes them dark,  
And to all knowledge indiscernible.

For ever they shall meet in this rude shock:  
These from the tomb with clenched grasp shall rise,  
Those with close-shaven locks. That ill they gave,  
And ill they kept, hath of the beauteous world  
Deprived, and set them at this strife, which needs  
No labor'd phrase of mine to set it off.

Now mayst thou see, my son! how brief, how vain,  
The goods committed into Fortune's hands,  
For which the human race keep such a coil!  
Not all the gold that is beneath the moon,  
Or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls  
Might purchase rest for one." I thus rejoin'd:  
"My guide! of these this also would I learn;  
This Fortune, that thou speak'st of, what it is,  
Whose talons grasp the blessings of the world."

He thus: "O beings blind! what ignorance  
Besets you! Now my judgment hear and mark.  
He, whose transcendent wisdom passes all,  
The heavens creating, gave them ruling powers  
To guide them; so that each part shines to each,  
Their light in equal distribution pour'd.  
By similar appointment he ordain'd,  
Over the world's bright images to rule,  
Superintendence of a guiding hand  
And general minister, which, at due time,  
May change the empty vantages of life  
From race to race, from one to other's blood,  
Beyond prevention of man's wisest care:  
Wherefore one nation rises into sway,  
Another languishes, e'en as her will

Decrees, from us conceal'd, as in the grass  
The serpent train. Against her nought avails  
Your utmost wisdom. She with foresight plans,  
Judges, and carries on her reign, as theirs  
The other powers divine. Her changes know  
None intermission: by necessity  
She is made swift, so frequent come who claim  
Succession in her favors. This is she,  
So execrated e'en by those whose debt  
To her is rather praise: they wrongfully  
With blame requite her, and with evil word;  
But she is blessed, and for that recks not:  
Amidst the other primal beings glad  
Rolls on her sphere, and in her bliss exults.  
Now on our way pass we, to heavier woe  
Descending: for each star is falling now,  
That mounted at our entrance, and forbids  
Too long our tarrying." We the circle cross'd  
To the next steep, arriving at a well,  
That boiling pours itself down to a foss  
Sluiced from its source. Far murkier was the wave  
Than sablest grain: and we in company  
Of the inky waters, journeying by their side,  
Enter'd, though by a different track, beneath.  
Into a lake, the Stygian named, expands  
The dismal stream, when it hath reach'd the foot  
Of the gray wither'd cliffs. Intent I stood  
To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried  
A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks  
Betokening rage. They with their hands alone  
Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,  
Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.

The good instructor spake: "Now seest thou, son!  
The souls of those, whom anger overcame.  
This too for certain know, that underneath  
The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs  
Into these bubbles make the surface heave,  
As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'er it turn.  
Fix'd in the slime, they say: 'Sad once were we,  
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,

Carrying a foul and lazy mist within:  
 Now in these murky settling are we sad,  
 Such dolorous strain they gurgle in their throats,  
 But word distinct can utter none." Our route  
 Thus compass'd we, a segment widely stretch'd  
 Between the dry embankment, and the core  
 Of the loath'd pool, turning meanwhile our eyes  
 Downward on those who gulp'd its muddy lees;  
 Nor stopp'd, till to a tower's low base we came.

## CANTO VIII

**ARGUMENT.**—A signal having been made from the tower, Phlegyas, the ferryman of the lake, speedily crosses it, and conveys Virgil and Dante to the other side. On their passage, they meet with Filippo Argenti, whose fury and torment are described. They then arrive at the city of Dis, the entrance whereto is denied, and the portals closed against them by many Demons.

**M**Y theme pursuing, I relate, that ere  
 We reach'd the lofty turret's base, our eyes  
 Its height ascended, where we mark'd uphung  
 Two cressets, and another saw from far  
 Return the signal, so remote, that scarce  
 The eye could catch its beam. I, turning round  
 To the deep source of knowledge, thus inquired:  
 "Say what this means; and what, that other light  
 In answer set: what agency doth this?"  
 "There on the filthy waters," he replied,  
 "E'en now what next awaits us mayst thou see,  
 If the marsh-gendered fog conceal it not."  
 Never was arrow from the cord dismiss'd,  
 That ran its way so nimbly through the air,  
 As a small bark, that through the waves I spied  
 Toward us coming, under the sole sway  
 Of one that ferried it, who cried aloud:  
 "Art thou arrived, fell spirit?"—"Phlegyas, Phlegyas,<sup>1</sup>  
 This time thou criest in vain," my lord replied;  
 "No longer shalt thou have us, but while o'er  
 The slimy pool we pass." As one who hears  
 Of some great wrong he hath sustain'd, whereat

<sup>1</sup> Phlegyas, so incensed against Apollo by whose vengeance he was cast into Tartarus. See Virgil, *Aeneas*, l. vi. 618, that he set fire to the temple of that deity,

Inly he pines: so Phlegyas inly pined  
 In his fierce ire. My guide, descending, stepp'd  
 Into the skiff, and bade me enter next,  
 Close at his side; nor, till my entrance, seem'd  
 The vessel freighted. Soon as both embark'd,  
 Cutting the waves, goes on the ancient prow,  
 More deeply than with others it is wont.

While we our course o'er the dead channel held,  
 One drench'd in mire before me came, and said:  
 "Who art thou, that thus comest ere thine hour?"

I answer'd: "Though I come, I tarry not:  
 But who art thou, that art become so foul?"

"One, as thou seest, who mourn:" he straight  
 replied.

To which I thus: "In mourning and in woe,  
 Curst spirit! tarry thou. I know thee well,  
 E'en thus in filth disguised." Then stretch'd he forth  
 Hands to the bark; whereof my teacher sage  
 Aware, thrusting him back: "Away! down there  
 To the other dogs!" then, with his arms my neck  
 Encircling, kiss'd my cheek, and spake: "O soul,  
 Justly disdainful! blest was she in whom  
 Thou wast conceived. He in the world was one  
 For arrogance noted: to his memory  
 No virtue lends its lustre; even so  
 Here is his shadow furious. There above,  
 How many now hold themselves mighty kings,  
 Who here like swine shall wallow in the mire,  
 Leaving behind them horrible dispraise."

I then: "Master! him fain would I behold  
 Whelm'd in these dregs, before we quit the lake."

He thus: "Or ever to thy view the shore  
 Be offer'd, satisfied shall be that wish,  
 Which well deserves completion." Scarce his words  
 Were ended, when I saw the miry tribes  
 Set on him with such violence, that yet  
 For that render I thanks to God, and praise.  
 "To Filippo Argentil!"<sup>2</sup> cried they all:

<sup>2</sup> Boccaccio tells us, "he was a man remarkable for the large proportions and extraordinary vigor of his bodily frame, and the extreme waywardness and irascibility of his temper."—"Decameron," G. ix. N. 8.

And on himself the moody Florentine  
 Turn'd his avenging fangs. Him here we left,  
 Nor speak I of him more. But on mine ear  
 Sudden a sound of lamentation smote,  
 Whereat mine eye unbarr'd I sent abroad.

And thus the good instructor: "Now, my son  
 Draws near the city, that of Dis is named,  
 With its grave denizens, a mighty throng."

I thus: "The minarets already, Sir!  
 There, certes, in the valley I descry,  
 Gleaming vermillion, as if they from fire  
 Had issued." He replied: "Eternal fire,  
 That inward burns, shows them with ruddy flame  
 Illumed; as in this nether Hell thou seest."

We came within the fosses deep, that moat  
 This region comfortless. The walls appear'd  
 As they were framed of iron. We had made  
 Wide circuit, ere a place we reach'd, where loud  
 The mariner cried vehement: "Go forth:  
 The entrance is here." Upon the gates I spied  
 More than a thousand, who of old from Heaven  
 Were shower'd. With ireful gestures, "Who is this,"  
 They cried, "that, without death first felt, goes through  
 The regions of the dead?" My sapient guide  
 Made sign that he for secret parley wish'd;  
 Whereat their angry scorn abating, thus  
 They spake: "Come thou alone; and let him go,  
 Who hath so hardily enter'd this realm.  
 Alone return he by his witless ways;  
 If well he knew it, let him prove. For thee,  
 Here shalt thou tarry, who through clime so dark  
 Hast been his escort." Now bethink thee, reader!  
 What cheer was mine at sound of those curst words.  
 I did believe I never should return.

"O my loved guidel who more than seven times<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> "Seven times." The commentators, says Venturi, perplex themselves with the inquiry what seven perils these were from which Dante had been delivered by Virgil. Reckoning the beasts in the first Canto as one of them, and adding Charon,

Minos, Cerberus, Plutus, Phlegyas, and Filippo Argenti, as so many others, we shall have the number; and if this be not satisfactory, we may suppose a determinate to have been put for an indeterminate number.

Security hast render'd me, and drawn  
 From peril deep, whereto I stood exposed,  
 Desert me not," I cried, "in this extreme.  
 And, if our onward going be denied,  
 Together trace we back our steps with speed."

My liege, who thither had conducted me,  
 Replied: "Fear not: for of our passage none  
 Hath power to disappoint us, by such high  
 Authority permitted. But do thou  
 Expect me here; meanwhile, thy wearied spirit  
 Comfort, and feed with kindly hope, assured  
 I will not leave thee in this lower world."  
 This said, departs the sire benevolent,  
 And quits me. Hesitating I remain  
 At war, 'twixt will and will not, in my thoughts.

I could not hear what terms he offer'd them,  
 But they conferri'd not long, for all at once  
 Pellmell rush'd back within. Closed were the gates,  
 By those our adversaries, on the breast  
 Of my liege lord: excluded, he return'd  
 To me with tardy steps. Upon the ground  
 His eyes were bent, and from his brow erased  
 All confidence, while thus in sighs he spake:  
 "Who hath denied me these abodes of woe?"  
 Then thus to me: "That I am anger'd, think  
 No ground of terror: in this trial I  
 Shall vanquish, use what arts they may within  
 For hindrance. This their insolence, not new,<sup>4</sup>  
 Erewhile at gate less secret they display'd,  
 Which still is without bolt; upon its arch  
 Thou saw'st the deadly scroll: and even now,  
 On this side of its entrance, down the steep,  
 Passing the circles, unescorted, comes  
 One whose strong might can open us this land."

<sup>4</sup> Virgil assures our poet that these evil spirits had formerly shown the same insolence when our Saviour descended into hell. They attempted to prevent him from entering at the gate, over which

Dante had read the fatal inscription. "That gate which," says the Roman poet, "an angel had just passed, by whose aid we shall overcome this opposition, and gain admittance into the city."

## CANTO IX

**ARGUMENT.**—After some hindrances, and having seen the hellish furies and other monsters, the Poet, by the help of an angel, enters the city of Dis, wherein he discovers that the heretics are punished in tombs burning with intense fire, and he, together with Virgil, passes onward between the sepulchres and the walls of the city.

**T**HE hue,<sup>1</sup> which coward dread on my pale cheeks  
Imprinted when I saw my guide turn back,  
Chased that from his which newly they had worn,  
And inwardly restrain'd it. He, as one  
Who listens, stood attentive: for his eye  
Not far could lead him through the sable air,  
And the thick-gathering cloud. "It yet behoves  
We win this fight;" thus he began: "if not,  
Such aid to us is offer'd—Oh! how long  
Me seems it, ere the promised help arrive."

I noted, how the sequel of his words  
Cloaked their beginning; for the last he spake  
Agreed not with the first. But not the less  
My fear was at his saying; sith I drew  
To import worse, perchance, than that he held,  
His mutilated speech. "Doth ever any  
Into this rueful concave's extreme depth  
Descend, out of the first degree, whose pain  
Is deprivation merely of sweet hope?"

Thus I inquiring. "Rarely," he replied,  
"It chances, that among us any makes  
This journey, which I wend. Erewhile, 'tis true,  
Once came I here beneath, conjured by fell  
Erichtho,<sup>2</sup> sorceress, who compell'd the shades  
Back to their bodies. No long space my flesh  
Was naked of me, when within these walls  
She made me enter, to draw forth a spirit  
From out of Judas' circle. Lowest place  
Is that of all, obscurest, and removed

<sup>1</sup> "The hue." Virgil, perceiving that Dante was pale with fear, restrained those outward tokens of displeasure which his own countenance had betrayed.

<sup>2</sup> Erichtho, a Thessalian sorceress (Lucan, "Pharsal." l. vi.), was employed by Sextus, son of Pompey the Great, to conjure up a spirit, who should inform him of the issue of the civil wars between his father and Cæsar.

Farthest from Heaven's all-circling orb. The road  
 Full well I know: thou therefore rest secure.  
 That lake, the noisome stench exhaling, round  
 The city of grief encompasses, which now  
 We may not enter without rage." Yet more  
 He added: but I hold it not in mind,  
 For that mine eye toward the lofty tower  
 Had drawn me wholly, to its burning top;  
 Where, in an instant, I beheld uprisen  
 At once three hellish furies stain'd with blood.  
 In limb and motion feminine they seem'd;  
 Around them greenest hydras twisting roll'd  
 Their volumes; adders and cerastes crept  
 Instead of hair, and their fierce temples bound.

He, knowing well the miserable hags  
 Who tend the queen of endless woe, thus spake:  
 "Mark thou each dire Erynnis. To the left,  
 This is Megæra; on the right hand, she  
 Who wails, Alecto; and Tisiphone  
 I' th' midst." This said, in silence he remain'd.  
 Their breast they each one clawing tore; themselves  
 Smote with their palms, and such thrill clamour raised,  
 That to the bard I clung, suspicion-bound.  
 "Hasten Medusa: so to adamant  
 Him shall we change;" all looking down exclaim'd:  
 "E'en when by Theseus' might assail'd, we took  
 No ill revenge." "Turn thyself round and keep  
 Thy countenance hid; for if the Gorgon dire  
 Be shown, and thou shouldst view it, thy return  
 Upwards would be forever lost." This said,  
 Himself, my gentle master, turn'd me round;  
 Nor trusted he my hands, but with his own  
 He also hid me. Ye of intellect  
 Sound and entire, mark well the lore<sup>3</sup> conceal'd

<sup>3</sup>The Poet probably intends to call the reader's attention to the allegorical and mystic sense of the present Canto, and not, as Venturi supposes, to that of the whole work. Landino supposes this hidden meaning to be that in the case of those vices which proceed from intem-

perance, reason, figured under the person of Virgil, with the ordinary grace of God, may be a sufficient safeguard; but that in the instance of more heinous crimes, such as those we shall hereafter see punished, a special grace, represented by the angel, is requisite for our defence.

Under close texture of the mystic strain.

And now there came o'er the perturbed waves  
 Loud-crashing, terrible, a sound that made  
 Either shore tremble, as if of a wind  
 Impetuous, from conflicting vapors sprung,  
 That 'gainst some forest driving all his might,  
 Plucks off the branches, beats them down, and hurls  
 Afar; then, onward passing, proudly sweeps  
 His whirlwind rage, while beasts and shepherds fly.

Mine eyes he loosed, and spake: "And now direct  
 Thy visual nerve along that ancient foam,  
 There, thickest where the smoke ascends." As frogs  
 Before their foe the serpent, through the wave  
 Ply swiftly all, till at the ground each one  
 Lies on a heap; more than a thousand spirits  
 Destroy'd, so saw I fleeing before one  
 Who pass'd with unwet feet the Stygian sound.  
 He, from his face removing the gross air,  
 Oft his left hand forth stretch'd, and seem'd alone  
 By that annoyance wearied. I perceived  
 That he was sent from Heaven; and to my guide  
 Turn'd me, who signal made, that I should stand  
 Quiet, and bend to him. Ah me! how full  
 Of noble anger seem'd he. To the gate  
 He came, and with his wand touch'd it, whereat  
 Open without impediment it flew.

"Outcasts of heaven! O abject race, scorn'd!"  
 Began he, on the horrid grunsel standing,  
 "Whence doth this wild excess of insolence  
 Lodge in you? wherefore kick you 'gainst that will  
 Ne'er frustrate of its end, and which so oft  
 Hath laid on you enforcement of your pangs?  
 What profits at the Fates to butt the horn?  
 Your Cerberus,<sup>4</sup> if ye remember, hence  
 Bears still, peel'd of their hair, his throat and maw."

<sup>4</sup> "Your Cerberus." Cerberus is feigned to have been dragged by Hercules, bound with a threefold chain, of which, says the angel, he still bears the marks. Lombardi blames the other interpreters for having supposed that the angel attributes this

exploit to Hercules, a fabulous hero, rather than to our Saviour. It would seem as if the good father had forgotten that Cerberus is himself no less a creature of the imagination than the hero who encountered him.

'This said, he turn'd back o'er the filthy way,  
 And syllable to us spake none; but wore  
 The semblance of a man by other care  
 Beset, and keenly prest, than thought of him  
 Who in his presence stands. Then we our steps  
 Toward that territory moved, secure  
 After the hallow'd words. We, unopposed,  
 There enter'd; and, my mind eager to learn  
 What state a fortress like to that might hold,  
 I, soon as enter'd, throw mine eye around,  
 And see, on every part, wide-stretching space,  
 Replete with bitter pain and torment ill.

As where Rhone stagnates on the plains of Arles,<sup>5</sup>  
 Or as at Pola,<sup>6</sup> near Quarnaro's gulf,  
 That closes Italy and laves her bounds,  
 The place is all thick spread with sepulchres;  
 So was it here, save what in horror here  
 Excell'd: for 'midst the graves were scattered flames,  
 Wherewith intensely all throughout they burn'd,  
 That iron for no craft there hotter needs.

Their lids all hung suspended; and beneath,  
 From them forth issued lamentable moans,  
 Such as the sad and tortured well might raise.

I thus: "Master! say who are these, interr'd  
 Within these vaults, of whom distinct we hear  
 The dolorous sighs." He answer thus return'd:  
 "The arch-heretics are here, accompanied  
 By every sect their followers; and much more  
 Than thou believest, the tombs are freighted: like  
 With like is buried; and the monuments  
 Are different in degrees of heat." This said,  
 He to the right hand turning, on we pass'd  
 Betwixt the afflicted and the ramparts high.

<sup>5</sup> "The plains of Arles." In Provençal.  
 These sepulchres are mentioned in the Life of Charlemagne, which has been attributed to Archbishop Turpin, cap. 28,

and 30, and by Fazio degli Uberti, Dittamondo, L. iv. cap. xxi.

<sup>6</sup> "At Pola." A city of Istria, situated near the gulf of Quarnaro, in the Adriatic Sea.

## CANTO X

**ARGUMENT**—Dante, having obtained permission from his guide, holds discourse with Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante Cavalcanti, who lie in their fiery tombs that are yet open, and not to be closed up till after the last judgment. Farinata predicts the Poet's exile from Florence; and shows him that the condemned have knowledge of future things, but are ignorant of what is at present passing, unless it be revealed by some newcomer from earth.

**N**OW by a secret pathway we proceed,  
 Between the walls, that hem the region round,  
 And the tormented souls: my master first,  
 I close behind his steps. "Virtue supreme!"  
 I thus began: "Who through these ample orbs  
 In circuit lead'st me, even as thou will'st;  
 Speak thou, and satisfy my wish. May those,  
 Who lie within these sepulchres, be seen?  
 Already all the lids are raised, and none  
 O'er them keeps watch." He thus in answer spake:  
 "They shall be closed all, what-time they here  
 From Josaphat<sup>1</sup> return'd shall come, and bring  
 Their bodies, which above they now have left.  
 The cemetery on this part obtain,  
 With Epicurus, all his followers,  
 Who with the body make the spirit die.  
 Here therefore satisfaction shall be soon,  
 Both to the question ask'd, and to the wish<sup>2</sup>  
 Which thou conceal'st in silence." I replied:  
 "I keep not, guide beloved! from thee my heart  
 Secreted, but to shun vain length of words;  
 A lesson erewhile taught me by thyself."

"O Tuscan! thou, who through the city of fire  
 Alive art passing, so discreet of speech:  
 Here, please thee, stay awhile. Thy utterance  
 Declares the place of thy nativity  
 To be that noble land, with which perchance

<sup>1</sup> "Josaphat." It seems to have been a common opinion among the Jews, as well as among many Christians, that the general judgment will be held in the valley of Josaphat, or Jehoshaphat. "I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people,

and for my heritage Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land."—Joel, iii. 2.

<sup>2</sup> "The wish." The wish that Dante had not expressed was to see and converse with the followers of Epicurus; among whom, we shall see, were Farinata degli Uberti and Cavalcante Cavalcanti.

I too severely dealt." Sudden that sound  
 Forth issued from a vault, whereat, in fear,  
 I somewhat closer to my leader's side  
 Approaching, he thus spake: "What dost thou? Turn:  
 Lo! Farinata<sup>3</sup> there, who hath himself  
 Uplifted: from his girdle upwards, all  
 Exposed, behold him." On his face was mine  
 Already fix'd: his breast and forehead there  
 Erecting, seem'd as in high scorn he held  
 E'en Hell. Between the sepulchres, to him  
 My guide thrust me, with fearless hands and prompt;  
 This warning added: "See thy words be clear."

He, soon as there I stood at the tomb's foot,  
 Eyed me a space; then in disdainful mood  
 Address'd me: "Say what ancestors were thine."

I, willing to obey him, straight reveal'd  
 The whole, nor kept back aught: whence he, his brow  
 Somewhat uplifting, cried: "Fiercely were they  
 Adverse to me, my party, and the blood  
 From whence I sprang: twice,<sup>4</sup> therefore, I abroad  
 Scatter'd them." "Though driven out, yet they each  
 time

From all parts," answer'd I, "return'd; an art  
 Which yours have shown they are not skill'd to learn."

Then, peering forth from the unclosed jaw,  
 Rose from his side a shade,<sup>5</sup> high as the chin,  
 Leaning, methought, upon its knees upraised.  
 It look'd around, as eager to explore  
 If there were other with me; but perceiving  
 That fond imagination quench'd, with tears  
 Thus spake: "If thou through this blind prison go'st,  
 Led by thy lofty genius and profound,

<sup>3</sup> "Farinata." Farinata degli Uberti, a noble Florentine, was the leader of the Ghibelline faction, when they obtained a signal victory over the Guelfi at Montaperto, near the river Arbia. Macchiavelli calls him "a man of exalted soul, and great military talents."—"Hist. of Flor." b. ii. His grandson, Bonifacio, commonly called Fazio degli Uberti, wrote a poem,

entitled the "Dittamonodo," in imitation of Dante.

<sup>4</sup> "Twice." The first time in 1248, when they were driven out by Frederick the Second. See G. Villani, lib. vi. c. xxxiv.; and the second time in 1260. See note to v. 83.

<sup>5</sup> "A shade." The spirit of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, a noble Florentine, of the Guelf party.

Where is my son?<sup>6</sup> and wherefore not with thee?"  
 I straight replied: "Not of myself I come;  
 By him, who there expects me, through this clime  
 Conducted, whom perchance Guido thy son  
 Had in contempt."<sup>7</sup> Already had his words  
 And mode of punishment read me his name,  
 Whence I so fully answer'd. He at once  
 Exclaim'd, up starting, "How! said'st thou, he *had*?  
 No longer lives he? Strikes not on his eye  
 The blessed daylight?" Then, of some delay  
 I made ere my reply, aware, down fell  
 Supine, nor after forth appear'd he more.

Meanwhile the other, great of soul, near whom  
 I yet was station'd, changed not countenance stern,  
 Nor moved the neck, nor bent his ribbed side.  
 "And if," continuing the first discourse,  
 "They in this art," he cried, "small skill have shown;  
 That doth torment me more e'en than this bed.  
 But not yet fifty times<sup>8</sup> shall be relumed  
 Her aspect, who reigns here queen of this realm,<sup>9</sup>  
 Ere thou shalt know the full weight of that art.  
 So to the pleasant world mayst thou return,  
 As thou shalt tell me why, in all their laws,  
 Against my kin this people is so fell."

"The slaughter<sup>10</sup> and great havoc," I replied,  
 "That color'd Arbia's flood with crimson stain—

<sup>6</sup> "My son." Guido, the son of Cavalcante Cavalcanti; "he whom I call the first of my friends," says Dante in his "Vita Nuova" where the commencement of their friendship is related. From the character given of him by contemporary writers, his temper was well formed to assimilate with that of our Poet. "He was," according to G. Villani, lib. viii. c. xli., "of a philosophical and elegant mind, if he had not been too delicate and fastidious."

<sup>7</sup> "\_\_\_\_ Guido they soon  
 Had in contempt."

Guido Cavalcanti, being more given to philosophy than poetry, was perhaps no great admirer of Virgil.

<sup>8</sup> "Not yet fifty times." "Not fifty

months shall be passed, before thou shalt learn, by woeful experience, the difficulty of returning from banishment to thy native city."

<sup>9</sup> "Queen of this realm." The moon, one of whose titles in heathen mythology was Proserpine, queen of the shades below.

<sup>10</sup> "The slaughter." "By means of Farinata degli Uberti, the Guelphs were conquered by the army of King Manfredi, near the river Arbia, with so great a slaughter, that those who escaped from that defeat took refuge, not in Florence, which city they considered as lost to them, but in Lucca."—Macchiavelli, "Hist. of Flor." b. ii. and G. Villani, lib. vi. c. lxxx. and lxxxi.

To these impute, that in our hallow'd dome  
 Such orisons<sup>11</sup> ascend." Sighing he shook  
 The head, then thus resumed: "In that affray  
 I stood not singly, nor, without just cause,  
 Assuredly, should with the rest have stirr'd;  
 But singly there I stood,<sup>12</sup> when, by consent  
 Of all, Florence had to the ground been razed,  
 The one who openly forbade the deed."

"So may thy lineage find at last repose,"  
 I thus adjured him, "as thou solve this knot,  
 Which now involves my mind. If right I hear,  
 Ye seem to view beforehand that which time  
 Leads with him, of the present uninform'd."

"We view, as one who hath an evil sight,"  
 He answer'd, "plainly, objects far remote;  
 So much of his large splendor yet imparts  
 The Almighty Ruler: but when they approach,  
 Or actually exist, our intellect  
 Then wholly fails; nor of your human state,  
 Except what others bring us, know we aught.  
 Hence therefore mayst thou understand, that all  
 Our knowledge in that instant shall expire,  
 When on futurity the portals close."

Then conscious of my fault,<sup>13</sup> and by remorse  
 Smitten, I added thus: "Now shalt thou say  
 To him there fallen, that his offspring still  
 Is to the living join'd; and bid him know,  
 That if from answer, silent, I abstain'd,

<sup>11</sup> "Such orisons." This appears to allude to certain prayers which were offered up in the churches of Florence, for deliverance from the hostile attempts of the Uberti; or, it may be that the public councils being held in churches, the speeches delivered in them against the Uberti are termed "orisons," or prayers.

<sup>12</sup> "Singly there I stood." Guido Novello assembled a council of the Ghibellini at Empoli; where it was agreed by all, that, in order to maintain the ascendancy of the Ghibelline party in Tuscany, it was necessary to destroy Florence, which could serve only (the people of that city being Guelfi) to enable the party attached to

the church to recover its strength. This cruel sentence, passed upon so noble a city, met with no opposition from any of its citizens or friends, except Farinata degli Uberti, who openly and without reserve forbade the measure; affirming, that he had endured so many hardships, with no other view than that of being able to pass his days in his own country. Macchiavelli, Hist. of Flor. b. ii.

<sup>13</sup> "My fault." Dante felt remorse for not having returned an immediate answer to the inquiry of Cavalcante, from which delay he was led to believe that his son Guido was no longer living.

"Twas that my thought was occupied, intent  
Upon that error, which thy help hath solved."

But now my master summoning me back  
I heard, and with more eager haste besought  
The spirit to inform me, who with him  
Partook his lot. He answer thus return'd:  
"More than a thousand with me here are laid.  
Within is Frederick,<sup>14</sup> second of that name,  
And the Lord Cardinal,<sup>15</sup> and of the rest  
I speak not." He, this said, from sight withdrew.  
But I my steps toward the ancient bard  
Reverting, ruminated on the words  
Betokening me such ill. Onward he moved,  
And thus, in going, question'd: "Whence the amaze  
That holds thy senses wrapt?" I satisfied  
The inquiry, and the sage enjoin'd me straight:  
"Let thy safe memory store what thou hast heard,  
To thee importing harm; and note thou this,"  
With his raised finger bidding me take heed,  
"When thou shalt stand before her gracious beam,<sup>16</sup>  
Whose bright eye all surveys, she of thy life  
The future tenor will to thee unfold."

Forthwith he to the left hand turn'd his feet:  
We left the wall, and toward the middle space  
Went by a path that to a valley strikes,  
Which e'en thus high exhaled its noisome steam.

<sup>14</sup> "Frederick." The Emperor Frederick II., who died in 1250. See notes to Canto xiii.

<sup>15</sup> "The Lord Cardinal." Ottaviano Ubaldini, a Florentine, made cardinal in 1245, and deceased about 1273. On account of his great influence, he was

generally known by the appellation of "the Cardinal." It is reported of him that he declared if there were any such thing as a human soul he had lost his for the Ghibellini.

<sup>16</sup> "Her gracious beam." Beatrice.

## CANTO XI

ARGUMENT.—Dante arrives at the verge of a rocky precipice which encloses the seventh circle, where he sees the sepulchre of Anastasius the Heretic; behind the lid of which pausing a little, to make himself capable by degrees of enduring the fetid smell that steamed upward from the abyss, he is instructed by Virgil concerning the manner in which the three following circles are disposed, and what description of sinners is punished in each. He then inquires the reason why the carnal, the gluttonous, the avaricious and prodigal, the wrathful and gloomy, suffer not their punishments within the city of Dis. He next asks how the crime of usury is an offence against God; and at length the two Poets go toward the place from whence a passage leads down to the seventh circle.

**U**PON the utmost verge of a high bank,  
By craggy rocks environ'd round, we came.  
Where woes beneath, more cruel yet, were  
stow'd:  
And here, to shun the horrible excess  
Of fetid exhalation upward cast  
From the profound abyss, behind the lid  
Of a great monument we stood retired,  
Whereon this scroll I mark'd: "I have in charge  
Pope Anastasius,<sup>1</sup> whom Photinus drew  
From the right path." "Ere our descent, behoves  
We make delay, that somewhat first the sense,  
To the dire breath accustom'd, afterward  
Regard it not." My master thus; to whom  
Answering I spake: "Some compensation find,  
That the time pass not wholly lost." He then:  
"Lo! how my thoughts e'en to thy wishes tend.  
My son! within these rocks," he thus began,  
"Are three close circles in gradation placed,  
As these which now thou leavest. Each one is full  
Of spirits accurst; but that the sight alone  
Hereafter may suffice thee, listen how  
And for what cause in durance they abide.  
"Of all malicious act abhor'd in Heaven,  
The end is injury; and all such end  
Either by force or fraud works other's woe.  
But fraud, because of man's peculiar evil,

<sup>1</sup> By some supposed to have been Anastasius II.; by others, the fourth of that name; while a third set, jealous of the integrity of the papal faith, contend that our poet has confounded him with Anastasius I., Emperor of the East.

To God is more displeasing; and beneath,  
The fraudulent are therefore doom'd to endure  
Severer pang. The violent occupy  
All the first circle; and because, to force,  
Three persons are obnoxious, in three rounds,  
Each within other separate, is it framed.  
To God, his neighbor, and himself, by man  
Force may be offer'd; to himself I say,  
And his possessions, as thou soon shalt hear  
At full. Death, violent death, and painful wounds  
Upon his neighbor he inflicts; and wastes,  
By devastation, pillage, and the flames,  
His substance. Slayers, and each one that smites  
In malice, plunderers, and all robbers, hence  
The torment undergo of the first round,  
In different herds. Man can do violence  
To himself and his own blessings: and for this,  
He, in the second round must aye deplore  
With unavailing penitence his crime,  
Whoe'er deprives himself of life and light,  
In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,  
And sorrows there where he should dwell in joy.  
To God may force be offer'd, in the heart  
Denying and blaspheming His high power,  
And Nature with her kindly law contemning.  
And thence the inmost round marks with its seal  
Sodom, and Cahors, and all such as speak  
Contemptuously of the Godhead in their hearts.

"Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a sting,  
May be by man employ'd on one, whose trust  
He wins, or on another, who withholds  
Strict confidence. Seems as the latter way  
Broke but the bond of love which Nature makes.  
Whence in the second circle have their nest,  
Dissimulation, witchcraft, flatteries,  
Theft, falsehood, simony, all who seduce  
To lust, or set their honesty at pawn,  
With such vile scum as these. The other way  
Forgets both Nature's general love, and that  
Which thereto added afterward gives birth  
To special faith. Whence in the lesser circle,

Point of the universe, dread seat of Dis,  
The traitor is eternally consumed."

I thus: "Instructor, clearly thy discourse  
Proceeds, distinguishing the hideous chasm  
And its inhabitants with skill exact.  
But tell me this: they of the dull, fat pool,  
Whom the rain beats, or whom the tempest drives,  
Or who with tongues so fierce conflicting meet,  
Wherefore within the city fire-illumed  
Are not these punish'd, if God's wrath be on them?  
And if it be not, wherefore in such guise  
Are they condemn'd?" He answer thus return'd:  
"Wherefore in dotage wanders thus thy mind,  
Not so accustom'd? or what other thoughts  
Possess it? Dwell not in thy memory  
The words, wherein thy ethic page<sup>2</sup> describes  
Three dispositions adverse to Heaven's will,  
Incontinence, malice, and mad brutishness,  
And how incontinence the least offends  
God, and least guilt incurs? If well thou note  
This judgment, and remember who they are,  
Without these walls to vain repentance doom'd,  
Thou shalt discern why they apart are placed  
From these fell spirits, and less wreakful pours  
Justice divine on them its vengeance down."

"O sun! who healest all imperfect sight,  
Thou so content'st me, when thou solvest my doubt,  
That ignorance not less than knowledge charms.  
Yet somewhat turn thee back," I in these words  
Continued, "where thou said'st, that usury  
Offends celestial Goodness; and this knot  
Perplex'd unravel." He thus made reply:  
"Philosophy, to an attentive ear,  
Clearly points out, not in one part alone,  
How imitative Nature takes her course  
From the celestial mind, and from its art:  
And where her laws<sup>3</sup> the Stagirite unfolds,

<sup>2</sup> "Thy ethic page." He refers to Aristotle's Ethics, lib. vii. c. 1. "—let it be defined that respecting morals there are three sorts of things to be avoided.

malice, incontinence, and brutishness."  
<sup>3</sup> "Her laws." Aristotle's Physics, lib. ii. c. 2: "Art imitates nature."

Not many leaves scann'd o'er, observing well  
 Thou shalt discover, that your art on her  
 Obsequious follows, as the learner treads  
 In his instructor's step; so that your art  
 Deserves the name of second in descent  
 From God. These two, if thou recall to mind  
 Creation's holy book,<sup>4</sup> from the beginning  
 Were the right source of life and excellence  
 To human-kind. But in another path  
 The usurer walks; and Nature in herself  
 And in her follower thus he sets at nought,  
 Placing elsewhere his hope.<sup>5</sup> But follow now  
 My steps on forward journey bent; for now  
 The Pisces play with undulating glance  
 Along the horizon, and the Wain<sup>6</sup> lies all  
 O'er the northwest; and onward there a space  
 Is our steep passage down the rocky height."

## CANTO XII

**ARGUMENT.**—Descending by a very rugged way into the seventh circle, where the violent are punished, Dante and his leader find it guarded by the Minotaur; whose fury being pacified by Virgil, they step downward from crag to crag; till, drawing near the bottom, they descry a river of blood, wherein are tormented such as have committed violence against their neighbor. At these, when they strive to emerge from the blood, a troop of Centaurs, running along the side of the river, aim their arrows; and three of their band opposing our travellers at the foot of the steep, Virgil prevails so far that one consents to carry them both across the stream; and on their passage, Dante is informed by him of the course of the river, and of those that are punished therein.

**T**HE place, where to descend the precipice  
 We came, was rough as Alp; and on its verge  
 Such object lay, as every eye would shun.  
 As is that ruin, which Adice's stream<sup>1</sup>

<sup>4</sup> "Creation's holy book." Genesis, c. ii. v. 15: "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the Garden of Eden, to dress it, and to keep it." And, Genesis, c. iii. v. 19: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

<sup>5</sup> "Placing elsewhere his hope." The usurer, trusting in the produce of his wealth lent out on usury, despises nature directly, because he does not avail himself of her means for maintaining or enriching himself; and indirectly, because

he does not avail himself of the means which art, the follower and imitator of nature, would afford him for the same purposes.

<sup>6</sup> "The Wain." The constellation Boötes, or Charles's Wain.

<sup>1</sup> "Adice's stream." After a great deal having been said on the subject, it still appears very uncertain at what part of the river this fall of the mountain happened.

On this side Trento struck, shouldering the wave,  
 Or loosed by earthquake or for lack of prop;  
 For from the mountain's summit, whence it moved  
 To the low level, so the headlong rock  
 Is shiver'd, that some passage it might give  
 To him who from above would pass; e'en such  
 Into the chasm was that descent: and there  
 At point of the disparted ridge lay stretch'd  
 The infamy of Crete,<sup>2</sup> detested brood  
 Of the feign'd heifer;<sup>3</sup> and at sight of us  
 It gnaw'd itself, as one with rage distract.  
 To him my guide exclaim'd: "Perchance thou deem'st  
 The King of Athens<sup>4</sup> here, who, in the world  
 Above, thy death contrived. Monster! avaunt!  
 He comes not tutor'd by thy sister's art,<sup>5</sup>  
 But to behold your torments is he come."

Like to a bull, that with impetuous spring  
 Darts, at the moment when the fatal blow  
 Hath struck him, but unable to proceed  
 Plunges on either side; so saw I plunge  
 The Minotaur; whereat the sage exclaim'd:  
 "Run to the passage! while he storms, 'tis well  
 That thou descend." Thus down our road we took  
 Through those dilapidated crags, that oft  
 Moved underneath my feet, to weight like theirs  
 Unused. I pondering went, and thus he spake:  
 "Perhaps thy thoughts are of this ruin'd steep,  
 Guarded by the brute violence, which I  
 Have vanquish'd now. Know then, that when I erst  
 Hither descended to the nether Hell,  
 This rock was not yet fallen. But past doubt,  
 (If well I mark) not long ere He arrived,<sup>6</sup>  
 Who carried off from Dis the mighty spoil  
 Of the highest circle, then through all its bounds

<sup>2</sup> "The infamy of Crete." The Mino-taur.

<sup>3</sup> "The feign'd heifer." Pasiphaë.

<sup>4</sup> "The King of Athens." Theseus, who was enabled by the instruction of Ariadne, the sister of the Minotaur, to destroy that monster.

<sup>5</sup> "Thy sister's art." Ariadne.

<sup>6</sup> Our Saviour, who, according to Dante, when he ascended from Hell, carried with him the souls of the Patriarchs, and of other just men, out of the first circle. See Canto iv.

Such trembling seized the deep concave and foul,  
 I thought the universe was thrill'd with love,  
 Whereby, there are who deem, the world hath oft  
 Been into chaos turn'd: and in that point,  
 Here, and elsewhere, that old rock toppled down.  
 But fix thine eyes beneath: the river of blood  
 Approaches, in the which all those are steep'd,  
 Who have by violence injured." O blind lust!  
 O foolish wrath! who so dost goad us on  
 In the brief life, and in the eternal then  
 Thus miserably o'erwhelm us. I beheld  
 An ample foss, that in a bow was bent,  
 As circling all the plain; for so my guide  
 Had told. Between it and the rampart's base,  
 On trail ran Centaurs, with keen arrows arm'd,  
 As to the chase they on the earth were wont.

At seeing us descend they each one stood;  
 And issuing from the troop, three sped with bows  
 And missile weapons chosen first; of whom  
 One cried from far: "Say, to what pain ye come  
 Condemn'd, who down this steep have journey'd. Speak  
 From whence ye stand, or else the bow I draw."

To whom my guide: "Our answer shall be made  
 To Chiron, there, when nearer him we come.  
 Ill was thy mind, thus ever quick and rash."  
 Then me he touch'd and spake: "Nessus is this,  
 Who for the fair Deianira died,  
 And wrought himself revenge<sup>7</sup> for his own fate.  
 He in the midst, that on his breast looks down,  
 Is the great Chiron who Achilles nursed;  
 That other, Pholus, prone to wrath." Around  
 The foss these go by thousands, aiming shafts  
 At whatsoever spirit dares emerge  
 From out the blood, more than his guilt allows.

We to those beasts, that rapid strode along,  
 Drew near; when Chiron took an arrow forth,

<sup>7</sup> Nessus, when dying by the hand of Hercules, charged Deianira to preserve the gore from his wound; for that if the affections of Hercules should at any time be estranged from her, it would recall

them. Deianira had occasion to try the experiment; and the venom, as Nessus had intended, caused Hercules to expire in torments.

And with the notch push'd back his shaggy beard  
 To the cheek-bone, then, his great mouth to view  
 Exposing, to his fellows thus exclaim'd:  
 "Are ye aware, that he who comes behind  
 Moves what he touches? The feet of the dead  
 Are not so wont." My trusty guide, who now  
 Stood near his breast, where the two natures join,  
 Thus made reply: "He is indeed alive,  
 And solitary so must needs by me  
 Be shown the gloomy vale, thereto induced  
 By strict necessity, not by delight.  
 She left her joyful harpings in the sky,  
 Who this new office to my care consign'd.  
 He is no robber, no dark spirit I.  
 But by that virtue, which empowers my step  
 To tread so wild a path, grant us, I pray,  
 One of thy band, whom we may trust secure,  
 Who to the ford may lead us, and convey  
 Across, him mounted on his back; for he  
 Is not a spirit that may walk the air."

Then on his right breast turning, Chiron thus  
 To Nessus spake: "Return, and be their guide.  
 And if ye chance to cross another troop,  
 Command them keep aloof." Onward we moved,  
 The faithful escort by our side, along  
 The border of the crimson-seething flood,  
 Whence, from those steep'd within, loud shrieks arose.

Some there I mark'd, as high as to their brow  
 Immersed, of whom the mighty Centaur thus:  
 "These are the souls of tyrants, who were given  
 To blood and rapine. Here they wail aloud  
 Their merciless wrongs. Here Alexander dwells,  
 And Dionysius fell, who many a year  
 Of woe wrought for fair Sicily. That brow,  
 Whereon the hair so jetty clustering hangs,  
 Is Azzolino;<sup>8</sup> that with flaxen locks

<sup>8</sup> Azzolino, or Ezzolino di Romano, Lord of Padua, Vicenza, Verona, and Brescia, who died in 1260. His atrocities form the subject of a Latin tragedy, Eccerinis, by Albertino Mussato, of Padua, contemporary of Dante, and the most elegant writer of Latin verse of that age.

Obizzo<sup>9</sup> of Este, in the world destroy'd  
 By his foul step-son." To the bard revered  
 I turn'd me round, and thus he spake: "Let him  
 Be to thee now first leader, me but next  
 To him in rank." Then further on a space  
 The Centaur paused, near some, who at the throat  
 Were extant from the wave; and, showing us  
 A spirit by itself apart retired,  
 Exclaim'd: "He<sup>10</sup> in God's bosom smote the heart,  
 Which yet is honored on the bank of Thames."

A race I next espied who held the head,  
 And even all the bust, above the stream.  
 'Midst these I many a face remember'd well.  
 Thus shallow more and more the blood became,  
 So that at last it but imbru'd the feet;  
 And there our passage lay athwart the foss.

"As ever on this side the boiling wave  
 Thou seest diminishing," the Centaur said,  
 "So on the other, be thou well assured,  
 It lower still and lower sinks its bed,  
 Till in that part it reuniting join,  
 Where 'tis the lot of tyranny to mourn.  
 There Heaven's stern justice lays chastising hand  
 On Attila, who was the scourge of earth,  
 On Sextus and on Pyrrhus,<sup>11</sup> and extracts  
 Tears ever by the seething flood unlock'd  
 From the Rinieri, of Corneto this,  
 Pazzo the other named,<sup>12</sup> who fill'd the ways

<sup>9</sup> "Obizzo of Este." Marquis of Ferrara and of the Marca d' Ancona, was murdered by his own son (whom, for that most unnatural act, Dante calls his stepson) for the sake of the treasures which his rapacity had amassed.

<sup>10</sup> "He." "Henrie, the brother of this Edmund, and son to the foresaid King of Almaine (Richard, brother of Henry III of England), as he returned from Affrike, where he had been with Prince Edward, was slain at Viterbo in Italy by the hand of Guy de Montfort, the son of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in revenge of the same Simon's death. The murther was committed afore the

high altar, as the same Henrie kneeled there to hear divine service." A. D. 1272.—Holinshed's Chron., p. 275. See also Giov. Villani, "Hist." lib. vii. c. xl., where it is said "that the heart of Henry was put into a golden cup, and placed on a pillar at London Bridge for a memorial to the English of the said outrage."

<sup>11</sup> Sextus, either the son of Tarquin the Proud or of Pompey the Great; and Pyrrhus, King of Epirus.

<sup>12</sup> Two noted marauders, by whose depredations the public ways were infested. The latter was of the noble family of Pazzi in Florence.

With violence and war." This said, he turn'd,  
And quitting us, alone repass'd the ford.

## CANTO XIII

**ARGUMENT.**—Still in the seventh circle, Dante enters its second compartment, which contains both those who have done violence on their own persons and those who have violently consumed their goods; the first changed into rough and knotted trees whereon the harpies build their nests, the latter chased and torn by black female mastiffs. Among the former, Piero delle Vigne is one who tells him the cause of his having committed suicide, and moreover in what manner the souls are transformed into those trunks. Of the latter crew, he recognizes Lano, a Siennese, and Giacomo, a Paduan; and lastly, a Florentine, who had hung himself from his own roof, speaks to him of the calamities of his countrymen.

**E**RE Nessus yet had reach'd the other bank,  
We enter'd on a forest, where no track  
Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there  
The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light  
The boughs and tapering, but with knares deform'd  
And matted thick: fruits there were none, but thorns  
Instead, with venom fill'd. Less sharp than these,  
Less intricate the brakes, wherein abide  
Those animals, that hate the cultured fields,  
Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.<sup>1</sup>

Here the brute harpies make their nest, the same  
Who from the Strophades the Trojan band  
Drove with dire boding of their future woe.  
Broad are their pennons, of the human form  
Their neck and countenance, arm'd with talons keen  
The feet, and the huge belly fledged with wings.  
These sit and wail on the drear mystic wood.

The kind instructor in these words began:  
"Ere further thou proceed, know thou art now  
I' th' second round, and shalt be, till thou come  
Upon the horrid sand: look therefore well  
Around thee, and such things thou shalt behold,  
As would my speech discredit." On all sides  
I heard sad plainings breathe, and none could see  
From whom they might have issued. In amaze  
Fast bound I stood. He, as it seem'd, believed

<sup>1</sup> A wild and woody tract, abounding in deer, goats, and wild boars. Cecina is a river not far to the south of Leg-

horn; Corneto, a small city on the same coast, in the patrimony of the Church.

That I had thought so many voices came  
 From some amid those thickets close conceal'd,  
 And thus his speech resum'd: "If thou lop off  
 A single twig from one of those ill plants,  
 The thought thou hast conceived shall vanish quite."

Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,  
 From a great wilding gather'd I a branch,  
 And straight the trunk exclaim'd: "Why pluck'st thou  
 me?"

Then, as the dark blood trickled down its side,  
 These words it added: "Wherefore tear'st me thus?  
 Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast?  
 Men once were we, that now are rooted here.  
 Thy hand might well have spared us, had we been  
 The souls of serpents." As a brand yet green,  
 That burning at one end from the other sends  
 A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind  
 That forces out its way, so burst at once  
 Forth from the broken splinter words and blood.

I, letting fall the bough, remain'd as one  
 Assail'd by terror; and the sage replied:  
 "If he, O injured spirit! could have believed  
 What he hath seen but in my verse described,  
 He never against thee had stretch'd his hand.  
 But I, because the thing surpass'd belief,  
 Prompted him to this deed, which even now  
 Myself I rue. But tell me, who thou wast;  
 That, for this wrong to do thee some amends,  
 In the upper world (for thither to return  
 Is granted him) thy fame he may revive."  
 "That pleasant word of thine," the trunk replied,  
 "Hath so inveigled me, that I from speech  
 Cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge  
 A little longer, in the snare detain'd,  
 Count it not grievous. I it was,<sup>2</sup> who held

<sup>2</sup>"I it was." Piero delle Vigne, a native of Capua, who from a low condition raised himself, by his eloquence and legal knowledge, to the office of Chancellor to the Emperor Frederick II. The courtiers, envious of his exalted situation, forged letters to make Frederick believe that he held a secret and traitorous intercourse with the Pope, who was then at enmity with the Emperor. He was cruelly condemned to lose his eyes. Driven to despair by his unmerited calamity he dashed out his brains against the walls of a church, in the year 1245.

Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turn'd the wards,  
 Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet,  
 That besides me, into his inmost breast  
 Scarce any other could admittance find.  
 The faith I bore to my high charge was such,  
 It cost me the life-blood that warm'd my veins.  
 The harlot, who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes  
 From Cæsar's household, common vice and pest  
 Of courts, 'gainst me inflamed the minds of all;  
 And to Augustus they so spread the flame,  
 That my glad honours changed to bitter woes.  
 My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought  
 Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,  
 Just as I was, unjust toward myself.  
 By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear,  
 That never faith I broke to my liege lord,  
 Who merited such honour; and of you,  
 If any to the world indeed return,  
 Clear he from wrong my memory, that lies  
 Yet prostrate under envy's cruel blow."

First somewhat pausing, till the mournful words  
 Were ended, then to me the bard began:  
 "Lose not the time; but speak, and of him ask,  
 If more thou wish to learn." Whence I replied:  
 "Question thou him again of whatsoe'er  
 Will, as thou think'st, content me; for no power  
 Have I to ask, such pity is at my heart."

He thus resumed: "So may he do for thee  
 Freely what thou entreatest, as thou yet  
 Be pleased, imprison'd spirit! to declare,  
 How in these gnarled joints the soul is tied;  
 And whether any ever from such frame  
 Be loosen'd, if thou canst, that also tell."

Thereat the trunk breathed hard, and the wind soon  
 Changed into sounds articulate like these:  
 "Briefly ye shall be answer'd. When departs  
 The fierce soul from the body, by itself  
 Thence torn asunder, to the seventh gulf  
 By Minos doom'd, into the wood it falls,  
 No place assign'd, but wheresoever chance

Hurls it; there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,  
 It rises to a sapling, growing thence  
 A savage plant. The harpies, on its leaves  
 Then feeding, cause both pain, and for the pain  
 A vent to grief. We, as the rest, shall come  
 For our own spoils, yet not so that with them  
 We may again be clad; for what a man  
 Takes from himself it is not just he have.  
 Here we perforce shall drag them; and throughout  
 The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,  
 Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade."

Attentive yet to listen to the trunk  
 We stood, expecting further speech, when us  
 A noise surprised; as when a man perceives  
 The wild boar and the hunt approach his place  
 Of station'd watch, who of the beasts and boughs  
 Loud rustling round him hears. And lo! there came  
 Two naked, torn with briars, in headlong flight,  
 That they before them broke each fan o' th' wood.  
 "Haste now," the foremost cried, "now haste thee,  
 death!"

The other, as seem'd, impatient of delay,  
 Exclaiming, "Lano!<sup>3</sup> not so bent for speed  
 Thy sinews, in the lists of Toppo's field."  
 And then, for that perchance no longer breath  
 Sufficed him, of himself and of a bush  
 One group he made. Behind them was the wood  
 Full of black female mastiffs, gaunt and fleet,  
 As greyhounds that have newly slipt the leash.  
 On him, who squatted down, they stuck their fangs,  
 And having rent him piecemeal bore away  
 The tortured limbs. My guide then seized my hand,  
 And led me to the thicket, which in vain  
 Mourn'd through its bleeding wounds: "O Giacomo  
 Of Sant' Andrea!<sup>4</sup> what avails it thee,"

<sup>3</sup>Lano, a Sienese, who being reduced by prodigality to a state of extreme want, found his existence no longer supportable; and having been sent by his countrymen on a military expedition to assist the Florentines against the Aretini, took that opportunity of exposing himself to cer-

tain death, in the engagement which took place at Toppo, near Arezzo. See G. Villani, Hist. lib. vii. c. cxix.

<sup>4</sup>Jacopo da Sant' Andrea, a Paduan, who, having wasted his property in the most wanton acts of profusion, killed himself in despair.

It cried, "that of me thou hast made thy screen?  
For thy ill life, what blame on me recoils?"

When o'er it he had paused, my master spake:  
"Say who wast thou, that at so many points  
Breathest out with blood thy lamentable speech?"

He answer'd: "O ye spirits! arrived in time  
To spy the shameful havoc that from me  
My leaves hath sever'd thus, gather them up,  
And at the foot of their sad parent-tree  
Carefully lay them. In that city<sup>5</sup> I dwelt,  
Who for the Baptist her first patron changed,  
Whence he for this shall cease not with his art  
To work her woe: and if there still remain'd not  
On Arno's passage some faint glimpse of him,  
Those citizens, who rear'd once more her walls  
Upon the ashes left by Attila,  
Had labor'd without profit of their toil.  
I slung the fatal noose<sup>6</sup> from my own roof."

## CANTO XIV

**ARGUMENT.**—They arrive at the beginning of the third of those compartments into which this seventh circle is divided. It is a plain of dry and hot sand, where three kinds of violence are punished; namely, against God, against Nature, and against Art; and those who have thus sinned, are tormented by flakes of fire, which are eternally showering down upon them. Among the violent against God is found Capaneus, whose blasphemies they hear. Next, turning to the left along the forest of self-slayers, and having journeyed a little onward, they meet with a streamlet of blood that issues from the forest and traverses the sandy plain. Here Virgil speaks to our Poet of a huge ancient statue that stands within Mount Ida in Crete, from a fissure in which statue there is a dripping of tears, from which the said streamlet, together with the three other infernal rivers, are formed.

**S**OON as the charity of native land  
Wrought in my bosom, I the scatter'd leaves  
Collected, and to him restored, who now  
Was hoarse with utterance. To the limit thence  
We came, which from the third the second round  
Divides, and where of justice is display'd

<sup>5</sup> " —— Florence, that city which changed her first patron Mars for St. John the Baptist."

<sup>6</sup> "I slung the fatal noose." We are not informed who this suicide was; some calling him Rocco de' Mozzi, and others Lotto degli Agli.

Contrivance horrible. Things then first seen  
Clearer to manifest, I tell how next  
A plain we reach'd, that from its sterile bed  
Each plant repell'd. The mournful wood waves round  
Its garland on all sides, as round the wood  
Spreads the sad foss. There, on the very edge,  
Our steps we stay'd. It was an area wide  
Of arid sand and thick, resembling most  
The soil that erst by Cato's foot was trod.

Vengeance of heaven! Oh! how shouldst thou be  
fear'd

By all, who read what here mine eyes beheld.

Of naked spirits many a flock I saw,  
All weeping piteously, to different laws  
Subjected; for on the earth some lay supine,  
Some crouching close were seated, others paced  
Incessantly around; the latter tribe  
More numerous, those fewer who beneath  
The torment lay, but louder in their grief.

O'er all the sand fell slowly wafting down  
Dilated flakes of fire, as flakes of snow  
On Alpine summit, when the wind is hush'd.  
As, in the torrid Indian clime, the son  
Of Ammon saw, upon his warrior band  
Descending, solid flames, that to the ground  
Came down; whence he bethought him with his troop  
To trample on the soil; for easier thus  
The vapor was extinguish'd, while alone:  
So fell the eternal fiery flood, wherewith  
The marble glow'd underneath, as under stove  
The viands, doubly to augment the pain.  
Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,  
Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off  
The heat, still falling fresh. I thus began:  
"Instructor! thou who all things overcomest,  
Except the hardy demons that rush'd forth  
To stop our entrance at the gate, say who  
Is yon huge spirit, that, as seems, heeds not  
The burning, but lies writhen in proud scorn,  
As by the sultry tempest immatured?"

Straight he himself, who was aware I ask'd  
 My guide of him, exclaim'd: "Such as I was  
 When living, dead such now I am. If Jove  
 Weary his workman out, from whom in ire  
 He snatch'd the lightnings, that at my last day  
 Transfix'd me; if the rest he weary out,  
 At their black smithy laboring by turns,  
 In Mongibello, while he cries aloud,  
 'Help, help, good Mulciber!' as erst he cried  
 In the Phlegræan warfare; and the bolts  
 Launch he, full aim'd at me, with all his might;  
 He never should enjoy a sweet revenge."

Then thus my guide, in accent higher raised  
 Than I before had heard him: "Capaneus!  
 Thou art more punish'd, in that this thy pride  
 Lives yet unquench'd: no torment, save thy rage,  
 Were to thy fury pain proportion'd full."

Next turning round to me, with milder lip  
 He spake: "This of the seven kings was one,  
 Who girt the Theban walls with siege, and held,  
 As still he seems to hold, God in disdain,  
 And sets His high omnipotence at naught.  
 But, as I told him, his despiteful mood  
 Is ornament well suits the breast that wears it.  
 Follow me now; and look thou set not yet  
 Thy foot in the hot sand, but to the wood  
 Keep ever close." Silently on we pass'd  
 To where there gushes from the forest's bound  
 A little brook, whose crimson'd wave yet lifts  
 My hair with horror. As the rill, that runs  
 From Bulicame,<sup>1</sup> to be portion'd out  
 Among the sinful women, so ran this  
 Down through the sand; its bottom and each bank  
 Stone-built, and either margin at its side,  
 Whereon I straight perceived our passage lay.

"Of all that I have shown thee, since that gate  
 We enter'd first, whose threshold is to none

<sup>1</sup> A warm medicinal spring near Viterbo; the waters of which, as Landino and Vellutelli affirm, passed by a place of ill-fame. Venturi conjectures that Dante would imply that it was the scene of licentious merriment among those who frequented its baths.

Denied, naught else so worthy of regard,  
As is this river, has thine eye discern'd,  
O'er which the flaming volley all is quench'd."

So spake my guide; and I him thence besought,  
That having given me appetite to know,  
The food he too would give, that hunger craved.

"In midst of ocean," forthwith he began,  
"A desolate country lies, which Crete is named;  
Under whose monarch, in old times, the world  
Lived pure and chaste. A mountain rises there,  
Call'd Ida, joyous once with leaves and streams,  
Deserted now like a forbidden thing.

It was the spot which Rhea, Saturn's spouse,  
Chose for the secret cradle of her son;  
And better to conceal him, drown'd in shouts  
His infant cries. Within the mount, upright  
An ancient form there stands, and huge, that turns  
His shoulders toward Damiata; and at Rome,  
As in his mirror, looks. Of finest gold  
His head is shaped, pure silver are the breast  
And arms, thence to the middle is of brass,  
And downward all beneath well-temper'd steel,  
Save the right foot of potter's clay, on which  
Than on the other more erect he stands.

Each part, except the gold, is rent throughout;  
And from the fissure tears distil, which join'd  
Penetrate to that cave. They in their course,  
Thus far precipitated down the rock,  
Form Acheron, and Styx, and Phlegethon;  
Then by this straiten'd channel passing hence  
Beneath e'en to the lowest depth of all,  
Form there Cocytus, of whose lake (thyself  
Shalt see it) I here give thee no account."

Then I to him: "If from our world this sluice  
Be thus derived; wherefore to us but now  
Appears it at this edge?" He straight replied:  
"The place, thou know'st, is round: and though great

part

Thou have already past, still to the left  
Descending to the nethermost, not yet

Hast thou the circuit made of the whole orb.  
Wherefore, if aught of new to us appear,  
It needs not bring up wonder in thy looks."

Then I again inquired: "Where flow the streams  
Of Phlegethon and Lethe? for of one  
Thou tell'st not; and the other, of that shower,  
Thou say'st, is form'd." He answer thus return'd:  
"Doubtless thy questions all well pleased I hear.  
Yet the red seething wave<sup>2</sup> might have resolved  
One thou proposest. Lethe thou shalt see,  
But not within this hollow, in the place  
Whither,<sup>3</sup> to lave themselves, the spirits go,  
Whose blame hath been by penitence removed."  
He added: "Time is now we quit the wood.  
Look thou my steps pursue: the margins give  
Safe passage, unimpeded by the flames;  
For over them all vapor is extunct."

## CANTO XV

**ARGUMENT.**—Taking their way upon one of the mounds by which the streamlet, spoken of in the last Canto, was embanked, and having gone so far that they could no longer have discerned the forest if they had turned round to look for it, they meet a troop of spirits that come along the sand by the side of the pier. These are they who have done violence to Nature; and among them Dante distinguishes Brunetto Latini, who had been formerly his master; with whom, turning a little backward, he holds a discourse which occupies the remainder of this Canto.

**O**NE of the solid margins bears us now  
Envelop'd in the mist, that, from the stream  
Arising, hovers o'er, and saves from fire  
Both piers and water. As the Flemings rear  
Their mound, 'twixt Ghent and Bruges, to chase back  
The ocean, fearing his tumultuous tide  
That drives toward them; or the Paduans theirs  
Along the Brenta, to defend their towns  
And castles, ere the genial warmth be felt  
On Chiarentana's<sup>1</sup> top; such were the mounds,  
So framed, though not in height or bulk to these  
Made equal, by the master, whosoe'er

<sup>2</sup>Phlegethon. <sup>3</sup>The other side of Purgatory.

<sup>1</sup>A part of the Alps where the Brenta rises, swollen by melting snows.

He was, that raised them here. We from the wood  
Were now so far removed, that turning round  
I might not have discern'd it, when we met  
A troop of spirits, who came beside the pier.

They each one eyed us, as at eventide  
One eyes another under a new moon;  
And toward us sharpen'd their sight, as keen  
As an old tailor at his needle's eye.

Thus narrowly explored by all the tribe,  
I was agnized of one, who by the skirt  
Caught me, and cried, "What wonder have we here?"

And I, when he to me outstretch'd his arm,  
Intently fix'd my ken on his parch'd looks,  
That, although smirch'd with fire, they hinder'd not  
But I remember'd him; and toward his face  
My hand inclining, answer'd: "Ser Brunetto!"  
And are ye here?" He thus to me: "My son!  
Oh let it not displease thee, if Brunetto  
Latini but a little space with thee  
Turn back, and leave his fellows to proceed."

I thus to him replied: "Much as I can,  
I thereto pray thee; and if thou be willing  
That I here seat me with thee, I consent;  
His leave, with whom I journey, first obtain'd."

"O son!" said he, "whoever of this throng  
One instant stops, lies then a hundred years,  
No fan to ventilate him, when the fire  
Smitest sorest. Pass thou therefore on. I close  
Will at thy garments walk, and then rejoin  
My troop, who go mourning their endless doom."

I dared not from the path descend to tread  
On equal ground with him, but held my head  
Bent down, as one who walks in reverent guise.

"What chance or destiny," thus he began,  
"Ere the last day, conducts thee here below?  
And who is this that shows to thee the way?"

<sup>2</sup> "Ser Brunetto, a Florentine, the secretary or chancellor of the city, and Dante's preceptor, hath left us a work so little read, that both the subject of it and the language of it have been mistaken. It

is in the French spoken in the reign of St. Louis, under the title of "Tresor"; and contains a species of philosophical lectures."

"There up aloft," I answer'd, "in the life  
Serene, I wander'd in a valley lost,  
Before mine age had to its fulness reach'd.  
But yester-morn I left it: then once more  
Into that vale returning, him I met;  
And by this path homeward he leads me back."

"If thou," he answer'd, "follow but thy star,  
Thou canst not miss at last a glorious haven;  
Unless in fairer days my judgment err'd.  
And if my fate so early had not chanced,  
Seeing the heavens thus bounteous to thee, I  
Had gladly given thee comfort in thy work.  
But that ungrateful and malignant race,  
Who in old times came down from Fesole,  
Ay and still smack of their rough mountain flint,  
Will for thy good deeds show thee enmity.  
Nor wonder; for amongst ill-savor'd crabs  
It suits not the sweet fig-tree lay her fruit.  
Old fame reports them in the world for blind,  
Covetous, envious, proud. Look to it well:  
Take heed thou cleanse thee of their ways. For thee,  
Thy fortune hath such honor in reserve,  
That thou by either party shalt be craved  
With hunger keen: but be the fresh herb far  
From the goat's tooth. The herd of Fesole  
May of themselves make litter, not touch the plant,  
If any such yet spring on their rank bed,  
In which the holy seed revives, transmitted  
From those true Romans, who still there remain'd,  
When it was made the nest of so much ill."

"Were all my wish fulfill'd," I straight replied,  
"Thou from the confines of man's nature yet  
Hadst not been driven forth; for in my mind  
Is fix'd, and now strikes full upon my heart,  
The dear, benign, paternal image, such  
As thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me  
The way for man to win eternity:  
And how I prized the lesson, it behoves,  
That, long as life endures, my tongue should speak.  
What of my fate thou tell'st, that write I down;

And, with another text<sup>3</sup> to comment on,  
 For her I keep it, the celestial dame,  
 Who will know all, if I to her arrive.  
 This only would I have thee clearly note:  
 That, so my conscience have no plea against me,  
 Do Fortune as she list, I stand prepared.  
 Not new or strange such earnest to mine ear.  
 Speed Fortune then her wheel, as likes her best;  
 The clown his mattock; all things have their course.”

Thereat my sapient guide upon his right  
 Turn’d himself back, then looked at me, and spake:  
 “He listens to good purpose who takes note.”

I not the less still on my way proceed,  
 Discoursing with Brunetto, and inquire  
 Who are most known and chief among his tribe.

“To know of some is well;” he thus replied,  
 “But of the rest silence may best beseem.  
 Time would not serve us for report so long.  
 In brief I tell thee, that all these were clerks,  
 Men of great learning and no less renown,  
 By one same sin polluted in the world.  
 With them is Priscian; and Accorso’s son,  
 Francesco,<sup>4</sup> herds among the wretched throng:  
 And, if the wish of so impure a blotch  
 Possess’d thee, him<sup>5</sup> thou also mightst have seen,  
 Who by the servants’ servant was transferr’d  
 From Arno’s seat to Bacchiglione, where  
 His ill-strain’d nerves he left. I more would add,  
 But must from further speech and onward way  
 Alike desist; for yonder I behold  
 A mist new-risen on the sandy plain.  
 A company, with whom I may not sort,

<sup>3</sup>“With another text.” He refers to the predictions of Farinata, in Canto x.

<sup>4</sup>“Francesco.” Accorso, a Florentine, interpreted the Roman law at Bologna, and died in 1229, at the age of 78. His authority was so great as to exceed that of all the other interpreters, so that Cino da Pistoia termed him the Idol of Advocates. His sepulchre, and that of his son Francesco here spoken of, is at Bologna,

with this short epitaph: “*Sepulcrum Accursii Glossatoris et Francisci eius Filii.*”

<sup>5</sup>“Him.” Andrea de’ Mozzi, who, that his scandalous life might be less exposed to observation, was translated either by Nicholas III or Boniface VIII from the see of Florence to that of Vicenza, through which passes the river Bacchiglione. He died at Vicenza.

Approaches. I commend my *Treasure* to thee,  
Wherein I yet survive; my sole request."

This said, he turn'd, and seem'd as one of those  
Who o'er Verona's champaign try their speed  
For the green mantle; and of them he seem'd,  
Not he who loses but who gains the prize.

## CANTO XVI

**ARGUMENT.**—Journeying along the pier, which crosses the sand, they are now so near the end of it as to hear the noise of the stream falling into the eighth circle, when they meet the spirits of three military men; who judging Dante, from his dress, to be a countryman of theirs, entreat him to stop. He complies and speaks with them. The two Poets then reach the place where the water descends, being the termination of this third compartment in the seventh circle; and here Virgil, having thrown down into the hollow a cord, wherewith Dante was girt, they behold at that signal a monstrous and horrible figure come swimming up to them.

**N**OW came I where the water's din was heard  
As down it fell into the other round,  
Resounding like the hum of swarming bees:  
When forth together issued from a troop,  
That pass'd beneath the fierce tormenting storm,  
Three spirits, running swift. They toward us came,  
And each one cried aloud, "Oh! do thou stay,  
Whom, by the fashion of thy garb, we deem  
To be some inmate of our evil land."

Ah me! what wounds I mark'd upon their limbs,  
Recent and old, inflicted by the flames.  
E'en the remembrance of them grieves me yet.

Attentive to their cry, my teacher paused,  
And turned to me his visage, and then spake:  
"Wait now: our courtesy these merit well:  
And were't not for the nature of the place,  
Whence glide the fiery darts, I should have said,  
That haste had better suited thee than them."

They, when we stopp'd, resumed their ancient wail,  
And, soon as they had reach'd us, all the three  
Whirl'd round together in one restless wheel.  
As naked champions, smear'd with slippery oil  
Are wont, intent, to watch their place of hold  
And vantage, ere in closer strife they meet;

Thus each one, as he wheel'd, his countenance  
 At me directed, so that opposite  
 The neck moved ever to the twinkling feet.  
 "If woe of this unsound and dreary waste,"  
 Thus one began, "added to our sad cheer  
 Thus peel'd with flame, do call forth scorn on us  
 And our entreaties, let our great renown  
 Incline thee to inform us who thou art,  
 That dost imprint, with living feet unharmed,  
 The soil of Hell. He, in whose track thou seest  
 My steps pursuing, naked though he be  
 And reft of all, was of more high estate  
 Than thou believest; grandchild of the chaste  
 Gualdrada,<sup>1</sup> him they Guidoguerra call'd,  
 Who in his lifetime many a noble act  
 Achieved, both by his wisdom and his sword.  
 The other, next to me that beats the sand,  
 Is Aldobrandi,<sup>2</sup> name deserving well,  
 In the upper world, of honor; and myself,  
 Who in this torment do partake with them,  
 Am Rusticucci,<sup>3</sup> whom, past doubt, my wife,  
 Of savage temper, more than aught beside  
 Hath to this evil brought." If from the fire  
 I had been shelter'd, down amidst them straight

<sup>1</sup> "Gualdrada." Gualdrada was the daughter of Bellincione Berti, of whom mention is made in the Paradise, Cantos xv and xvi. He was of the family of Ravignani, a branch of the Adimari. The Emperor Otho IV being at a festival in Florence, where Gualdrada was present, was struck with her beauty; and inquiring who she was, was answered by Bellincione, that she was the daughter of one who, if it was his Majesty's pleasure, would make her admit the honor of his salute. On overhearing this, she arose from her seat, and blushing, desired her father that he would not be so liberal in his offers. The Emperor was delighted by her resolute modesty, and calling to him Guido, one of his barons, gave her to him in marriage; at the same time raising him to the rank of a count, and bestowing on her the whole of Casentino, and a part of the territory of

Romagna, as her portion. Two sons were the offspring of this union, Guglielmo and Ruggieri; the latter was father of Guidoguerra, who, at the head of four hundred Florentines of the Guelf party, was significantly instrumental to the victory of Charles of Anjou at Benevento, over Manfredi, King of Naples, in 1265. One consequence of this was the expulsion of the Ghibellini and the re-establishment of the Guelfi at Florence.

<sup>2</sup> Tegghiaio Aldobrandi endeavored to dissuade the Florentines from the attack which they meditated against the Sienese; the rejection of his counsel occasioned the defeat which the former sustained at Montaperto, and the consequent banishment of the Guelfi from Florence.

<sup>3</sup> Giacopo Rusticucci, a Florentine, remarkable for his opulence and generosity of spirit.

I then had cast me; nor my guide, I deem,  
Would have restrain'd my going: but that fear  
Of the dire burning vanquish'd the desire,  
Which made me eager of their wish'd embrace.

I then began: "Not scorn, but grief much more,  
Such as long time alone can cure, your doom  
Fix'd deep within me, soon as this my lord  
Spake words, whose tenor taught me to expect  
That such a race, as ye are, was at hand.  
I am a countryman of yours, who still  
Affectionate have utter'd, and have heard  
Your deeds and names renown'd. Leaving the gall,  
For the sweet fruit I go, that a sure guide  
Hath promised to me. But behoves, that far  
As to the centre first I downward tend."

"So may long space thy spirit guide thy limbs,"  
He answer straight return'd; "and so thy fame  
Shine bright when thou art gone, as thou shalt tell,  
If courtesy and valor, as they wont,  
Dwell in our city, or have vanish'd clean:  
For one amidst us late condemn'd to wail,  
Borsiere,<sup>4</sup> yonder walking with his peers,  
Grieves us no little by the news he brings."

"An upstart multitude and sudden gains,  
Pride and excess, O Florence! have in thee  
Engender'd, so that now in tears thou mourn'st!"

Thus cried I, with my face upraised, and they  
All three, who for an answer took my words,  
Look'd at each other, as men look when truth  
Comes to their ear. "If at so little cost,"  
They all at once rejoin'd, "thou satisfy  
Others who question thee, O happy thou!  
Gifted with words so apt to speak thy thought.  
Wherefore, if thou escape this darksome clime,  
Returning to behold the radiant stars,  
When thou with pleasure shalt retrace the past,<sup>5</sup>  
See that of us thou speak among mankind."

<sup>4</sup>Guglielmo Borsiere, a Florentine, whom Boccaccio terms "a man of courteous and elegant manners, and of great readiness in conversation."

<sup>5</sup>"Quando ti gioverà dicere io fui." So Tasso, "G. L." c. xv. st. 38;  
"Quando mi gioverà narrar altri  
Le novità vedute, e dire; io fui."

This said, they broke the circle, and so swift  
Fled, that as pinions seem'd their nimble feet.

Not in so short a time might one have said  
“Amen,” as they had vanish'd. Straight my guide  
Pursued his track. I follow'd: and small space  
Had we past onward, when the water's sound  
Was now so near at hand, that we had scarce  
Heard one another's speech for the loud din.

E'en as the river,<sup>6</sup> that first holds its course  
Unmingled from the Mount of Vesulo,  
On the left side of Apennine, toward  
The east, which Acquacheta higher up  
They call, ere it descend into the vale,  
At Forli,<sup>7</sup> by that name no longer known,  
Rebellows o'er Saint Benedict, roll'd on  
From the Alpine summit down a precipice,  
Where space<sup>8</sup> enough to lodge a thousand spreads;  
Thus downward from a craggy steep we found  
That this dark wave resounded, roaring loud,  
So that the ear its clamour soon had stunn'd.

I had a cord<sup>9</sup> that braced my girdle round,  
Wherewith I erst had thought fast bound to take  
The painted leopard. This when I had all  
Unloosen'd from me (so my master bade)  
I gather'd up, and stretch'd it forth to him.  
Then to the right he turn'd, and from the brink  
Standing few paces distant, cast it down  
Into the deep abyss. “And somewhat strange,”  
Thus to myself I spake, “signal so strange  
Betokens, which my guide with earnest eye  
Thus follows.” Ah! what caution must men use

<sup>6</sup> He compares the fall of Phlegethon to that of the Montone (a river in Romagna) from the Apennines above the Abbey of St. Benedict. All the other streams that rise between the sources of the Po and the Montone, and fall from the left side of the Apennines, join the Po and accompany it to the sea.

<sup>7</sup> There it loses the name of Acquacheta, and takes that of Montone.

<sup>8</sup> Either because the abbey was capable of containing more than those who oc-

cupied it, or because (says Landino) the lords of that territory had intended to build a castle near the water-fall, and to collect within its walls the population of the neighboring villages.

<sup>9</sup> “A cord.” It is believed that our poet in early life, had entered into the order of St. Francis. By observing the rules of that profession he had designed “to take the painted leopard” (that animal represented Pleasure) “with this cord.”

With those who look not at the deed alone,  
But spy into the thoughts with subtle skill.

“Quickly shall come,” he said, “what I expect;  
Thine eye discover quickly that, whereof  
Thy thought is dreaming.” Ever to that truth,  
Which but the semblance of a falsehood wears,  
A man, if possible, should bar his lip;  
Since, although blameless, he incurs reproach.  
But silence here were vain; and by these notes,  
Which now I sing, reader, I swear to thee,  
So may they favor find to latest times!  
That through the gross and murky air I spied  
A shape come swimming up, that might have quell’d  
The stoutest heart with wonder; in such guise  
As one returns, who hath been down to loose  
An anchor grappled fast against some rock,  
Or to aught else that in the salt wave lies,  
Who, upward springing, close draws in his feet.

## CANTO XVII

**ARGUMENT.**—The monster Geryon is described; to whom while Virgil is speaking in order that he may carry them both down to the next circle, Dante, by permission, goes further along the edge of the void, to descry the third species of sinners contained in this compartment, namely, those who have done violence to Art; and then returning to his master, they both descend, seated on the back of Geryon.

“**L**O! the fell monster<sup>1</sup> with the deadly sting,  
Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced  
walls  
And firm embattled spears, and with his filth  
Taints all the world.” Thus me my guide address’d,  
And beckon’d him, that he should come to shore,  
Near to the stony causeway’s utmost edge.

Forthwith that image vile of Fraud appear’d,  
His head and upper part exposed on land,  
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.  
His face the semblance of a just man’s wore,  
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;  
The rest was serpent all: two shaggy claws

<sup>1</sup> “The fell monster.” Fraud.

Reach'd to the arm-pits; and the back and breast,  
And either side, were painted o'er with nodes  
And orbits. Colours variegated more  
Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of state  
With interchangeable embroidery wove,  
Nor spread Arachne o'er her curious loom.  
As oft-times a light skiff, moor'd to the shore,  
Stands part in water, part upon the land;  
Or, as where dwells the greedy German boor,  
The beaver settles, watching for his prey;  
So on the rim, that fenced the sand with rock,  
Sat perch'd the fiend of evil. In the void  
Glancing, his tail upturn'd its venomous fork,  
With sting like scorpion's arm'd. Then thus my guide,  
"Now need our way must turn few steps apart,  
Far as to that ill beast, who couches there."

Thereat, toward the right our downward course  
We shaped, and, better to escape the flame  
And burning marle, ten paces on the verge  
Proceeded. Soon as we to him arrive,  
A little farther on mine eye beholds  
A tribe of spirits, seated on the sand  
Near to the void. Forthwith my master spake:  
"That to the full thy knowledge may extend  
Of all this round contains, go now, and mark  
The mien these wear: but hold not long discourse.  
Till thou returnest, I with him meantime  
Will parley, that to us he may vouchsafe  
The aid of his strong shoulders." Thus alone,  
Yet forward on the extremity I paced  
Of that seventh circle, where the mournful tribe  
Were seated. At the eyes forth gush'd their pangs,  
Against the vapors and the torrid soil  
Alternately their shifting hands they plied.  
Thus use the dogs in summer still to ply  
Their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore  
By gnats, or flies, or gadflies swarming round.  
Noting the visages of some, who lay  
Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,  
One of them all I knew not; but perceived,

That pendent from his neck each bore a pouch<sup>2</sup>  
With colours and with emblems various mark'd,  
On which it seem'd as if their eye did feed.

And when, amongst them, looking round I came,  
A yellow purse<sup>3</sup> I saw with azure wrought,  
That wore a lion's countenance and port.  
Then, still my sight pursuing its career,  
Another<sup>4</sup> I beheld, than blood more red,  
A goose display of whiter wing than curd.  
And one, who bore a fat and azure swine<sup>5</sup>  
Pictured on his white scrip, address'd me thus:  
"What dost thou in this deep? Go now and know,  
Since yet thou livest, that my neighbor here  
Vitaliano<sup>6</sup> on my left shall sit.

A Paduan with these Florentines am I.  
Oft-times they thunder in mine ears, exclaiming,  
'Oh! haste that noble knight,<sup>7</sup> he who the pouch  
With the three goats will bring.'" This said, he writhed  
The mouth, and loll'd the tongue out, like an ox  
That licks his nostrils. I, lest longer stay  
He ill might brook, who bade me stay not long,  
Backward my steps from those sad spirits turn'd.

My guide already seated on the haunch  
Of the fierce animal I found; and thus  
He me encouraged. "Be thou stout: be bold.  
Down such a steep flight must we now descend.  
Mount thou before: for, that no power the tail  
May have to harm thee, I will be i' th' midst."  
As one, who hath an ague fit so near,  
His nails already are turn'd blue, and he  
Quivers all o'er, if he but eye the shade;  
Such was my cheer at hearing of his words.  
But shame soon interposed her threat, who makes  
The servant bold in presence of his lord.

<sup>2</sup> A purse, whereon the armorial bearings of each were emblazoned. According to Landino, our Poet implies that the usurer can pretend to no other honor than such as he derives from his purse and his family. The description of persons by their heraldic insignia is remarkable.

<sup>3</sup> "A yellow purse." The arms of the

Gianfigliazzi of Florence.

<sup>4</sup> The arms of the Ubriachi, another Florentine family of high distinction.

<sup>5</sup> The arms of the Scrovigni, a noble family of Padua.

<sup>6</sup> Vitaliano del Dente, a Paduan.

<sup>7</sup> Giovanni Buamonti, the most infamous usurer of his time.

I settled me upon those shoulders huge,  
And would have said, but that the words to aid  
My purpose came not, "Look thou clasp me firm."

But he whose succour then not first I proved,  
Soon as I mounted, in his arms aloft,  
Embracing, held me up; and thus he spake:  
"Geryon! now move thee: be thy wheeling gyres  
Of ample circuit, easy thy descent.  
Think on the unusual burden thou sustain'st."

As a small vessel, backening out from land,  
Her station quits; so thence the monster loosed,  
And, when he felt himself at large, turn'd round  
There, where the breast had been, his forked tail.  
Thus, like an eel, outstretch'd at length he steer'd,  
Gathering the air up with retractile claws.

Not greater was the dread, when Phaeton  
The reins let drop at random, whence high heaven,  
Whereof signs yet appear, was wrapt in flames;  
Nor when ill-fated Icarus perceived,  
By liquefaction of the scalded wax,  
The trusted pennons loosen'd from his loins,  
His sire exclaiming loud, "Ill way thou keep'st;"  
Than was my dread, when round me on each part  
The air I view'd, and other object none  
Save the fell beast. He, slowly sailing, wheels  
His downward motion, unobserved of me,  
But that the wind, arising to my face,  
Breathes on me from below. Now on our right  
I heard the cataract beneath us leap  
With hideous crash; whence bending down to explore,  
New terror I conceived at the steep plunge;  
For flames I saw, and wailings smote mine ear:  
So that, all trembling, close I crouch'd my limbs,  
And then distinguish'd, unperceived before,  
By the dread torments that on every side  
Drew nearer, how our downward course we wound.

As falcon, that hath long been on the wing,  
But lure nor bird hath seen, while in despair  
The falconer cries, "Ah me! thou stoop'st to earth,"  
Wearied descends, whence nimbly he arose

In many an airy wheel, and lighting sits  
 At distance from his lord in angry mood;  
 So Geryon lighting places us on foot  
 Low down at base of the deep-furrow'd rock,  
 And, of his burden there discharged, forthwith  
 Sprang forward, like an arrow from the string.

## CANTO XVIII

**ARGUMENT.**—The Poet describes the situation and form of the eighth circle, divided into ten gulfs, which contain as many different descriptions of fraudulent sinners; but in the present Canto he treats only of two sorts: the first is of those who, either for their own pleasure, or for that of another, have seduced any woman from her duty; and these are scourged of demons in the first gulf: the other sort is of flatterers, who in the second gulf are condemned to remain immersed in filth.

**T**HREE is a place within the depths of Hell  
 Call'd Malebolge, all of rock dark-stain'd  
 With hue ferruginous, e'en as the steep  
 That round it circling winds. Right in the midst  
 Of that abominable region yawns  
 A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame  
 Due time shall tell. The circle, that remains,  
 Throughout its round, between the gulf and base  
 Of the high craggy banks, successive forms  
 Ten bastions, in its hollow bottom raised.

As where, to guard the walls, full many a foss  
 Begirds some stately castle, sure defence  
 Affording to the space within; so here  
 Were model'd these: and as like fortresses,  
 E'en from their threshold to the brink without,  
 Are flank'd with bridges; from the rock's low base  
 Thus flinty paths advanced, that 'cross the moles  
 And dykes struck onward far as to the gulf,  
 That in one bound collected cuts them off.  
 Such was the place, wherein we found ourselves  
 From Geryon's back dislodged. The bard to left  
 Held on his way, and I behind him moved.

On our right hand new misery I saw,  
 New pains, new executioners of wrath,  
 That swarming peopled the first chasm. Below  
 Were naked sinners. Hitherward they came,

Meeting our faces, from the middle point;  
 With us beyond, but with a larger stride.  
 E'en thus the Romans,<sup>1</sup> when the year returns  
 Of Jubilee, with better speed to rid  
 The thronging multitudes, their means devise  
 For such as pass the bridge; that on one side  
 All front toward the castle, and approach  
 Saint Peter's fane, on the other toward the mount.

Each diverse way, along the grisly rock,  
 Horn'd demons I beheld, with lashes huge,  
 That on their back unmercifully smote.  
 Ah! how they made them bound at the first stripe!  
 None for the second waited, nor the third.

Meantime, as on I pass'd, one met my sight,  
 Whom soon as view'd, "Of him," cried I, "not yet  
 Mine eye hath had his fill." I therefore stay'd  
 My feet to scan him, and the teacher kind  
 Paused with me, and consented I should walk  
 Backward a space; and the tormented spirit,  
 Who thought to hide him, bent his visage down.  
 But it avail'd him naught; for I exclaim'd:  
 "Thou who dost cast thine eye upon the ground,  
 Unless thy features do belie thee much,  
 Venedico<sup>2</sup> art thou. But what brings thee  
 Into this bitter seasoning?" He replied:  
 "Unwillingly I answer to thy words.  
 But thy clear speech, that to my mind recalls  
 The world I once inhabited, constrains me.  
 Know then 't was I who led fair Ghisola  
 To do the Marquis' will, however fame  
 The shameful tale have bruited. Nor alone  
 Bologna hither sendeth me to mourn.  
 Rather with us the place is so o'erstrong'd,  
 That not so many tongues this day are taught,

<sup>1</sup>In the year 1300, Pope Boniface VIII, to remedy the inconvenience occasioned by the press over the bridge of St. Angelo during the time of the Jubilee, caused it to be divided lengthwise by a partition. G. Villani, who was present, describes the order that was preserved, lib. viii. c. xxxvi.

It was at this time, and on this occasion, that he first conceived the design of "compiling his book."

<sup>2</sup>Venedico Caccianimico, a Bolognese, who prevailed on his sister Ghisola to prostitute herself to Obizzo da Este. (See Canto xii.)

Betwixt the Reno and Savena's stream,  
To answer *Sipa*<sup>3</sup> in their country's phrase.  
And if of that securer proof thou need,  
Remember but our craving thirst for gold."

Him speaking thus, a demon with his throng  
Struck and exclaim'd, "Away, corrupter! here  
Women are none for sale." Forthwith I join'd  
My escort, and few paces thence we came  
To where a rock forth issued from the bank.  
That easily ascended, to the right  
Upon its splinter turning, we depart  
From those eternal barriers. When arrived  
Where, underneath, the gaping arch lets pass  
The scourged souls: "Pause here," the teacher said,  
"And let these others miserable now  
Strike on thy ken; faces not yet beheld,  
For that together they with us have walk'd."

From the old bridge we eyed the pack, who came  
From the other side toward us, like the rest,  
Excoriate from the lash. My gentle guide,  
By me unquestion'd, thus his speech resumed:  
"Behold that lofty shade, who this way tends,  
And seems too woe-begone to drop a tear.  
How yet the regal aspect he retains!  
Jason is he, whose skill and prowess won  
The ram from Colchis. To the Lemnian isle  
His passage thither led him, when those bold  
And pitiless women had slain all their males.  
There he with tokens and fair witching words  
Hypsipyle<sup>4</sup> beguiled, a virgin young,  
Who first had all the rest herself beguiled.  
Impregnated, he left her there forlorn.  
Such is the guilt condemns him to this pain.  
Here too Medea's injuries are avenged.  
All bear him company, who like deceit  
To his have practised. And thus much to know

<sup>3</sup> "To answer Sipa." He denotes Bologna by its situation between the rivers Savena to the east and Reno to the west, and by a peculiarity of dialect, the use

of the affirmative "sipa" instead either of "si" or of "sia."

<sup>4</sup> She deceived the other women, by concealing her father Thoas, when they slew their males.

Of the first vale suffice thee, and of those  
Whom its keen torments urge." Now had we come  
Where, crossing the next pier, the straiten'd path  
Bestrides its shoulders to another arch.

Hence, in the second chasm we heard the ghosts,  
Who gibber in low melancholy sounds,  
With wide-stretch'd nostrils snort, and on themselves  
Smite with their palms. Upon the banks a scurf,  
From the foul steam condensed, encrusting hung,  
That held sharp combat with the sight and smell.

So hollow is the depth, that from no part,  
Save on the summit of the rocky span,  
Could I distinguish aught. Thus far we came;  
And thence I saw, within the foss below,  
A crowd immersed in ordure, that appear'd  
Draff of the human body. There beneath  
Searching with eye inquisitive, I mark'd  
One with his head so grimed, 't were hard to deem  
If he were clerk or layman. Loud he cried:  
"Why greedily thus bendest more on me,  
Than on these other filthy ones, thy ken?"

"Because, if true my memory," I replied,  
"I heretofore have seen thee with dry locks;  
And thou Alessio<sup>5</sup> art, of Lucca sprung.  
Therefore than all the rest I scan thee more."

Then beating on his brain, these words he spake:  
"Me thus low down my flatteries have sunk,  
Wherewith I ne'er enough could glut my tongue."

My leader thus: "A little further stretch  
Thy face, that thou the visage well mayst note  
Of that besotted, sluttish courtesan,  
Who there doth rend her with defiled nails,  
Now crouching down, now risen on her feet.  
Thais<sup>6</sup> is this, the harlot, whose false lip  
Answer'd her doting paramour that ask'd,  
"Thankest me much!"—"Say rather, wondrously,  
And, seeing this, here satiate be our view."

<sup>5</sup> Of the old Interminei family.

<sup>6</sup> "Thais." In the Eunuchus of Terence, Thraso asks if Thais was obliged to him for his present and Gnatho replies, that she had expressed her obligation in the most forcible terms.

## CANTO XIX

**ARGUMENT.**—They come to the third gulf, wherein are punished those who have been guilty of simony. These are fixed with the head downward in certain apertures, so that no more of them than the legs appears without, and on the soles of their feet are seen burning flames. Dante is taken down by his guide into the bottom of the gulf, and there finds Pope Nicholas V, whose evil deeds, together with those of other pontiffs, are bitterly reprehended. Virgil then carries him up again to the arch, which affords them a passage over the following gulf.

**W**OE to thee, Simon Magus! woe to you,  
His wretched followers! who the things of God,  
Which should be wedded unto goodness, them,  
Rapacious as ye are, do prostitute  
For gold and silver in adultery.  
Now must the trumpet sound for you, since yours  
Is the third chasm. Upon the following vault  
We now had mounted, where the rock impends  
Directly o'er the centre of the foss.

Wisdom Supreme! how wonderful the art,  
Which Thou dost manifest in Heaven, in earth,  
And in the evil world, how just a meed  
Allotting by Thy virtue unto all.

I saw the livid stone, throughout the sides  
And in its bottom full of apertures,  
All equal in their width, and circular each.  
Nor ample less nor larger they appear'd  
Than, in Saint John's fair dome<sup>1</sup> of me beloved,  
Those framed to hold the pure baptismal streams,  
One of the which I brake, some few years past,  
To save a whelming infant: and be this  
A seal to undeceive whoever doubts  
The motive of my deed. From out the mouth  
Of every one emerged a sinner's feet,  
And of the legs high upward as the calf.  
The rest beneath was hid. On either foot  
The soles were burning; whence the flexible joints  
Glanced with such violent motion, as had snapt

<sup>1</sup> The apertures in the rock were of the same dimensions as the fonts of St. John the Baptist at Florence, one of which Dante had broken to rescue a child that

was playing near and fell in. He intimates that his motive for breaking the font had been maliciously represented by his enemies.

Asunder cords or twisted withes. As flame,  
Feeding on unctuous matter, glides along  
The surface, scarcely touching where it moves;  
So here, from heel to point, glided the flames.

"Master! say who is he, than all the rest  
Glancing in fiercer agony, on whom  
A ruddier flame doth prey?" I thus inquired.  
"If thou be willing," he replied, "that I  
Carry thee down, where least the slope bank falls,  
He of himself shall tell thee, and his wrongs."

I then: "As pleases thee, to me is best.  
Thou art my lord; and know'st that ne'er I quit  
Thy will: what silence hides, that knowest thou."

Thereat on the fourth pier we came, we turn'd  
And on our left descended to the depth,  
A narrow strait, and perforated close.  
Nor from his side my leader set me down,  
Till to his orifice he brought, whose limb  
Quivering express'd his pang. "Whoe'er thou art,  
Sad spirit! thus reversed, and as a stake  
Driven in the soil,"—I in these words began;  
"If thou be able, utter forth thy voice."

There stood I like the friar, that doth shrive  
A wretch for murder doom'd, who,e'en when fix'd,  
Calleth him back, whence death awhile delays.

He shouted: "Ha! already standest there?  
Already standest there, O Boniface!<sup>2</sup>  
By many a year the writing play'd me false.  
So early dost thou surfeit with the wealth,  
For which thou fearedst not in guile to take  
The lovely lady, and then mangle her?"

I felt as those who, piercing not the drift  
Of answer made them, stand as if exposed  
In mockery, nor know what to reply;  
When Virgil thus admonish'd: "Tell him quick,  
'I am not he, not he whom thou believest.'"

And I, as was enjoin'd me, straight replied.

<sup>2</sup> The spirit mistakes Dante for Boniface VIII (who was then alive, and not expected to arrive so soon, a prophecy predicting the death of that pope at a later period. Boniface died in 1303.

That heard, the spirit all did wrench his feet,  
 And, sighing, next in woeful accent spake:  
 "What then of me requirest? If to know  
 So much imports thee, who I am, that thou  
 Hast therefore down the bank descended, learn  
 That in the mighty mantle I was robed,<sup>3</sup>  
 And of a she-bear was indeed the son,  
 So eager to advance my whelps, that there  
 My having in my purse above I stow'd,  
 And here myself. Under my head are dragg'd  
 The rest, my predecessors in the guilt  
 Of simony. Stretch'd at their length, they lie  
 Along an opening in the rock. 'Midst them  
 I also low shall fall, soon as he comes,  
 For whom I took thee, when so hastily  
 I question'd. But already longer time  
 Hath past, since my soles kindled, and I thus  
 Upturn'd have stood, than is his doom to stand  
 Planted with fiery feet. For after him,  
 One yet of deeds more ugly shall arrive,  
 From forth the west, a shepherd without law,<sup>4</sup>  
 Fated to cover both his form and mine.  
 He a new Jason<sup>5</sup> shall be call'd, of whom  
 In Maccabees we read; and favor such  
 As to that priest his King indulgent show'd,  
 Shall be of France's monarch<sup>6</sup> shown to him."

I know not if I here too far presumed,  
 But in this strain I answer'd: "Tell me now  
 What treasures from Saint Peter at the first  
 Our Lord demanded, when he put the keys  
 Into his charge? Surely he ask'd no more  
 But 'Follow me!' Nor Peter,<sup>7</sup> nor the rest,

<sup>3</sup> Nicholas III of the Orsini family, whom the Poet therefore calls "figliuol dell' orsa," "son of the she-bear." He died in 1281.

<sup>4</sup> Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, who succeeded to the pontificate in 1305, as Clement V. He transferred the Holy See to Avignon in 1308 (where it remained till 1376), and died in 1314.

<sup>5</sup> "But after the death of Seleucus,

when Antiochus, called Epiphanes, took the kingdom, Jason, the brother of Onias, labored to be high-priest, promising unto the king, by intercession, three hundred and threescore talents of silver, and of another revenue eighty talents."—Maccab. b. ii. ch. iv, 7, 8.

<sup>6</sup> Philip IV. See G. Villani, lib. viii. c. lxxx.

<sup>7</sup> Acts of the Apostles, ch. i. 26.

Or gold or silver of Matthias took,  
 When lots were cast upon the forfeit place  
 Of the condemned soul.<sup>8</sup> Abide thou then;  
 Thy punishment of right is merited:  
 And look thou well to that ill-gotten coin,  
 Which against Charles<sup>9</sup> thy hardihood inspired.  
 If reverence of the keys restrain'd me not,  
 Which thou in happier time didst hold, I yet  
 Severer speech might use. Your avarice  
 O'ercasts the world with mourning, under foot  
 Treading the good, and raising bad men up.  
 Of shepherds like to you, the Evangelist  
 Was ware, when her, who sits upon the waves,  
 With kings in filthy whoredom he beheld;  
 She who with seven heads tower'd at her birth,  
 And from ten horns her proof of glory drew,  
 Long as her spouse in virtue took delight.  
 Of gold and silver ye have made your god,  
 Differing wherein from the idolater,  
 But that he worships one, a hundred ye?  
 Ah, Constantine!<sup>10</sup> to how much ill gave birth,  
 Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,  
 Which the first wealthy Father gain'd from thee."

Meanwhile, as thus I sung, he, whether wrath  
 Or conscience smote him, violent upsprang  
 Spinning on either sole. I do believe  
 My teacher well was pleased, with so composed  
 A lip he listen'd ever to the sound  
 Of the true words I utter'd. In both arms  
 He caught, and, to his bosom lifting me,  
 Upward retraced the way of his descent.

Nor weary of his weight, he press'd me close,  
 Till to the summit of the rock we came,  
 Our passage from the fourth to the fifth pier.  
 His cherish'd burden there gently he placed

<sup>8</sup> "The condemned soul." Judas.

<sup>9</sup> Nicholas III was enraged against Charles I, King of Sicily, because he rejected with scorn his proposition for an alliance between their families. See G. Villani, *Hist.*, lib. iii.

<sup>10</sup> He alludes to the pretended gift of the Lateran by Constantine to Sylvester, of which Dante himself seems to imply a doubt, in his treatise "De Monarchia."

Upon the rugged rock and steep, a path  
 Not easy for the clambering goat to mount.  
 Thence to my view another vale appear'd.

## CANTO XX

**ARGUMENT.**—The Poet relates the punishment of such as presumed, while living, to predict future events. It is to have their faces reversed and set the contrary way on their limbs, so that, being deprived of the power to see before them, they are constrained ever to walk backward. Among these Virgil points out to him Amphiaraus, Tiresias, Aruns, and Manto (from the mention of whom he takes occasion to speak of the origin of Mantua), together with several others, who had practised the arts of divination and astrology.

**A**ND now the verse proceeds to torments new,  
 Fit argument of this the twentieth strain  
 Of the first song, whose awful theme records  
 The spirits whelm'd in woe. Earnest I look'd  
 Into the depth, that open'd to my view,  
 Moisten'd with tears of anguish, and beheld  
 A tribe, that came along the hollow vale,  
 In silence weeping: such their step as walk  
 Quires, chanting solemn litanies, on earth.

As on them more direct mine eye descends,  
 Each wonderously seem'd to be reversed  
 At the neck-bone, so that the countenance  
 Was from the reins averted; and because  
 None might before him look, they were compell'd  
 To advance with backward gait. Thus one perhaps  
 Hath been by force of palsy clean transposed,  
 But I ne'er saw it nor believe it so.

Now, reader! think within thyself, so God  
 Fruit of thy reading give thee! how I long  
 Could keep my visage dry, when I beheld  
 Near me our form distorted in such guise,  
 That on the hinder parts fallen from the face  
 The tears down-streaming roll'd. Against a rock  
 I leant and wept, so that my guide exclaim'd:  
 "What, and art thou, too, witless as the rest?  
 Here pity most doth show herself alive,  
 When she is dead. What guilt exceedeth his,  
 Who with Heaven's judgment in his passion strives?"

Raise up thy head, raise up, and see the man  
 Before whose eyes<sup>1</sup> earth gaped in Thebes, when all  
 Cried out 'Amphiaraüs, whither rushest?  
 Why leavest thou the war?' He not the less  
 Fell ruining far as to Minos down,  
 Whose grapple none eludes. Lo! how he makes  
 The breast his shoulders; and who once too far  
 Before him wish'd to see, now backward looks,  
 And treads reverse his path. Tiresias note,  
 Who semblance changed, when woman he became  
 Of male, through every limb transform'd; and then  
 Once more behoved him with his rod to strike  
 The two entwining serpents, ere the plumes,  
 That mark'd the better sex, might shoot again.

"Aruns,"<sup>2</sup> with rere his belly facing, comes.  
 On Luni's mountains 'midst the marbles white,  
 Where delves Carrara's hind, who wons beneath,  
 A cavern was his dwelling, whence the stars  
 And main-sea wide in boundless view he held.

"The next, whose loosen'd tresses overspread  
 Her bosom, which thou seest not (for each hair  
 On that side grows) was Manto, she who search'd  
 Through many regions, and at length her seat  
 Fix'd in my native land: whence a short space  
 My words detain thy audience. When her sire  
 From life departed, and in servitude  
 The city dedicate to Bacchus mourn'd,  
 Long time she went a wanderer through the world.  
 Aloft in Italy's delightful land  
 A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alp  
 That o'er the Tyrol locks Germania in,  
 Its name Benacus, from whose ample breast  
 A thousand springs, methinks, and more, between  
 Camonica and Garda, issuing forth,  
 Water the Apennine. There is a spot<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Amphiaraüs, one of the seven kings who besieged Thebes. He is said to have been swallowed up by an opening of the earth.

<sup>2</sup> Said to have dwelt in the mountains of Luni (whence that territory is still

called Lunigiana), above Carrara, celebrated for its marble.

<sup>3</sup> "There is a spot." Prato di Fame, where the dioceses of Trento, Verona, and Brescia meet.

At midway of that lake, where he who bears  
 Of Trento's flock the pastoral staff, with him  
 Of Brescia, and the Veronese, might each  
 Passing that way his benediction give.  
 A garrison of goodly site and strong  
 Peschiera<sup>4</sup> stands, to awe with front opposed  
 The Bergamese and Brescian, whence the shore  
 More slope each way descends. There, whatsoe'er  
 Benacus' bosom holds not, tumbling o'er  
 Down falls, and winds a river flood beneath  
 Through the green pastures. Soon as in his course  
 The stream makes head, Benacus then no more  
 They call the name, but Mincius, till at last  
 Reaching Governo, into Po he falls.  
 Not far his course hath run, when a wide flat  
 It finds, which overstretching as a marsh  
 It covers, pestilent in summer oft.  
 Hence journeying, the savage maiden saw  
 Midst of the fen a territory waste  
 And naked of inhabitants. To shun  
 All human converse, here she with her slaves,  
 Plying her arts, remain'd, and liv'd, and left  
 Her body tenantless. Thenceforth the tribes,  
 Who round were scatter'd, gathering to that place,  
 Assembled; for its strength was great, enclosed  
 On all parts by the fen. On those dead bones  
 They rear'd themselves a city, for her sake  
 Calling it Mantua, who first chose the spot,  
 Nor ask'd another omen for the name;  
 Wherein more numerous the people dwelt,  
 Ere Casalodi's madness<sup>5</sup> by deceit  
 Was wronged of Pinamonte. If thou hear  
 Henceforth another origin assign'd  
 Of that my country, I forewarn thee now,  
 That falsehood none beguile thee of the truth."

<sup>4</sup> "Peschiera." A garrison situated to the south of the lake, where it empties and forms the Mincius.

<sup>5</sup> Alberto da Casalodi, in possession of Mantua, was persuaded by Pinamonte Buonacossi to ingratiate himself with the

people by banishing to their own castles the nobles, who were obnoxious to them. Pinamonte then put himself at the head of the populace, drove out Casalodi and his adherents, and obtained the sovereignty for himself.

I answer'd, "Teacher, I conclude thy words  
 So certain, that all else shall be to me  
 As embers lacking life. But now of these,  
 Who here proceed, instruct me, if thou see  
 Any that merit more especial note.  
 For thereon is my mind alone intent."

He straight replied: "That spirit, from whose cheek  
 The beard sweeps o'er his shoulders brown, what time  
 Gracia was emptied of her males, that scarce  
 The cradles were supplied, the seer was he  
 In Aulis, who with Calchas gave the sign  
 When first to cut the cable. Him they named  
 Eurypilus: so sings my tragic strain,  
 In which majestic measure well thou know'st,  
 Who know'st it all. That other, round the loins  
 So slender of his shape, was Michael Scot,<sup>6</sup>  
 Practised in every slight of magic wile.

"Guido Bonatti<sup>7</sup> see: Asdente mark,<sup>8</sup>  
 Who now were willing he had tended still  
 The thread and cordwain, and too late repents.

"See next the wretches, who the needle left,  
 The shuttle and the spindle, and became  
 Diviners: baneful witcheries they wrought  
 With images and herbs. But onward now:  
 For now doth Cain with fork of thorns<sup>9</sup> confine  
 On either hemisphere, touching the wave  
 Beneath the towers of Scville. Yesternight  
 The moon was round. Thou mayst remember well:  
 For she good service did thee in the gloom  
 Of the deep wood." This said, both onward moved.

<sup>6</sup> "It is not long since there was in this city (Florence) a great master in necromancy, called Michele Scotto, because he was from Scotland." Boccaccio, De cameron G. viii. N. 9.

<sup>7</sup> An astrologer of Forli, on whose skill Guido da Montefeltro, lord of that place, so relied, that he is reported never to have gone into battle, except in the hour recommended to him by Bonatti. Landino and Vellutello speak of his book on astrology. Macchiavelli mentions him in the History of Florence, l. i. p. 24. ed.

1550. "He flourished about 1230 and 1260. Though a learned astronomer he was seduced by astrology, through which he was greatly in favor with many princes."

<sup>8</sup> A shoemaker at Parma, who deserted his business to practice the arts of divination.

<sup>9</sup> By Cain and the thorns ("The Man in the Moon") the Poet denotes that luminary. The same superstition is alluded to in the Paradise, Canto ii. 52.

## CANTO XXI

**ARGUMENT.**—Still in the eighth circle, which bears the name of Malebolge, they look down from the bridge that passes over its fifth gulf, upon the barterers or public speculators. These are plunged in a lake of boiling pitch, and guarded by Demons, to whom Virgil, leaving Dante apart, presents himself; and license being obtained to pass onward, both pursue their way.

THUS we from bridge to bridge, with other talk,  
The which my drama cares not to rehearse,  
Pass'd on; and to the summit reaching, stood  
To view another gap, within the round  
Of Malebolge, other bootless pangs.  
Marvellous darkness shadow'd o'er the place.  
In the Venetians' arsenal as boils  
Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear  
Their unsound vessels; for the inclement time  
Seafaring men restrains, and in that while  
His bark one builds anew, another stops  
The ribs of his that hath made many a voyage,  
One hammers at the prow, one at the poop,  
This shapeth oars, that other cables twirls,  
The mizzen one repairs, and main-sail rent;  
So, not by force of fire but art divine,  
Boil'd here a glutinous thick mass, that round  
Limed all the shore beneath. I that beheld,  
But therein naught distinguish'd, save the bubbles  
Raised by the boiling, and one mighty swell  
Heave, and by turns subsiding fall. While there  
I fix'd my ken below, "Mark! mark!" my guide  
Exclaiming, drew me toward him from the place  
Wherein I stood. I turn'd myself, as one  
Impatient to behold that which beheld  
He needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,  
That he his flight delays not for the view.  
Behind me I discern'd a devil black,  
That running up advanced along the rock.  
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake.  
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings  
Buoyant outstretch'd and feet of nimblest tread.  
His shoulder, proudly eminent and sharp,

Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch  
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.

"Ye of our bridge!" he cried, "keen-talon'd fiends!  
Lo! one of Santa Zita's elders. Him  
Whelm ye beneath, while I return for more.  
That land hath store of such. All men are there,  
Except Bonturo, barterers: of 'no'  
For lucre there an 'ay' is quickly made."

Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turn'd;  
Nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed  
Sped with like eager haste. That other sank,  
And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.  
But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,  
Cried, "Here the hallow'd visage saves not: here  
Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave,  
Wherefore, if thou desire we rend thee not,  
Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch." This said,  
They grappled him with more than hundred hooks,  
And shouted: "Cover'd thou must sport thee here;  
So, if thou canst, in secret mayst thou filch."  
E'en thus the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,  
To thrust the flesh into the caldron down  
With flesh-hooks, that it float not on the top.

Me then my guide bespake: "Lest they descry  
That thou art here, behind a craggy rock  
Bend low and screen thee: and whate'er of force  
Be offer'd me, or insult, fear thou not;  
For I am well advised, who have been erst  
In the like fray." Beyond the bridge's head  
Therewith he pass'd; and reaching the sixth pier,  
Behoved him then a forehead terror-proof.

With storm and fury, as when dogs rush forth  
Upon the poor man's back, who suddenly  
From whence he standeth makes his suit; so rush'd  
Those from beneath the arch, and against him  
Their weapons all they pointed. He, aloud:  
"Be none of you outrageous: ere your tine  
Dare seize me, come forth from amongst you one,  
Who having heard my words, decide he then

If he shall tear these limbs." They shouted loud,  
 "Go, Malacoda!" Whereat one advanced,  
 The others standing firm, and as he came,  
 "What may this turn avail him?" he exclaim'd.

"Believest thou, Malacoda! I had come  
 Thus far from all your skirmishing secure,"  
 My teacher answer'd, "without will divine  
 And destiny propitious? Pass we then;  
 For so Heaven's pleasure is, that I should lead  
 Another through this savage wilderness."

Forthwith so fell his pride, that he let drop  
 The instrument of torture at his feet,  
 And to the rest exclaim'd: "We have no power  
 To strike him." Then to me my guide: "O thou!  
 Who on the bridge among the crags dost sit  
 Low crouching, safely now to me return."

I rose, and toward him moved with speed; the fiends  
 Meantime all forward drew: me terror seized,  
 Lest they should break the compact they had made.  
 Thus issuing from Caprona,<sup>1</sup> once I saw  
 Th' infantry, dreading lest his covenant  
 The foe should break; so close he hemm'd them round.

I to my leader's side adhered, mine eyes  
 With fixt and motionless observance bent  
 On their unkindly visage. They their hooks  
 Protruding, one the other thus bespeak:  
 "Wilt thou I touch him on the hip?" To whom  
 Was answer'd: "Even so; nor miss thy aim."

But he, who was in conference with my guide,  
 Turn'd rapid round; and thus the demon spake:  
 "Stay, stay thee, Scarmiglione!" Then to us  
 He added: "Further footing to your step  
 This rock affords not, shiver'd to the base  
 Of the sixth arch. But would ye still proceed,  
 Up by this cavern go: not distant far,  
 Another rock will yield you passage safe.

<sup>1</sup> "From Caprona." The surrender of the castle of Caprona to the combined forces of Florence and Lucca, on condition that the garrison should march out in safety, to which event Dante was a witness, took place in 1290. See G. Villani, Hist. lib. vii. c. cxxxvi.

Yesterday,<sup>2</sup> later by five hours than now,  
 Twelve hundred threescore years and six had fill'd  
 The circuit of their course, since here the way  
 Was broken. Thitherward I straight despatch  
 Certain of these my scouts, who shall espy  
 If any on the surface bask. With them  
 Go ye: for ye shall find them nothing fell.  
 Come, Alichino, forth," with that he cried,  
 "And Calcabrina, and Cagnazzo thou!  
 The troop of ten let Barbariccia lead.  
 With Libicocco, Draghinazzo haste,  
 Fang'd Ciriatta, Graffiacane fierce,  
 And Farfarello, and mad Rubicant.  
 Search ye around the bubbling tar. For these,  
 In safety lead them, where the other crag  
 Uninterrupted traverses the dens."

I then: "O master! what a sight is there.  
 Ah! without escort, journey we alone,  
 Which, if thou know the way, I covet not.  
 Unless thy prudence fail thee, dost not mark  
 How they do gnarl upon us, and their scowl  
 Threatens us present tortures?" He replied:  
 "I charge thee, fear not: let them, as they will,  
 Gnarl on: 'tis but in token of their spite  
 Against the souls who mourn in torment steep'd."

To leftward o'er the pier they turn'd; but each  
 Had first between his teeth prest close the tongue,  
 Toward their leader for a signal looking,  
 Which he with sound obscene triumphant gave.

<sup>2</sup> "Yesterday." This passage fixes the era of Dante's descent at Good Friday, in the year 1300 (thirty-four years from our blessed Lord's incarnation being added to 1266), and at the thirty-fifth year of our Poet's age. See Canto i. v.

1. The awful event alluded to, the Evangelists inform us, happened "at the ninth hour," that is, our sixth, when "the rocks were rent," and the convulsion, according to Dante, was felt even in the depths of Hell. See Canto xii. v. 38.

## CANTO XXII

ARGUMENT.—Virgil and Dante proceed, accompanied by the Demons, and see other sinners of the same description in the same gulf. The device of Ciampolo, one of these, to escape from the Demons, who had laid hold on him.

**I**T hath been heretofore my chance to see  
Horsemen with martial order shifting camp,  
To onset sallying, or in muster ranged,  
Or in retreat sometimes outstretch'd for flight:  
Light-armed squadrons and fleet foragers  
Scouring thy plains, Arezzo! have I seen,  
And clashing tournaments, and tilting jousts,  
Now with the sound of trumpets, now of bells,  
Tabors,<sup>1</sup> or signals made from castled heights,  
And with inventions multiform, our own,  
Or introduced from foreign land; but ne'er  
To such a strange recorder I beheld,  
In evolution moving, horse nor foot,  
Nor ship, that tack'd by sign from land or star.

With the ten Demons on our way we went;  
Ah, fearful company! but in the church  
With saints, with gluttons at the tavern's mess.

Still earnest on the pitch I gazed, to mark  
All things whate'er the chasm contain'd, and those  
Who burn'd within. As dolphins that, in sign  
To mariners, heave high their arched backs,  
That thence forewarn'd they may advise to save  
Their threaten'd vessel; so, at intervals,  
To ease the pain, his back some sinner show'd,  
Then hid more nimbly than the lightning-glance.

E'en as the frogs, that of a watery moat  
Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,  
Their feet and of the trunk all else conceal'd,  
Thus on each part the sinners stood; but soon  
As Barbariccia was at hand, so they  
Drew back under the wave. I saw, and yet

<sup>1</sup> "Tabour, a drum, a common accompaniment of war, is mentioned as one of the instruments of martial music in this battle (in Richard Cœur-de-Lion) with

characteristical propriety. It was imported into the European armies from the Saracens in the holy war." Warton's Hist. of English Poetry, v. i. § 4. p. 167.

My heart doth stagger, one, that waited thus,  
 As it befalls that oft one frog remains,  
 While the next springs away: and Graffiacan,  
 Who of the fiends was nearest, grappling seized  
 His clotted locks, and dragg'd him sprawling up,  
 That he appear'd to me an otter. Each  
 Already by their names I knew, so well  
 When they were chosen I observed, and mark'd  
 How one the other call'd. "O Rubicant!  
 See that his hide thou with thy talons flay,"  
 Shouted together all the cursed crew.

Then I: "Inform thee, Master! if thou may,  
 What wretched soul is this, on whom their hands  
 His foes have laid." My leader to his side  
 Approach'd, and whence he came inquired; to whom  
 Was answer'd thus: "Born in Navarre's domain,<sup>2</sup>  
 My mother placed me in a lord's retinue;  
 For she had borne me to a losel vile,  
 A spendthrift of his substance and himself.  
 The good King Thibault<sup>3</sup> after that I served:  
 To peculating here my thoughts were turn'd,  
 Whereof I give account in this dire heat."

Straight Ciriatto, from whose mouth a tusk  
 Issued on either side, as from a boar,  
 Ripp'd him with one of these. 'Twixt evil claws  
 The mouse had fallen: but Barbariccia cried,  
 Seizing him with both arms: "Stand thou apart  
 While I do fix him on my prong transpierced."  
 Then added, turning to my guide his face,  
 "Inquire of him, if more thou wish to learn,  
 Ere he again be rent." My leader thus:  
 "Then tell us of the partners in thy guilt;  
 Knowest thou any sprung of Latin land

<sup>2</sup> His name is said to be Ciampolo.

<sup>3</sup> "Thibault I, King of Navarre, died on June 8, 1233, as much to be commended for the desire he showed of aiding the war in the Holy Land, as reprehensible and faulty for his design of oppressing the rights and privileges of the Church. Thibault undoubtedly merits praise, as for his other endowments, so especially for

his cultivation of the liberal arts, his exercise and knowledge of music and poetry, in which he so much excelled that he was accustomed to compose verses and sing them to the viol, and to exhibit his poetical compositions publicly in his palace, that they might be critcised by all."

Under the tar?" "I parted," he replied,  
 "But now from one, who sojourn'd not far thence;  
 So were I under shelter now with him,  
 Nor hook nor talon then should scare me more."

"Too long we suffer," Libicocco cried;  
 Then, darting forth a prong, seized on his arm,  
 And mangled bore away the sinewy part.  
 Him Draghinazzo by his thighs beneath  
 Would next have caught; whence angrily their chief,  
 Turning on all sides round, with threatening brow  
 Restraine'd them. When their strife a little ceased,  
 Of him, who yet was gazing on his wound,  
 My teacher thus without delay inquired:  
 "Who was the spirit, from whom by evil hap  
 Parting, as thou hast told, thou camest to shore?"

"It was the friar Gomita,"<sup>4</sup> he rejoin'd,  
 "He of Gallura, vessel of all guile,  
 Who had his master's enemies in hand,  
 And used them so that they commend him well.  
 Money he took, and them at large dismiss'd;  
 So he reports; and in each other charge  
 Committed to his keeping play'd the part  
 Of barterer to the height. With him doth herd  
 The chief of Logodoro, Michel Zanche.<sup>5</sup>  
 Sardinia is a theme whereof their tongue  
 Is never weary. Out! alas! behold  
 That other, how he grins. More would I say,  
 But tremble lest he mean to maul me sore."

Their captain then to Farfarello turning,  
 Who roll'd his moony eyes in act to strike,  
 Rebuked him thus: "Off, cursed bird! avaunt!"

"If ye desire to see or hear," he thus  
 Quaking with dread resumed, "or Tuscan spirits  
 Or Lombard, I will cause them to appear.  
 Meantime let these ill talons bate their fury,  
 So that no vengeance they may fear from them,

<sup>4</sup> He was intrusted by Nino de' Visconti with the government of Gallura, one of the four jurisdictions of Sardinia. He took a bribe from his master's enemies and allowed them to escape. See also

Canto xxxiii and Purgatory, Canto viii.

<sup>5</sup> President of Logodoro, of the four Sardinian jurisdictions. See Canto xxxiii. Note to v. 136.

And I, remaining in this self-same place,  
Will, for myself but one, make seven appear,  
When my shrill whistle shall be heard; for so  
Our custom is to call each other up."

Cagnazzo at that word deriding grinn'd,  
Then wagg'd the head and spake: "Hear his device,  
Mischievous as he is, to plunge him down."

Whereto he thus, who fail'd not in rich store  
Of nice-wove toils: "Mischief, forsooth, extreme!  
Meant only to procure myself more woe."

No longer Alichino then refrain'd,  
But thus, the rest gainsaying, him bespeak:  
"If thou do cast thee down, I not on foot  
Will chase thee, but above the pitch will beat  
My plumes. Quit we the vantage ground, and let  
The bank be as a shield; that we may see,  
If singly thou prevail against us all."

Now, reader, of new sport expect to hear.  
They each one turn'd his eyes to the other shore,  
He first, who was the hardest to persuade.  
The spirit of Navarre chose well his time,  
Planted his feet on land, and at one leap  
Escaping, disappointed their resolve.

Them quick resentment stung, but him the most  
Who was the cause of failure: in pursuit  
He therefore sped, exclaiming, "Thou art caught."

But little it avail'd; terror outstripp'd  
His following flight; the other plunged beneath,  
And he with upward pinion raised his breast:  
E'en thus the water-fowl, when she perceives  
The falcon near, dives instant down, while he  
Enraged and spent retires. That mockery  
In Calcabrina fury stir'd, who flew  
After him, with desire of strife inflamed;  
And, for the barterer had 'scaped, so turn'd  
His talons on his comrade. O'er the dyke  
In grapple close they join'd; but the other proved  
A goshawk able to rend well his foe;  
And in the boiling lake both fell. The heat  
Was umpire soon between them; but in vain

To lift themselves they strove, so fast were glued  
 Their pennons. Barbariccia, as the rest,  
 That chance lamenting, four in flight despatch'd  
 From the other coast, with all their weapons arm'd.  
 They, to their post on each side speedily  
 Descending, stretch'd their hooks toward the fiends,  
 Who flounder'd, inly burning from their scars:  
 And we departing left them to that broil.

## CANTO XXIII

**ARGUMENT.**—The enraged Demons pursue Dante, but he is preserved from them by Virgil. On reaching the sixth gulf, he beholds the punishment of the hypocrites; which is, to pace continually round the gulf under the pressure of caps and hoods, that are gilt on the outside, but leaden within. He is addressed by two of these, Catalano and Loderingo, Knights of St. Mary, otherwise called Joyous Friars of Bologna. Caïaphas is seen fixed to a cross on the ground, and lies so stretched along the way, that all tread on him in passing.

**I**N silence and in solitude we went,  
 One first, the other following his steps,  
 As minor friars journeying on their road.  
 The present fray had turn'd my thoughts to muse  
 Upon old Æsop's fable,<sup>1</sup> where he told  
 What fate unto the mouse and frog befell;  
 For language hath not sounds more like in sense,  
 Than are these chances, if the origin  
 And end of each be heedfully compared.  
 And as one thought bursts from another forth,  
 So afterward from that another sprang,  
 Which added doubly to my former fear.  
 For thus I reason'd: "These through us have been  
 So foil'd, with loss and mockery so complete,  
 As needs must sting them sore. If anger then  
 Be to their evil will conjoin'd, more fell  
 They shall pursue us, than the savage hound  
 Snatches the leveret panting 'twixt his jaws."  
 Already I perceived my hair stand all  
 On end with terror, and look'd eager back.

<sup>1</sup> "Æsop's fable." The fable of the frog, who offered to carry the mouse across a ditch, with the intention of drowning him, when both were carried off by a kite. It is not among those Greek fables which go under the name of Æsop.

"Teacher," I thus began, "if speedily  
Thyself and me thou hide not, much I dread  
Those evil talons. Even now behind  
They urge us: quick imagination works  
So forcibly, that I already feel them."

He answer'd: "Were I form'd of leaded glass,  
I should not sooner draw unto myself  
Thy outward image, than I now imprint  
That from within. This moment came thy thoughts  
Presented before mine, with similar act  
And countenance similar, so that from both  
I one design have framed. If the right coast  
Incline so much, that we may thence descend  
Into the other chasm, we shall escape  
Secure from this imagined pursuit."

He had not spoke his purpose to the end,  
When I from far beheld them with spread wings  
Approach to take us. Suddenly my guide  
Caught me, even as a mother that from sleep  
Is by the noise aroused, and near her sees  
The climbing fires, who snatches up her babe  
And flies ne'er pausing, careful more of him  
Than of herself, that but a single vest  
Clings round her limbs. Down from the jutting beach  
Supine he cast him to that pendent rock,  
Which closes on one part the other chasm.

Never ran water with such hurrying pace  
Adown the tube to turn a land-mill's wheel,  
When nearest it approaches to the spokes,  
As then along that edge my master ran,  
Carrying me in his bosom, as a child,  
Not a companion. Scarcely had his feet  
Reach'd to the lowest of the bed beneath,  
When over us the steep they reach'd: but fear  
In him was none; for that high Providence,  
Which placed them ministers of the fifth foss,  
Power of departing thence took from them all.

There in the depth we saw a painted tribe,  
Who paced with tardy steps around, and wept,  
Faint in appearance and o'ercome with toil.

Caps had they on, with hoods, that fell low down  
 Before their eyes, in fashion like to those  
 Worn by the monks in Cologne.<sup>2</sup> Their outside  
 Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,  
 But leaden all within, and of such weight,  
 That Frederick's<sup>3</sup> compared to these were straw.  
 Oh, everlasting wearisome attire!

We yet once more with them together turn'd  
 To leftward, on their dismal moan intent.  
 But by the weight opprest, so slowly came  
 The fainting people, that our company  
 Was changed, at every movement of the step.

Whence I my guide address'd: "See that thou find  
 Some spirit, whose name may by his deeds be known;  
 And to that end look round thee as thou go'st."

Then one, who understood the Tuscan voice,  
 Cried after us aloud: "Hold in your feet,  
 Ye who so swiftly speed through the dusk air.  
 Perchance from me thou shalt obtain thy wish."

Whereat my leader, turning, me bespake:  
 "Pause, and then onward at their pace proceed."

I staid, and saw two spirits in whose look  
 Impatient eagerness of mind was mark'd  
 To overtake me; but the load they bare  
 And narrow path retarded their approach.

Soon as arrived, they with an eye askance  
 Perused me, but spake not: then turning, each  
 To other thus conferring said: "This one  
 Seems, by the action of his throat, alive;  
 And, be they dead, what privilege allows  
 They walk unmantled by the cumbrous stole?"

Then thus to me: "Tuscan, who visitest  
 The college of the mourning hypocrites,  
 Disdain not to instruct us who thou art."

"By Arno's pleasant stream," I thus replied,  
 "In the great city I was bred and grew,  
 And wear the body I have ever worn.

<sup>2</sup>They wore unusually large cowls.

<sup>3</sup>The Emperor Frederick II is said to have punished those who were guilty of high treason by wrapping them up in lead and casting them into a furnace.

But who are ye, from whom such mighty grief,  
As now I witness, courseth down your cheeks?  
What torment breaks forth in this bitter woe?"

"Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange hue,"  
One of them answer'd, "are so leaden gross,  
That with their weight they make the balances  
To crack beneath them. Joyous friars<sup>4</sup> we were,  
Bologna's natives; Catalano I,  
He Loderingo named; and by thy land  
Together taken, as men used to take  
A single and indifferent arbiter,  
To reconcile their strifes. How there we sped,  
Gardingo's vicinage<sup>5</sup> can best declare."

"O friars!" I began, "your miseries—"  
But there brake off, for one had caught mine eye,  
Fix'd to a cross with three stakes on the ground:  
He, when he saw me, writhed himself, throughout  
Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs his beard.  
And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,  
Thus spake: "That pierced spirit,<sup>6</sup> whom intent  
Thou view'st, was he who gave the Pharisees  
Counsel, that it were fitting for one man

<sup>4</sup> "Joyous friars." Those who ruled the city of Florence on the part of the Ghibellines perceiving this discontent and murmuring, which they were fearful might produce a rebellion against themselves, in order to satisfy the people, made choice of two knights, Frati Gaudenti (joyous friars) of Bologna, on whom they conferred the chief power in Florence; one named M. Catalano de' Malavolti, the other M. Loderingo di Liandolo; one an adherent of the Guelph, the other of the Ghibelline party. It is to be remarked, that the Joyous Friars were called Knights of St. Mary, and became knights on taking that habit: their robes were white, the mantle sable, and the arms a white field and red cross with two stars: their office was to defend widows and orphans, they were to act as mediators; they had internal regulations, like other religious bodies. The above-mentioned M. Loderingo was the founder of that order. But it was not long before they too well de-

served the appellation given them, and were found to be more bent on enjoying themselves than on any other object. These two friars were called in by the Florentines, and had a residence assigned them in the palace belonging to the people, over against the Abbey. Such was the dependence placed on the character of their order, it was expected they would be impartial, and would save the commonwealth any unnecessary expense; instead of which, though inclined to opposite parties, they secretly and hypocritically concurred in promoting their own advantage rather than the public good."—G. Villani, b. vii. c. xiii. This happened in 1266.

<sup>5</sup> The name of that part of the city which was inhabited by the powerful Ghibelline family of the Uberti, and destroyed under the partial and iniquitous administration of Catalano and Loderingo.

<sup>6</sup> "That pierced spirit." Caïaphas.

To suffer for the people. He doth lie  
Transverse; nor any passes, but him first  
Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.  
In straits like this along the foss are placed  
The father of his consort,<sup>7</sup> and the rest  
Partakers in that council, seed of ill  
And sorrow to the Jews." I noted then,  
How Virgil gazed with wonder upon him,  
Thus abjectly extended on the cross  
In banishment eternal. To the friar  
He next his words address'd: "We pray ye tell,  
If so be lawful, whether on our right  
Lies any opening in the rock, whereby  
We both may issue hence, without constraint  
On the dark angels, that compell'd they come  
To lead us from this depth." He thus replied:  
"Nearer than thou dost hope, there is a rock  
From the great circle moving, which o'ersteps  
Each vale of horror, save that here his cope  
Is shatter'd. By the ruin ye may mount:  
For on the side it slants, and most the height  
Rises below." With head bent down awhile  
My leader stood; then spake: "He warn'd us ill,  
Who yonder hangs the sinners on his hook."

To whom the friar: "At Bologna erst  
I many vices of the Devil heard;  
Among the rest was said, 'He is a liar,  
And the father of lies!'" When he had spoke,  
My leader with large strides proceeded on,  
Somewhat disturb'd with anger in his look.

I therefore left the spirits heavy laden,  
And, following, his beloved footsteps mark'd.

<sup>7</sup> Annas, father-in-law to Caiaphas.

## CANTO XXIV

**ARGUMENT.**—Under the escort of his faithful master, Dante not without difficulty makes his way out of the sixth gulf; and in the seventh, sees the robbers tormented by venomous and pestilent serpents. The soul of Vanni Fucci, who had pillaged the sacristy of St. James in Pistoia, predicts some calamities that impended over that city, and over the Florentines.

**I**N the year's early nonage,<sup>1</sup> when the sun  
Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,  
And now toward equal day the nights recede;  
Whenas the rime upon the earth puts on  
Her dazzling sister's image, but not long  
Her milder sway endures; then riseth up  
The village hind, whom fails his wintry store,  
And looking out beholds the plain around  
All whiten'd; whence impatiently he smites  
His thighs, and to his hut returning in,  
There paces to and fro, wailing his lot,  
As a discomfited and helpless man;  
Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope  
Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon  
The world hath changed its countenance, grasps his crook,  
And forth to pasture drives his little flock:  
So me my guide dishearten'd, when I saw  
His troubled forehead; and so speedily  
That ill was cured; for at the fallen bridge  
Arriving, toward me with a look as sweet,  
He turn'd him back, as that I first beheld  
At the steep mountain's foot. Regarding well  
The ruin, and some counsel first maintain'd  
With his own thought, he open'd wide his arm  
And took me up. As one, who, while he works,  
Computes his labor's issue, that he seems  
Still to foresee the effect; so lifting me  
Up to the summit of one peak, he fix'd  
His eye upon another. "Grapple that,"  
Said he, "but first make proof, if it be such  
As will sustain thee." For one capt with lead

<sup>1</sup>"At the latter part of January, when the sun enters Aquarius, and the equinox draws near, when the hoar-frosts in the morning often wear the appearance of snow, but are melted by the rising sun."

This were no journey. Scarcely he, though light,  
And I, though onward push'd from crag to crag,  
Could mount. And if the precinct of this coast  
Were not less ample than the last, for him  
I know not, but my strength had surely fail'd.  
But Malebolge all toward the mouth  
Inclining of the nethermost abyss,  
The site of every valley hence requires,  
That one side upward slope, the other fall.

At length the point from whence the utmost stone  
Juts down, we reach'd; soon as to that arrived,  
So was the breath exhausted from my lungs  
I could no further, but did seat me there.

"Now needs thy best of man;" so spake my guide:  
"For not on downy plumes, nor under shade  
Of canopy reposing, fame is won;  
Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,  
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,  
As smoke in air or foam upon the wave.  
Thou therefore rise: vanquish thy weariness  
By the mind's effort, in each struggle form'd  
To vanquish, if she suffer not the weight  
Of her corporeal frame to crush her down.  
A longer ladder yet remains to scale.  
From these to have escaped sufficeth not,  
If well thou note me, profit by my words."

I straightway rose, and show'd myself less spent  
Than I in truth did feel me. "On," I cried,  
"For I am stout and fearless." Up the rock  
Our way we held, more rugged than before,  
Narrower, and steeper far to climb. From talk  
I ceased not, as we journey'd, so to seem  
Least faint; whereat a voice from the other foss  
Did issue forth, for utterance suited ill.  
Though on the arch that crosses there I stood,  
What were the words I knew not, but who spake  
Seem'd moved in anger. Down I stoop'd to look;  
But my quick eye might reach not to the depth  
For shrouding darkness; wherefore thus I spake:  
"To the next circle, teacher, bend thy steps,

And from the wall dismount we; for as hence  
I hear and understand not, so I see  
Beneath, and naught discern." "I answer not,"  
Said he, "but by the deed. To fair request  
Silent performance maketh best return."

We from the bridge's head descended, where  
To the eighth mound it joins; and then, the chasm  
Opening to view, I saw a crowd within  
Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape  
And hideous, that remembrance in my veins  
Yet shrinks the vital current. Of her sands  
Let Libya vaunt no more: if Jaculus,  
Pareas and Chelyder be her brood,  
Cenchris and Amphisbæna, plagues so dire  
Or in such numbers swarming ne'er she show'd,  
Not with all Ethiopia, and whate'er  
Above the Erythræan sea is spawn'd.

Amid this dread exuberance of woe  
Ran naked spirits wing'd with horrid fear,  
Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,  
Or heliotrope to charm them out of view.  
With serpents were their hands behind them bound,  
Which through their reins infix'd the tail and head,  
Twisted in folds before. And lo! on one  
Near to our side, darted an adder up,  
And, where the neck is on the shoulders tied,  
Transpierced him. Far more quickly than e'er pen  
Wrote O or I, he kindled, burn'd, and changed  
To ashes all, pour'd out upon the earth.  
When there dissolved he lay, the dust again  
Uproll'd spontaneous, and the self-same form  
Instant resumed. So mighty sages tell,  
The Arabian Phœnix, when five hundred years  
Have well-nigh circled, dies, and springs forthwith  
Renaissant: blade nor herb throughout his life  
He tastes, but tears of frankincense alone  
And odorous amomum: swaths of nard  
And myrrh his funeral shroud. As one that falls,  
He knows not how, by force demoniac dragg'd

To earth, or through obstruction fettering up  
 In chains invisible the powers of man,  
 Who, risen from his trance, gazeth around,  
 Bewilder'd with the monstrous agony  
 He hath endured, and wildly staring sighs;  
 So stood aghast the sinner when he rose.

Oh! how severe God's judgment, that deals out  
 Such blows in stormy vengeance. Who he was,  
 My teacher next inquired; and thus in few  
 He answer'd: "Vanni Fucci<sup>2</sup> am I call'd,  
 Not long since rained down from Tuscany  
 To this dire gullet. Me the bestial life  
 And not the human pleased, mule that I was,  
 Who in Pistoia found my worthy den."

I then to Virgil: "Bid him stir not hence;  
 And ask what crime did thrust him thither: once  
 A man I knew him, choleric and bloody."

The sinner heard and feign'd not, but toward me  
 His mind directing and his face, wherein  
 Was dismal shame depicted, thus he spake:  
 "It grieves me more to have been caught by thee  
 In this sad plight, which thou beholdest, than  
 When I was taken from the other life.  
 I have no power permitted to deny  
 What thou inquirest. I am doom'd thus low  
 To dwell, for that the sacristy by me  
 Was rifled of its goodly ornaments,  
 And with the guilt another falsely charged.  
 But that thou mayst not joy to see me thus,  
 So as thou e'er shalt 'scape this darksome realm,  
 Open thine ears and hear what I forebode.  
 Reft of the Neri first Pistoia<sup>3</sup> pines;  
 Then Florence<sup>4</sup> changeth citizens and laws;

<sup>2</sup> Said to have been an illegitimate offspring of the family of Lazari in Pistoia, to have robbed the sacristy of the church of St. James in that city, and to have charged Vanni della Nona with the sacrilege; in consequence of which the latter suffered death.

<sup>3</sup> "In May, 1301, the Bianchi party of

Pistoia, with the help of the Bianchi who ruled Florence, drove out the party of the Neri from the former place, destroying their houses, palaces, and farms."

<sup>4</sup> "Then Florence." "Soon after the Bianchi will be expelled from Florence, the Neri will prevail, and the laws and people will be changed."

From Valdimagra,<sup>5</sup> drawn by wrathful Mars,  
 A vapor rises, wrapt in turbid mists,  
 And sharp and eager driveth on the storm  
 With arrowy hurtling o'er Piceno's field,  
 Whence suddenly the cloud shall burst, and strike  
 Each helpless Bianco prostrate to the ground.  
 This have I told, that grief may rend thy heart."

## CANTO XXV

**ARGUMENT.**—The sacrilegious Fucci vents his fury in blasphemy, is seized by serpents, and flying is pursued by Cacus in the form of a Centaur, who is described with a swarm of serpents on his haunch, and a dragon on his shoulders breathing forth fire. Our Poet then meets with the spirits of three of his countrymen, two of whom undergo a marvelous transformation in his presence.

**W**HEN he had spoke, the sinner raised his hands<sup>1</sup>  
 Pointed in mockery and cried: "Take them,  
 God!  
 I level them at thee." From that day forth  
 The serpents were my friends; for round his neck  
 One of them rolling twisted, as it said,  
 "Be silent, tongue!" Another, to his arms  
 Upliding, tied them, riveting itself  
 So close, it took from them the power to move.  
 Pistoial ah, Pistoia! why dost doubt  
 To turn thee into ashes, cumbering earth  
 No longer, since in evil act so far  
 Thou hast outdone thy seed? I did not mark,  
 Through all the gloomy circles of the abyss,  
 Spirit, that swell'd so proudly 'gainst his God;

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to the victory obtained by the Marquis Morello Malaspina of Valdimagra, who put himself at the head of the Neri, and defeated their opponents the Bianchi, in the Campo Piceno near Pistoia, soon after the occurrence related in the preceding note on v. 142. Currado Malaspina is introduced in the eighth Canto of the Purgatory; where it appears, that although on the present occasion they espoused contrary sides, most important favors were nevertheless conferred by that

family on our Poet, at a subsequent period of his exile, in 1307.

<sup>1</sup> "The practice of thrusting out the thumb between the first and second fingers, to express the feelings of insult and contempt, has prevailed very generally among the nations of Europe, and for many ages had been denominated 'making the fig,' or described at least by some equivalent expression."—Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol. i. p. 492, ed. 1807.

Not him,<sup>2</sup> who headlong fell from Thebes. He fled,  
 Nor utter'd more; and after him there came  
 A Centaur full of fury, shouting, "Where,  
 Where is the caitiff?" On Maremma's marsh<sup>3</sup>  
 Swarm not the serpent tribe, as on his haunch  
 They swarm'd, to where the humnan face begins.  
 Behind his head, upon the shoulders, lay  
 With open wings a dragon, breathing fire  
 On whomsoe'er he met. To me my guide:  
 "Cacus is this, who underneath the rock  
 Of Aventine spread oft a lake of blood.  
 He, from his brethren parted, here must tread  
 A different journey, for his fraudulent theft  
 Of the great herd that near him stall'd; whence found  
 His felon deeds their end, beneath the mace  
 Of stout Alcides, that perchance laid on  
 A hundred blows, and not the tenth was felt."

While yet he spake, the Centaur sped away:  
 And under us three spirits came, of whom  
 Nor I nor he was ware, till they exclaim'd,  
 "Say who are ye!" We then brake off discourse,  
 Intent on these alone. I knew them not:  
 But, as it chanceth oft, befell that one  
 Had need to name another. "Where," said he,  
 "Doth Cianfa<sup>4</sup> lurk?" I, for a sign my guide  
 Should stand attentive, placed against my lips  
 The finger lifted. If, O reader! now  
 Thou be not apt to credit what I tell,  
 No marvel; for myself do scarce allow  
 The witness of mine eyes. But as I look'd  
 Toward them, lo! a serpent with six feet  
 Springs forth on one, and fastens full upon him:  
 His midmost grasp'd the belly, a forefoot  
 Seized on each arm (while deep in either cheek  
 He flesh'd his fangs); the hinder on the thighs  
 Were spread, 'twixt which the tail inserted curl'd  
 Upon the reins behind. Ivy ne'er clasp'd  
 A dodder'd oak, as round the other's limbs

<sup>2</sup>Capaneus. Canto xiv.

<sup>3</sup>Near the Tuscan shore.

<sup>4</sup>Said to have been of the family of  
 Donati at Florence.

The hideous monster intertwined his own.  
 Then, as they both had been of burning wax,  
 Each melted into other, mingling hues,  
 That which was either now was seen no more.  
 Thus up the shrinking paper, ere it burns,  
 A brown tint glides, not turning yet to black,  
 And the clean white expires. The other two  
 Look'd on exclaiming, "Ah! how dost thou change,  
 Agnello<sup>15</sup> See! Thou art nor double now,  
 Nor only one." The two heads now became  
 One, and two figures blended in one form  
 Appear'd, where both were lost. Of the four lengths  
 Two arms were made: the belly and the chest,  
 The thighs and legs, into such members changed  
 As never eye hath seen. Of former shape  
 All trace was vanish'd. Two, yet neither, seem'd  
 That image miscreate, and so pass'd on  
 With tardy steps. As underneath the scourge  
 Of the fierce dog-star that lays bare the fields,  
 Shifting from brake to brake the lizard seems  
 A flash of lightning, if he thwart the road;  
 So toward the entrails of the other two  
 Approaching seem'd an adder all on fire,  
 As the dark pepper-grain livid and swart.  
 In that part, whence our life is nourish'd first,  
 Once he transpierced; then down before him fell  
 Stretch'd out. The pierced spirit look'd on him,  
 But spake not; yea, stood motionless and yawn'd,  
 As if by sleep or feverous fit assail'd.  
 He eyed the serpent, and the serpent him.  
 One from the wound, the other from the mouth  
 Breathed a thick smoke, whose vapory columns join'd.  
 Lucan in mute attention now may hear,  
 Nor thy disastrous fate, Sabellus, tell,  
 Nor thine, Nasidius. Ovid now be mute.  
 What if in warbling fiction he record  
 Cadmus and Arethusa, to a snake  
 Him changed, and her into a fountain clear,  
 I envy not; for never face to face

<sup>15</sup> "Agnello." Agnello Brunelleschi.

Two natures thus transmuted did he sing,  
Wherein both shapes were ready to assume  
The other's substance. They in mutual guise  
So answer'd that the serpent split his train  
Divided to a fork, and the pierced spirit  
Drew close his steps together, legs and thighs  
Compacted, that no sign of juncture soon  
Was visible: the tail, disparted, took  
The figure which the spirit lost; its skin  
Softening, his indurated to a rind.  
The shoulders next I mark'd, that entering join'd  
The monster's arm-pits, whose two shorter feet  
So lengthen'd, as the others dwindling shrunk.  
The feet behind then twisting up became  
That part that man conceals, which in the wretch  
Was cleft in twain. While both the shadowy smoke  
With a new color veils, and generates  
The excrescent pile on one, peeling it off  
From the other body, lo! upon his feet  
One upright rose, and prone the other fell.  
Nor yet their glaring and malignant lamps  
Were shifted, though each feature changed beneath.  
Of him who stood erect, the mounting face  
Retreated toward the temples, and what there  
Superfluous matter came, shot out in ears  
From the smooth cheeks; the rest, not backward dragg'd,  
Of its excess did shape the nose; and swell'd  
Into due size protuberant the lips.  
He, on the earth who lay, meanwhile extends  
His sharpen'd visage, and draws down the ears  
Into the head, as doth the slug his horns.  
His tongue, continuous before and apt  
For utterance, severs; and the other's fork  
Closing unites. That done, the smoke was laid.  
The soul, transform'd into the brute, glides off,  
Hissing along the vale, and after him  
The other talking sputters; but soon turn'd  
His new-grown shoulders on him, and in few  
Thus to another spake: "Along this path  
Crawling, as I have done, speed Buoso now!"

So saw I fluctuate in successive change  
 The unsteady ballast of the seventh hold:  
 And here if aught my pen have swerved, events  
 So strange may be its warrant. O'er mine eyes  
 Confusion hung, and on my thoughts amaze.

Yet 'scaped they not so covertly, but well  
 I mark'd Sciancato: he alone it was  
 Of the three first that came, who changed not: tho'  
 The other's fate, Gaville! still dost rue.

## CANTO XXVI

**ARGUMENT.**—Remounting by the steps, down which they have descended to the seventh gulf, they go forward to the arch that stretches over the eighth, and from thence behold numberless flames wherein are punished the evil counsellors, each flame containing a sinner, save one, in which were Diomede and Ulysses, the latter of whom relates the manner of his death.

**F**LORENCE, exult! for thou so mightily  
 Hast thriven, that o'er land and sea thy wings  
 Thou beatest, and thy name spreads over hell.

Among the plunderers, such the three I found  
 Thy citizens; whence shame to me thy son,  
 And no proud honour to thyself redounds.

But if our minds, when dreaming near the dawn,  
 Are of the truth presageful, thou ere long  
 Shalt feel what Prato<sup>1</sup> (not to say the rest)  
 Would fain might come upon thee; and that chance  
 Were in good time, if it befell thee now.  
 Would so it were, since it must needs befall!  
 For as time wears me, I shall grieve the more.

We from the depth departed; and my guide  
 Remounting scaled the flinty steps, which late  
 We downward traced, and drew me up the steep.  
 Pursuing thus our solitary way

<sup>1</sup> "Shalt feel what Prato." The Poet prognosticates the calamities which were soon to befall his native city, and which, he says, even her nearest neighbor, Prato, would wish her. The calamities more particularly pointed at are said to be the fall of a wooden bridge over the Arno, in May, 1304, where a large multitude

were assembled to witness a representation of hell and the infernal torments, in consequence of which accident many lives were lost; and a conflagration, that in the following month destroyed more than 1,700 houses. See G. Villani, Hist. lib. viii. c. lxx. and lxxi.

Among the crags and splinters of the rock,  
Sped not our feet without the help of hands.

Then sorrow seized me, which e'en now revives,  
As my thought turns again to what I saw,  
And, more than I am wont, I rein and curb  
The powers of nature in me, lest they run  
Where Virtue guides not; that, if aught of good  
My gentle star or something better gave me,  
I envy not myself the precious boon.

As in that season, when the sun least veils  
His face that lightens all, what time the fly  
Gives way to the shrill gnat, the peasant then,  
Upon some cliff reclined, beneath him sees  
Fire-flies innumerable spangling o'er the vale,  
Vineyard or tilth, where his day-labor lies;  
With flames so numberless throughout its space  
Shone the eighth chasm, apparent, when the depth  
Was to my view exposed. As he, whose wrongs  
The bears avenged, as its departure saw  
Elijah's chariot, when the steeds erect  
Raised their steep flight for heaven; his eyes meanwhile,  
Straining pursued them, till the flame alone,  
Upsoaring like a misty speck, he kenn'd:  
E'en thus along the gulf moves every flame,  
A sinner so enfolded close in each,  
That none exhibits token of the theft.

Upon the bridge I forward bent to look  
And grasp'd a flinty mass, or else had fallen,  
Though push'd not from the height. The guide, who mark'd  
How I did gaze attentive, thus began:  
"Within these ardours are the spirits; each  
Swathed in confining fire." "Master! thy word,"  
I answer'd, "hath assured me; yet I deem'd  
Already of the truth, already wish'd  
To ask thee who is in yon fire, that comes  
So parted at the summit, as it seem'd  
Ascending from that funeral pile<sup>2</sup> where lay  
The Theban brothers." He replied: "Within,

<sup>2</sup> The flame is said to have divided the conscious of the enmity that actuated bodies of Eteocles and Polynices, as if them while living.

Ulysses there and Diomede endure  
 Their penal tortures, thus to vengeance now  
 Together hastening, as erewhile to wrath  
 These in the flame with ceaseless groans deplore  
 The ambush of the horse,<sup>3</sup> that open'd wide  
 A portal for the goodly seed to pass,  
 Which sow'd imperial Rome; nor less the guile  
 Lament they, whence, of her Achilles 'reft,  
 Deidamia yet in death complains.  
 And there is rued the stratagem that Troy  
 Of her Palladium spoil'd."—"If they have power  
 Of utterance from within these sparks," said I,  
 "O master! think my prayer a thousand-fold  
 In repetition urged, that thou vouchsafe  
 To pause till here the horned flame arrive.  
 See, how toward it with desires I bend."

He thus: "Thy prayer is worthy of much praise,  
 And I accept it therefore; but do thou  
 Thy tongue refrain: to question them be mine;  
 For I divine thy wish; and they perchance,  
 For they were Greeks,<sup>4</sup> might shun discourse with thee."

When there the flame had come, where time and place  
 Seem'd fitting to my guide, he thus began:  
 "O ye, who dwell two spirits in one fire!  
 If, living, I of you did merit aught,  
 Whate'er the measure were of that desert,  
 When in the world my lofty strain I pour'd,  
 Move ye not on, till one of you unfold  
 In what clime death o'ertook him self-destroy'd."

Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn  
 Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire  
 That labors with the wind, then to and fro  
 Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,  
 Threw out its voice, and spake: "When I escaped  
 From Circe, who beyond a circling year  
 Had held me near Caieta by her charms,  
 Ere thus Æneas yet had named the shore;  
 Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence

<sup>3</sup> The wooden horse that caused Æneas where his descendants founded Rome.  
 to quit Troy and seek his fortune in Italy,      <sup>4</sup> Perhaps implying arrogance.

Of my old father, nor return of love,  
 That should have crown'd Penelope with joy,  
 Could overcome in me the zeal I had  
 To explore the world, and search the ways of life,  
 Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sail'd  
 Into the deep illimitable main,  
 With but one bark, and the small faithful band  
 That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,  
 Far as Marocco, either shore I saw,  
 And the Sardinian and each isle beside  
 Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age  
 Were I and my companions, when we came  
 To the strait pass,<sup>5</sup> where Hercules ordain'd  
 The boundaries not to be o'erstepp'd by man.  
 The walls of Seville to my right I left,  
 On the other hand already Ceuta past.  
 'O brothers!' I began, 'who to the west  
 Through perils without number now have reach'd;  
 To this the short remaining watch, that yet  
 Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof  
 Of the unpeopled world, following the track  
 Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang:  
 Ye were not form'd to live the life of brutes,  
 But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.'  
 With these few words I sharpen'd for the voyage  
 The mind of my associates, that I then  
 Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn  
 Our poop we turn'd, and for the witless flight  
 Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.  
 Each star of the other pole night now beheld,  
 And ours so low, that from the ocean floor  
 It rose not. Five times reillumed, as oft  
 Vanish'd the light from underneath the moon,  
 Since the deep way we enter'd, when from far  
 Appear'd a mountain dim,<sup>6</sup> loftiest methought

<sup>5</sup> The Strait of Gibraltar.

<sup>6</sup> The mountain of Purgatory.—Among various opinions respecting the situation of the terrestrial paradise, Pietro Lombardo relates, that "it was separated by a long space, either of sea or land, from

the regions inhabited by men, and placed in the ocean, reaching as far as to the lunar circle, so that the waters of the deluge did not reach it."—Sent. lib. ii. dist. 17.

Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seized us straight;  
 But soon to mourning changed. From the new land  
 A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side  
 Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirl'd her round  
 With all the waves; the fourth time lifted up  
 The poop, and sank the prow: so fate decreed:  
 And over us the booming billow closed.”<sup>7</sup>

## CANTO XXVII

**ARGUMENT.**—The Poet, treating of the same punishment as in the last Canto, relates that he turned toward a flame in which was the Count Guido da Montefeltro, whose inquiries respecting the state of Romagna he answers; and Guido is thereby induced to declare who he is, and why condemned to that torment.

**N**OW upward rose the flame, and still’d its light  
 To speak no more, and now pass’d on with leave  
 From the mild poet gain’d; when following came  
 Another, from whose top a sound confused,  
 Forth issuing, drew our eyes that way to look.

As the Sicilian bull,<sup>1</sup> that rightfully  
 His cries first echoed who had shaped its mould,  
 Did so rebellow, with the voice of him  
 Tormented, that the brazen monster seem’d  
 Pierced through with pain; thus, while no way they found,  
 Nor avenue immediate through the flame,  
 Into its language turn’d the dismal words:  
 But soon as they had won their passage forth,  
 Up from the point, which vibrating obey’d  
 Their motion at the tongue, these sounds were heard:  
 “O thou! to whom I now direct my voice,  
 That lately didst exclaim in Lombard phrase,  
 ‘Depart thou; I solicit thee no more;’  
 Though somewhat tardy I perchance arrive,  
 Let it not irk thee here to pause awhile,

<sup>7</sup> “Closed.” Venturi refers to Pliny and Solinus for the opinion that Ulysses was the founder of Lisbon, from whence he thinks it was easy for the fancy of a poet to send him on yet further enterprises. The story (which it is not unlikely that our author borrowed from some legend of the Middle Ages) may have taken its

rise partly from the obscure oracle returned by the ghost of Tiresias to Ulysses (eleventh book of the *Odyssey*), and partly from the fate which there was reason to suppose had befallen some adventurous explorers of the Atlantic Ocean.

<sup>1</sup> The engine of torture invented by Perillus, for the tyrant Phalaris.

And with me parley: lo! it irks not me,  
 And yet I burn. If but e'en now thou fall  
 Into this blind world, from that pleasant land  
 Of Latium, whence I draw my sum of guilt,  
 Tell me if those who in Romagna dwell  
 Have peace or war. For of the mountains there<sup>2</sup>  
 Was I, betwixt Urbino and the height  
 Whence Tiber first unlocks his mighty flood."

Leaning I listen'd yet with heedful ear,  
 When, as he touch'd my side, the leader thus:  
 "Speak thou: he is a Latian." My reply  
 Was ready, and I spake without delay:  
 "O spirit! who art hidden here below,  
 Never was thy Romagna without war  
 In her proud tyrants' bosoms, nor is now:  
 But open war there left I none. The state,  
 Ravenna hath maintain'd this many a year,  
 Is stedfast. There Polenta's eagle<sup>3</sup> broods;  
 And in his broad circumference of plume  
 O'ershadows Cervia. The green talons grasp  
 The land,<sup>4</sup> that stood erewhile the proof so long  
 And piled in bloody heap the host of France.

"The old mastiff of Verrucchio and the young,<sup>5</sup>  
 That tore Montagna<sup>6</sup> in their wrath, still make,  
 Where they are wont, an augre of their fangs.  
 "Lamone's city, and Santerno's,<sup>7</sup> range

<sup>2</sup> Montefeltro.

<sup>3</sup> "Polenta's eagle." Guido Novello da Polenta, who bore an eagle for his coat-of-arms. The name of Polenta was derived from a castle so called in the neighborhood of Brittonoro. Cervia is a small maritime city, about fifteen miles to the south of Ravenna. Guido was the son of Ostasio da Polenta, and made himself master of Ravenna in 1265. In 1322 he was deprived of his sovereignty, and died at Bologna in 1323. This last and most munificent patron of Dante is enumerated among the poets of his time.

<sup>4</sup> The territory of Forlì, the inhabitants of which, in 1282, were enabled, by the stratagem of Guido da Montefeltro, the governor, to defeat the French army by

which it had been besieged. See G. Villani, lib. vii. c. lxxxi. The Poet informs Guido, its former ruler, that it is now in the possession of Simbaldo Ordolaffi, whom he designates by his coat-of-arms, a lion vert.

<sup>5</sup> Malatesta and Malatestino his son, lords of Rimini, called from their ferocity, the mastiffs of Verrucchio, which was the name of their castle. Malatestino was, perhaps, the husband of Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta. See notes to Canto v. 113.

<sup>6</sup> Montagna de' Parciti, a noble and leader of the Ghibelline party at Rimini, murdered by Malatestino.

<sup>7</sup> Lamone is the river at Faenza, and Santerno at Imola.

Under the lion of the snowy lair,<sup>8</sup>  
 Inconstant partisan, that changeth sides,  
 Or ever summer yields to winter's frost.  
 And she, whose flank is wash'd of Savio's wave,<sup>9</sup>  
 As 'twixt the level and the steep she lies,  
 Lives so 'twixt tyrant power and liberty.

"Now tell us, I entreat thee, who art thou:  
 Be not more hard than others. In the world,  
 So may thy name still rear its forehead high."

Then roar'd awhile the fire, its sharpen'd point  
 On either side waved, and thus breathed at last:  
 "If I did think my answer were to one  
 Who ever could return unto the world,  
 This flame should rest unshaken. But since ne'er,  
 If true be told me, any from this depth  
 Has found his upward way, I answer thee,  
 Nor fear lest infamy record the words.

"A man of arms<sup>10</sup> at first, I clothed me then  
 In good Saint Francis' girdle, hoping so  
 To have made amends. And certainly my hope  
 Had fail'd not, but that he, whom curses light on,  
 The high priest,<sup>11</sup> again seduced me into sin.  
 And how, and wherefore, listen while I tell.  
 Long as this spirit moved the bones and pulp  
 My mother gave me, less my deeds bespeak  
 The nature of the lion than the fox.  
 All ways of winding subtlety I knew,  
 And with such art conducted, that the sound  
 Reach'd the world's limit. Soon as to that part  
 Of life I found me come, and when each behoves  
 To lower sails and gather in the lines;  
 That, which before had pleased me, then I rued,  
 And to repentance and confession turn'd,  
 Wretch that I was; and well it had bested me.

<sup>8</sup> Machinardo Pagano, whose arms were a lion azure on a field argent. See also Purgatory, Canto xiv. 122.

<sup>9</sup> Cesena, situated at the foot of a mountain, and washed by the river Savio,

that often descends with a swollen and rapid stream from the Apennines.

<sup>10</sup> Guido da Montefeltro.

<sup>11</sup> Boniface VIII.

The chief of the new Pharisees<sup>12</sup> meantime,  
 Waging his warfare near the Lateran,  
 Not with the Saracens or Jews (his foes  
 All Christians were, nor against Acre one  
 Had fought,<sup>13</sup> nor traffick'd in the Soldan's land),  
 He, his great charge nor sacred ministry,  
 In himself reverenced, nor in me that cord  
 Which used to mark with leanness whom it girded.  
 As in Soracte, Constantine besought,  
 To cure his leprosy, Sylvester's aid;  
 So me, to cure the fever of his pride,  
 This man besought: my counsel to that end  
 He ask'd; and I was silent; for his words  
 Seem'd drunken: but forthwith he thus resumed:  
 'From thy heart banish fear: of all offence  
 I hitherto absolve thee. In return,  
 Teach me my purpose so to execute,  
 That Penestrino cumber earth no more.  
 Heaven, as thou knowest, I have power to shut  
 And open: and the keys are therefore twain,  
 The which my predecessor<sup>14</sup> meanly prized.'

"Then, yielding to the forceful arguments,  
 Of silence, as more perilous I deem'd,  
 And answer'd: 'Father! since thou washest me  
 Clear of that guilt wherein I now must fall,  
 Large promise with performance scant, be sure,  
 Shall make thee triumph in thy lofty seat.'

"When I was number'd with the dead, then came  
 Saint Francis for me; but a cherub dark  
 He met, who cried, 'Wrong me not; he is mine,  
 And must below to join the wretched crew,

<sup>12</sup> Boniface VIII, whose enmity to the family of Colonna prompted him to destroy their houses near the Lateran. Wishing to obtain possession of their other seat, Penestrino, he consulted with Guido da Montefeltro, offering him absolution for his past sins, as well as for that which he was then tempting him to commit. Guido's advice was that kind words and fair promises would put his enemies into

his power; and they accordingly soon afterward fell into the snare laid for them, 1298.

<sup>13</sup> Alluding to the renegade Christians, by whom the Saracens, in April, 1201, were assisted to recover St. John d'Acre, the last possession of the Christians in the Holy Land.

<sup>14</sup> Celestine V. See notes to Canto iii.

For the deceitful counsel which he gave.  
 E'er since I watch'd him, hovering at his hair.  
 No power can the impenitent absolve;  
 Nor to repent, and will, at once consist,  
 By contradiction absolute forbid.'

Oh misery! how I shook myself, when he  
 Seized me, and cried, 'Thou haply thought'st me not  
 A disputant in logic so exact!'

To Minos down he bore me; and the judge  
 Twined eight times round his callous back the tail,  
 Which biting with excess of rage, he spake:  
 'This is a guilty soul, that in the fire  
 Must vanish.' Hence, perdition-doom'd, I rove  
 A prey to rankling sorrow, in this garb.'

When he had thus fulfill'd his words, the flame  
 In colour parted, beating to and fro,  
 And writhing its sharp horn. We onward went,  
 I and my leader, up along the rock,  
 Far as another arch, that overhangs  
 The foss, wherein the penalty is paid  
 Of those who load them with committed sin.

## CANTO XXVIII

**ARGUMENT.**—They arrive in the ninth gulf, where the sowers of scandal, schismatics, and heretics, are seen with their limbs maimed or divided in different ways. Among these the Poet finds Mohammed, Piero da Medicina, Curio, Mosca, and Bertrand de Born.

**W**HO, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full  
 Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,  
 Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue  
 So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought  
 Both impotent alike. If in one band  
 Collected, stood the people all, who e'er  
 Pour'd on Apulia's happy soil their blood,  
 Slain by the Trojans, and in that long war,<sup>1</sup>  
 When of the rings the measured booty made  
 A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes  
 Who errs not; with the multitude, that felt  
 The griding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The war of Hannibal in Italy.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Guiscard, conqueror of Naples, died 1110. See Paradise, Canto xviii.

And those the rest,<sup>3</sup> whose bones are gather'd yet  
 At Ceperano, there where treachery  
 Branded the Apulian name, or where beyond  
 Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo,<sup>4</sup> without arms  
 The old Alardo conquer'd; and his limbs  
 One were to show transpierced, another his  
 Clean lopt away; a spectacle like this  
 Were but a thing of naught, to the hideous sight  
 Of the ninth chasm. A rundlet, that hath lost  
 Its middle or side stave, gapes not so wide  
 As one I mark'd, torn from the chin throughout  
 Down to the hinder passage: 'twixt the legs  
 Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay  
 Open to view, and wretched ventricle,  
 That turns the englutted aliment to dross.

Whilst eagerly I fix on him my gaze,  
 He eyed me, with his hands laid his breast bare,  
 And cried, "Now mark how I do rip me: lo!  
 How is Mohammed mangled: before me  
 Walks Ali<sup>5</sup> weeping, from the chin his face  
 Cleft to the forelock; and the others all,  
 Whom here thou seest, while they lived, did sow  
 Scandal and schism, and therefore thus are rent.  
 A fiend is here behind, who with his sword  
 Hacks us thus cruelly, slivering again  
 Each of this ream, when we have compast round  
 The dismal way; for first our gashes close  
 Ere we repass before him. But, say who  
 Art thou, that standest musing on the rock,  
 Haply so lingering to delay the pain  
 Sentenced upon thy crimes." "Him death not yet,"  
 My guide rejoin'd, "hath overta'en, nor sin  
 Conducts to torment; but, that he may make  
 Full trial of your state, I who am dead  
 Must through the depths of Hell, from orb to orb,  
 Conduct him. Trust my words; for they are true."

<sup>3</sup> The army of Manfredi, which, through the treachery of the Apulian troops, was overcome by Charles of Anjou in 1265. See the Purgatory, Canto iii.

<sup>4</sup> "O Tagliacozzo." He alludes to the

victory which Charles gained over Conradino, by the sage advice of the Sieur de Valeri, in 1268.

<sup>5</sup> The disciple of Mohammed.

More than a hundred spirits, when that they heard,  
 Stood in the foss to mark me through amaze  
 Forgetful of their pangs. "Thou, who perchance  
 Shalt shortly view the sun, this warning thou  
 Bear to Dolcino:<sup>6</sup> bid him, if he wish not  
 Here soon to follow me, that with good store  
 Of food he arm him, lest imprisoning snows  
 Yield him a victim to Novara's power;  
 No easy conquest else": with foot upraised  
 For stepping, spake Mohammed, on the ground  
 Then fix'd it to depart. Another shade,  
 Pierced in the throat, his nostrils mutilate  
 E'en from beneath the eyebrows, and one ear  
 Lopt off, who, with the rest, through wonder stood  
 Gazing, before the rest advanced, and bared  
 His wind-pipe, that without was all o'ersmear'd  
 With crimson stain. "O thou!" said he, "whom sin  
 Condemns not, and whom erst (unless too near  
 Resemblance do deceive me) I aloft  
 Have seen on Latian ground, call thou to mind  
 Piero of Medicina,<sup>7</sup> if again  
 Returning, thou behold'st the pleasant land<sup>8</sup>  
 That from Vercelli slopes to Marcabò;  
 And there instruct the twain,<sup>9</sup> whom Fano boasts  
 Her worthiest sons, Guido and Angelo,

<sup>6</sup> "Dolcino." In 1305, a friar, called Dolcino, who belonged to no regular order, contrived to raise in Novara, in Lombardy, a large company of the meaner sort of people, declaring himself to be a true apostle of Christ and promulgating a community of property and of wives, with many other such heretical doctrines. He blamed the Pope, cardinals, and other prelates of the holy Church, for not observing their duty, nor leading the angelic life, and affirmed that he ought to be pope. He was followed by more than three thousand men and women, who lived promiscuously on the mountains together, like beasts, and, when they wanted provisions, supplied themselves by depredation and rapine. After two years, many were struck with compunction at the dissolute life they led, and his sect was much diminished; and, through fail-

ure of food and the severity of the snows, he was taken by the people of Novara, and burnt, with Margarita, his companion, and many others, whom he had seduced.

<sup>7</sup> "Medicina." A place in the territory of Bologna. Piero fomented dissensions among the inhabitants of that city, and among the leaders of the neighboring states.

<sup>8</sup> Lombardy.

<sup>9</sup> "The twain." Guido del Cassero and Angioletto da Cagnano, two of the worthiest and most distinguished citizens of Fano, were invited by Malatestino da Rimini to an entertainment, on pretence that he had some important business to transact with them; and, according to instructions given by him, they were drowned in their passage near Cattolica, between Rimini and Fano.

That if 'tis given us here to scan aright  
 The future, they out of life's tenement  
 Shall be cast forth, and whelm'd under the waves  
 Near to Cattolica, through perfidy  
 Of a fell tyrant. 'Twixt the Cyprian isle  
 And Balearic, ne'er hath Neptune seen  
 An injury so foul, by pirates done,  
 Or Argive crew of old. That one-eyed traitor  
 (Whose realm there is a spirit here were fain  
 His eye had still lack'd sight of) them shall bring  
 To conference with him, then so shape his end,  
 That they shall need not 'gainst Focara's wind<sup>10</sup>  
 Offer up vow nor prayer." I answering thus:  
 "Declare, as thou dost wish that I above  
 May carry tidings of thee, who is he,  
 In whom that sight doth wake such sad remembrance."

Forthwith he laid his hand on the cheek-bone  
 Of one, his fellow-spirit, and his jaws  
 Expanding, cried: "Lo! this is he I wot of:  
 He speaks not for himself: the outcast this,  
 Who overwhelm'd the doubt in Cæsar's mind,<sup>11</sup>  
 Affirming that delay to men prepared  
 Was ever harmful." Oh! how terrified  
 Methought was Curio, from whose throat was cut  
 The tongue which spake that hardy word. Then one,  
 Maim'd of each hand, uplifted in the gloom  
 The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots  
 Sullied his face, and cried: "Remember thee  
 Of Mosca<sup>12</sup> too; I who, alas! exclaim'd,

<sup>10</sup> "Focara's wind." Focara is a mountain, from which a wind blows that is peculiarly dangerous to the navigators of that coast.

<sup>11</sup> "The doubt in Cæsar's mind." Curio, whose speech (according to Lucan) determined Julius Cæsar to proceed when he had arrived at Rimini (the ancient Ariminum), and doubted whether he should prosecute the civil war.

<sup>12</sup> "Mosca." Buondelmonte was engaged to marry a lady of the Amidei family, but broke his promise, and united himself to one of the Donati. This was so much resented by the former, that a

meeting of themselves and their kinsmen was held, to consider of the best means of revenging the insult. Mosca degli Uberti, or de' Lamberti, persuaded them to resolve on the assassination of Buondelmonte, exclaiming to them, "the thing once done, there is an end." This counsel and its effects were the source of many terrible calamities to the State of Florence. "This murder," says G. Villani, lib. v. cap. xxxviii, "was the cause and beginning of the accursed Guelph and Ghibelline parties in Florence." It happened in 1215. See the Paradise, Canto xvi. 139.

"The deed once done, there is an end,' that proved  
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race."

I added: "Ay, and death to thine own tribe."

Whence, heaping woe on woe, he hurried off,  
As one grief-stung to madness. But I there  
Still linger'd to behold the troop, and saw  
Thing, such as I may fear without more proof  
To tell of, but that conscience makes me firm,  
The boon companion, who her strong breastplate  
Buckles on him, that feels no guilt within,  
And bids him on and fear not. Without doubt  
I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,  
A headless trunk, that even as the rest  
Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair  
It bore the sever'd member, lantern-wise  
Pendent in hand, which look'd at us, and said,  
"Woe's me!" The spirit lighted thus himself;  
And two there were in one, and one in two.  
How that may be, he knows who ordereth so.

When at the bridge's foot direct he stood,  
His arm aloft he rear'd, thrusting the head  
Full in our view, that nearer we might hear  
The words, which thus it utter'd: "Now behold  
This grievous torment, thou, who breathing go'st  
To spy the dead: behold, if any else  
Be terrible as this. And, that on earth  
Thou mayst bear tidings of me, know that I  
Am Bertrand,<sup>13</sup> he of Born, who gave King John  
The counsel mischievous. Father and son  
I set at mutual war. For Absalom  
And David more did not Ahitophel,  
Spurring them on maliciously to strife.  
For parting those so closely knit, my brain  
Parted, alas! I carry from its source,  
That in this trunk inhabits. Thus the law  
Of retribution fiercely works in me."

<sup>13</sup> "Bertrand." Bertrand de Born, against his father, Henry II of England. Vicomte de Hautefort, near Perigueux in Guienne, who incited John to rebel Bertrand holds a distinguished place among the Provençal poets.

## CANTO XXIX

**ARGUMENT.**—Dante, at the desire of Virgil, proceeds onward to the bridge that crosses the tenth gulf, from whence he hears the cries of the alchemists and forgers, who are tormented therein; but not being able to discern anything on account of the darkness, they descend the rock, that bounds this, the last of the compartments in which the eighth circle is divided, and then behold the spirits who are afflicted by divers plagues and diseases. Two of them, namely, Grifolino of Arezzo, and Capocchio of Siena, are introduced speaking.

**S**O were mine eyes inebriate with the view  
 Of the vast multitude, whom various wounds  
 Disfigured, that they long'd to stay and weep.  
 But Virgil roused me: "What yet gazest on?  
 Wherefore doth fasten yet thy sight below  
 Among the maim'd and miserable shades?  
 Thou hast not shown in any chasm beside  
 This weakness. Know, if thou wouldest number them,  
 That two and twenty miles the valley winds  
 Its circuit, and already is the moon  
 Beneath our feet: the time permitted now  
 Is short; and more, not seen, remains to see."  
 "If thou," I straight replied, "hadst weigh'd the cause,  
 For which I look'd, thou hadst perchance excused  
 The tarrying still." My leader part pursued  
 His way, the while I follow'd, answering him,  
 And adding thus: "Within that cave I deem,  
 Whereon so fixedly I held my ken,  
 There is a spirit dwells, one of my blood,  
 Wailing the crime that costs him now so dear."  
 Then spake my master: "Let thy soul no more  
 Afflict itself for him. Direct elsewhere  
 Its thought, and leave him. At the bridge's foot  
 I mark'd how he did point with menacing look  
 At thee, and heard him by the others named  
 Geri of Bello.<sup>1</sup> Thou so wholly then  
 Wert busied with his spirit, who once ruled  
 The towers of Hautefort, that thou lookedst not  
 That way, ere he was gone." "O guide beloved!

<sup>1</sup>"Geri of Bello." A kinsman of the Poet's, who was murdered by one of the Sacchetti family. His being placed here, may be considered as a proof that Dante was more impartial in the allotment of his punishments than has generally been supposed.

His violent death yet unavenged," said I,  
 "By any, who are partners in his shame,  
 Made him contemptuous; therefore, as I think,  
 He pass'd me speechless by; and, doing so,  
 Hath made me more compassionate his fate."

So we discoursed to where the rock first show'd  
 The other valley, had more light been there,  
 E'en to the lowest depth. Soon as we came  
 O'er the last cloister in the dismal rounds  
 Of Malebolge, and the brotherhood  
 Were to our view exposed, then many a dart  
 Of sore lament assail'd me, headed all  
 With points of thrilling pity, that I closed  
 Both ears against the volley with mine hands.

As were the torment, if each lazarus-house  
 Of Valdichiana,<sup>2</sup> in the sultry time  
 'Twixt July and September, with the isle  
 Sardinia and Maremma's pestilent fen,<sup>3</sup>  
 Had heap'd their maladies all in one foss  
 Together; such was here the torment: dire  
 The stench, as issuing streams from fester'd limbs.

We on the utmost shore of the long rock  
 Descended still to leftward. Then my sight  
 Was livelier to explore the depth, wherein  
 The minister of the most mighty Lord,  
 All-searching Justice, dooms to punishment  
 The forgers noted on her dread record.

More rueful was it not methinks to see  
 The nation in Ægina<sup>4</sup> droop, what time  
 Each living thing, e'en to the little worm,  
 All fell, so full of malice was the air  
 (And afterward, as bards of yore have told,  
 The ancient people were restored anew  
 From seed of emmets), than was here to see

<sup>2</sup>The valley through which passes the river Chiana, bounded by Arezzo, Cortona, Montepulciano, and Chiusi. In the autumn it was formerly rendered unwholesome by the stagnation of the water, but has since been drained by the Emperor Leopold II. The Chiana is men-

tioned as a remarkably sluggish stream, in the Paradise, Canto xiii. 21.

<sup>3</sup>See note to Canto xxv, v. 18.

<sup>4</sup>"In Ægina." He alludes to the fable of the ants changed into Myrmidons.—Ovid, Met. lib. vii.

The spirits, that languish'd through the murky vale,  
Up-piled on many a stack. Confused they lay,  
One o'er the belly, o'er the shoulders one  
Roll'd of another; sideling crawl'd a third  
Along the dismal pathway. Step by step  
We journey'd on, in silence looking round,  
And listening those diseased, who strove in vain  
To lift their forms. Then two I mark'd, that sat  
Propt 'gainst each other, as two brazen pans  
Set to retain the heat. From head to foot,  
A tetter bark'd them round. Nor saw I e'er  
Groom currying so fast, for whom his lord  
Impatient waited, or himself perchance  
Tired with long watching, as of these each one  
Plied quickly his keen nails, through furiousness  
Of ne'er abated pruriency. The crust  
Came drawn from underneath, in flakes, like scales  
Scraped from the bream, or fish of broader mail.

"O thou! who with thy fingers rendest off  
Thy coat of proof," thus spake my guide to one,  
"And sometimes makest tearing pincers of them,  
Tell me if any born of Latian land  
Be among these within: so may thy nails  
Serve thee for everlasting to this toil."

"Both are of Latium," weeping he replied,  
"Whom tortured thus thou seest: but who art thou  
That hast inquired of us?" To whom my guide:  
"One that descend with this man, who yet lives,  
From rock to rock, and show him Hell's abyss."

Then started they asunder, and each turn'd  
Trembling toward us, with the rest, whose ear  
Those words redounding struck. To me my liege  
Address'd him: "Speak to them whate'er thou list."

And I therewith began: "So may no time  
Filch your remembrance from the thoughts of men  
In the upper world, but after many suns  
Survive it, as ye tell me, who ye are,  
And of what race ye come. Your punishment,  
Unseemly and disgusting in its kind,  
Deter you not from opening thus much to me."

"Arezzo was my dwelling,"<sup>5</sup> answer'd one,  
 "And me Albero of Siena brought  
 To die by fire: but that, for which I died,  
 Leads me not here. True is, in sport I told him,  
 That I had learn'd to wing my flight in air;  
 And he, admiring much, as he was void  
 Of wisdom, will'd me to declare to him  
 The secret of mine art: and only hence,  
 Because I made him not a Dædalus,  
 Prevail'd on one supposed his sire to burn me.  
 But Minos to this chasm, last of the ten,  
 For that I practised alchemy on earth,  
 Has doom'd me. Him no subterfuge eludes."

Then to the bard I spake: "Was ever race  
 Light as Siena's?"<sup>6</sup> Sure not France herself  
 Can show a tribe so frivolous and vain."

The other leprous spirit heard my words,  
 And thus return'd: "Be Stricca<sup>7</sup> from this charge  
 Exempted, he who knew so temperately  
 To lay out fortune's gifts; and Niccolo,  
 Who first the spice's costly luxury  
 Discover'd in that garden,<sup>8</sup> where such seed  
 Roots deepest in the soil; and be that troop  
 Exempted, with whom Caccia of Asciano  
 Lavish'd his vineyards and wide-spreading woods,  
 And his rare wisdom Abbagliato show'd  
 A spectacle for all. That thou mayst know  
 Who seconds thee against the Sienese  
 Thus gladly, bend this way thy sharpen'd sight,  
 That well my face may answer to thy ken;  
 So shalt thou see I am Capoccio's ghost,<sup>9</sup>  
 Who forged transmuted metals by the power

<sup>5</sup> Grifolino of Arezzo, who promised Albero, son of the Bishop of Siena, that he would teach him the art of flying; and, because he did not keep his promise, Albero prevailed on his father to have him burnt for a necromancer.

<sup>6</sup> The same imputation is again cast on the Sienese, Purgatory, Canto xiii, 141.

<sup>7</sup> This is said ironically. Stricca, Niccolò Salimbeni, Caccia of Asciano, and Abbagliato, or Meo de' Folcacchieri, be-

longed to a company of prodigal and luxurious youth in Siena, called the "brigata godereccia." Niccolo was the inventor of a new manner of using cloves in cookery, and which was termed the "costuma ricca."

<sup>8</sup> "In that garden." Siena.

<sup>9</sup> Capoccio of Siena who is said to have been a fellow-student of Dante's, in natural philosophy.

Of alchemy; and if I scan thee right,  
 Thou needs must well remember how I aped  
 Creative nature by my subtle art."

## CANTO XXX

**ARGUMENT.**—In the same gulf, other kinds of impostors, as those who have counterfeited the persons of others, or debased the current coin, or deceived by speech under false pretences, are described as suffering various diseases. Sinon of Troy and Adamo of Brescia mutually reproach each other with their several impostures.

**W**HAT time resentment burn'd in Juno's breast  
 From Semele against the Theban blood,  
 As more than once in dire mischance was rued;  
 Such fatal frenzy seized on Athamas,  
 That he his spouse beholding with a babe  
 Laden on either arm, "Spread out," he cried,  
 "The meshes, that I take the lioness  
 And the young lions at the pass;" then forth  
 Stretch'd he his merciless talons, grasping one,  
 One helpless innocent, Learchus named,  
 Whom swinging down he dash'd upon a rock;  
 And with her other burden, self-destroy'd,  
 The hapless mother plunged. And when the pride  
 Of all presuming Troy fell from its height,  
 By fortune overwhelm'd, and the old king  
 With his realm perish'd; then did Hecuba,  
 A wretch forlorn and captive, when she saw  
 Polyxena first slaughter'd, and her son,  
 Her Polydorus, on the wild sea-beach  
 Next met the mourner's view, then reft of sense  
 Did she run barking even as a dog;  
 Such mighty power had grief to wrench her soul.  
 But ne'er the Furies, or of Thebes, or Troy,  
 With such fell cruelty were seen, their goads  
 Infixing in the limbs of man or beast,  
 As now two pale and naked ghosts I saw,  
 That gnarling wildly scamper'd, like the swine  
 Excluded from his sty. One reach'd Capocchio,  
 And in the neck-joint sticking deep his fangs,

Dragg'd him, that, o'er the solid pavement rubb'd  
 His belly stretch'd out prone. The other shape,  
 He of Arezzo, there left trembling, spake:  
 "That sprite of air is Schicchi;<sup>1</sup> in like mood  
 Of random mischief vents he still his spite."

To whom I answering: "Oh! as thou dost hope  
 The other may not flesh its jaws on thee,  
 Be patient to inform us, who it is,  
 Ere it speed hence."—"That is the ancient soul  
 Of wretched Myrrha," he replied, "who burn'd  
 With most unholy flame for her own sire,  
 And a false shape assuming, so perform'd  
 The deed of sin; e'en as the other there,  
 That onward passes, dared to counterfeit  
 Donati's features, to feign'd testament  
 The seal affixing, that himself might gain,  
 For his own share, the lady of the herd."

When vanish'd the two furious shades, on whom  
 Mine eye was held, I turn'd it back to view  
 The other cursed spirits. One I saw  
 In fashion like a lute, had but the groin  
 Been sever'd where it meets the forked part.  
 Swoln dropsy, disproportioning the limbs  
 With ill-converted moisture, that the paunch  
 Suits not the visage, open'd wide his lips,  
 Gasping as in the hectic man for drought,  
 One toward the chin, the other upward curl'd.

"O ye! who in this world of misery,  
 Wherefore I know not, are exempt from pain,"  
 Thus he began, "attentively regard  
 Adamo's woe.<sup>2</sup> When living, full supply  
 Ne'er lack'd me of what most I covet'd;  
 One drop of water now, alas! I crave.  
 The rills, that glitter down the grassy slopes

<sup>1</sup> Gianni Schicchi, of the family of Cavalcanti, possessed such a faculty of molding his features to the resemblance of others, that he was employed by Simon Donati to personate Buoso Donati, then recently deceased, and to make a will, leaving Simon his heir; for which service he was remunerated with a mare of ex-

traordinary value, here called "the lady of the herd."

<sup>2</sup> Adamo of Brescia, at the instigation of Guido, Alessandro, and their brother Aghiuiffo, lords of Romena, counterfeited the coin of Florence; for which crime he was burnt.

Of Casentino,<sup>3</sup> making fresh and soft  
 The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,  
 Stand ever in my view; and not in vain;  
 For more the pictured semblance dries me up,  
 Much more than the disease, which makes the flesh  
 Desert these shrivel'd cheeks. So from the place,  
 Where I transgress'd, stern justice urging me,  
 Takes means to quicken more my laboring sighs.  
 There is Romena, where I falsified  
 The metal with the Baptist's form imprest,  
 For which on earth I left my body burnt.  
 But if I here might see the sorrowing soul  
 Of Guido, Alessandro, or their brother,  
 For Branda's limpid spring<sup>4</sup> I would not change  
 The welcome sight. One is e'en now within,  
 If truly the mad spirits tell, that round  
 Are wandering. But wherein besteads me that?  
 My limbs are fetter'd. Were I but so light,  
 That I each hundred years might move one inch,  
 I had set forth already on this path,  
 Seeking him out amidst the shapeless crew,  
 Although eleven miles it wind, not less  
 Than half of one across. They brought me down  
 Among this tribe; induced by them, I stamp'd  
 The florens with three carats of alloy."<sup>5</sup>

"Who are that abject pair," I next inquired,  
 "That closely bounding thee upon thy right  
 Lie smoking, like a hand in winter steep'd  
 In the chill stream?"—"When to this gulf I dropp'd,"  
 He answer'd, "here I found them; since that hour  
 They have not turn'd, nor ever shall, I ween,  
 Till time hath run his course. One is that dame,  
 The false accuser<sup>6</sup> of the Hebrew youth;  
 Sinon the other, that false Greek from Troy.  
 Sharp fever drains the reeky moistness out,  
 In such a cloud upstream'd." When that he heard,

<sup>3</sup> Romena, a part of Casentino.

<sup>4</sup> A fountain at Siena.

<sup>5</sup> The floren was a coin that ought to have had twenty-four carats of pure gold. Villani relates that it was first used at

Florence in 1252, an era of great prosperity for the republic; before which time their most valuable coinage was of silver.

<sup>6</sup> Potiphar's wife.

One, gall'd perchance to be so darkly named,  
 With clenched hand smote him on the braced paunch,  
 That like a drum resounded: but forthwith  
 Adamo smote him on the face, the blow  
 Returning with his arm, that seem'd as hard.

"Though my o'erweighty limbs have ta'en from me  
 The power to move," said he, "I have an arm  
 At liberty for such employ." To whom  
 Was answer'd: "When thou wentest to the fire,  
 Thou hadst it not so ready at command;  
 Then readier when it coin'd the impostor gold."

And thus the dropsied: "Ay, now speak'st thou true:  
 But there thou gavest not such true testimony,  
 When thou wast question'd of the truth, at Troy."

"If I spake false, thou falsely stamp'dst the coin,"  
 Said Sinon; "I am here for but one fault,  
 And thou for more than any imp beside."

"Remember," he replied, "O perjured one!  
 The horse remember, that did teem with death;  
 And all the world be witness to thy guilt."

"To thine," return'd the Greek, "witness the thirst  
 Whence thy tongue cracks, witness the fluid mound  
 Rear'd by thy belly up before thine eyes,  
 A mass corrupt." To whom the coiner thus:  
 "Thy mouth gapes wide as ever to let pass  
 Its evil saying. Me if thirst assails,  
 Yet I am stuft with moisture. Thou art parch'd:  
 Pains rack thy head: no urging wouldest thou need  
 To make thee lap Narcissus' mirror up."

I was all fix'd to listen, when my guide  
 Admonish'd: "Now beware. A little more,  
 And I do quarrel with thee." I perceived  
 How angrily he spake, and toward him turn'd  
 With shame so poignant, as remember'd yet  
 Confounds me. As a man that dreams of harm  
 Befallen him, dreaming wishes it a dream,  
 And that which is, desires as if it were not;  
 Such then was I, who, wanting power to speak,  
 Wish'd to excuse myself, and all the while  
 Excused me, though unweeting that I did.

"More grievous fault than thine has been, less shame."  
 My master cried, "might expiate. Therefore cast  
 All sorrow from thy soul; and if again  
 Chance bring thee, where like conference is held,  
 Think I am ever at thy side. To hear  
 Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds."

## CANTO XXXI

**ARGUMENT.**—The Poets, following the sound of a loud horn, are led by it to the ninth circle, in which there are four rounds, one enclosed within the other, and containing as many sorts of traitors; but the present Canto shows only that the circle is encompassed with Giants, one of whom, Antæus, takes them both in his arms and places them at the bottom of the circle.

**T**HE very tongue, whose keen reproof before  
 Had wounded me, that either cheek was stain'd,  
 Now minister'd my cure. So have I heard,  
 Achilles' and his father's javelin caused  
 Pain first, and then the boon of health restored.  
 Turning our back upon the vale of woe,  
 We cross'd the encircled mound in silence. There  
 Was less than day and less than night, that far  
 Mine eye advanced not: but I heard a horn  
 Sounded so loud, the peal it rang had made  
 The thunder feeble. Following its course  
 The adverse way, my strained eyes were bent  
 On that one spot. So terrible a blast  
 Orlando<sup>1</sup> blew not, when that dismal rout  
 O'erthrew the host of Charlemain, and quench'd  
 His saintly warfare. Thitherward not long  
 My head was raised, when many a lofty tower  
 Methought I spied. "Master," said I, "what land  
 Is this?" He answer'd straight: "Too long a space  
 Of intervening darkness has thine eye  
 To traverse: thou hast therefore widely err'd  
 In thy imagining. Thither arrived

<sup>1</sup> "When Charlemain with all his peerage fell at Fontarabia."

Milton, Paradise Lost, b. i. 586. See Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, vol. i. sect. iii. p. 132. "This is the horn which Orlando won from the giant Jatmund,

and which, as Turpin and the Island-bards report, was endued with magical power, and might be heard at the distance of twenty miles." See the Paradise, Canto xviii.

Thou well shalt see, how distance can delude  
The sense. A little therefore urge thee on."

Then tenderly he caught me by the hand;  
"Yet know," said he, "ere farther we advance,  
That it less strange may seem, these are not towers,  
But giants. In the pit they stand immersed,  
Each from his navel downward, round the bank."

As when a fog disperseth gradually,  
Our vision traces what the mist involves  
Condensed in air; so piercing through the gross  
And gloomy atmosphere, as more and more  
We near'd toward the brink, mine error fled  
And fear came o'er me. As with circling round  
Of turrets, Montereggion<sup>2</sup> crowns his walls;  
E'en thus the shore, encompassing the abyss,  
Was turreted with giants, half their length  
Upbearing, horrible, whom Jove from Heaven  
Yet threatens, when his muttering thunder rolls.

Of one already I descried the face,  
Shoulders and breast, and of the belly huge  
Great part, and both arms down along his ribs.

All-teeming Nature, when her plastic hand  
Left framing of these monsters, did display  
Past doubt her wisdom, taking from mad War  
Such slaves to do his bidding; and if she  
Repent her not of the elephant and whale,  
Who ponders well confesses her therein  
Wiser and more discreet; for when brute force  
And evil will are back'd with subtlety,  
Resistance none avails. His visage seem'd  
In length and bulk, as doth the pine<sup>3</sup> that tops  
Saint Peter's Roman fane; and the other bones  
Of like proportion, so that from above  
The bank, which girdled him below, such height  
Arose his stature, that three Friezlanders

<sup>2</sup> A castle near Siena.

<sup>3</sup> "The pine." "The large pine of bronze, which once ornamented the top of the mole of Adrian, afterwards decorated the top of the belfry of St. Peter; and having (according to Buti) been

thrown down by lightning, it was transferred to the place where it now is, in the Pope's garden, by the side of the great corridor of Belvedere. In the time of our Poet, the pine was then either on the belfry or on the steps of St. Peter's."

Had striven in vain to reach but to his hair.  
 Full thirty ample palms was he exposed  
 Downward from whence a man his garment loops.  
 "Raphel<sup>4</sup> bai ameth, sabi almi."  
 So shouted his fierce lips, which sweeter hymns  
 Became not; and my guide address'd him thus:  
 "O senseless spirit! let thy horn for thee  
 Interpret: therewith vent thy rage, if rage  
 Or other passion wring thee. Search thy neck,  
 There shalt thou find the belt that binds it on.  
 Spirit confused! lo, on thy mighty breast  
 Where hangs the baldric!" Then to me he spake:  
 "He doth accuse himself. Nimrod is this,  
 Through whose ill counsel in the world no more  
 One tongue prevails. But pass we on, nor waste  
 Our words; for so each language is to him,  
 As his to others, understood by none."

Then to the leftward turning sped we forth,  
 And at a sling's throw found another shade  
 Far fiercer and more huge. I cannot say  
 What master hand had girt him; but he held  
 Behind the right arm fetter'd, and before,  
 The other, with a chain, that fasten'd him  
 From the neck down; and five times round his form  
 Apparent met the wreathed links. "This proud one  
 Would of his strength against almighty Jove  
 Make trial," said my guide: "whence he is thus  
 Requited: Ephialtes him they call.  
 Great was his prowess, when the giants brought  
 Fear on the gods: those arms, which then he plied,  
 Now moves he never." Forthwith I return'd:  
 "Fain would I, if 't were possible, mine eyes,  
 Of Briareus immeasurable, gain'd  
 Experience next." He answered: "Thou shalt see  
 Not far from hence Antæus, who both speaks  
 And is unfetter'd, who shall place us there  
 Where guilt is at its depth. Far onward stands  
 Whom thou wouldest fain behold, in chains, and made

<sup>4</sup>Unmeaning sounds, meant, it is supposed, to express the confusion at the building of Babel.

Like to this spirit, save that in his looks  
 More fell he seems." By violent earthquake rock'd  
 Ne'er shook a tower, so reeling to its base,  
 As Ephialtes. More than ever then  
 I dreaded death; nor than the terror more  
 Had needed, if I had not seen the cords  
 That held him fast. We, straightway journeying on,  
 Came to Antæus, who, five' ells complete  
 Without the head, forth issued from the cave.

"O thou, who in the fortunate vale,<sup>5</sup> that made  
 Great Scipio heir of glory, when his sword  
 Drove back the troop of Hannibal in flight,  
 Who thence of old didst carry for thy spoil  
 An hundred lions; and if thou hadst fought  
 In the high conflict on thy brethren's side,  
 Seems as men yet believed, that through thine arm  
 The sons of earth had conquer'd; now vouchsafe  
 To place us down beneath, where numbing cold  
 Locks up Cocyts. Force not that we crave  
 Or Tityus' help or Typhon's. Here is one  
 Can give what in this realm ye covet. Stoop  
 Therefore, nor scornfully distort thy lip.  
 He in the upper world can yet bestow  
 Renown on thee; for he doth live, and looks  
 For life yet longer, if before the time  
 Grace call him not unto herself." Thus spake  
 The teacher. He in haste forth stretch'd his hands,  
 And caught my guide. Alcides<sup>6</sup> whilom felt  
 That grapple, straiten'd sore. Soon as my guide  
 Had felt it, he bespake me thus: "This way,  
 That I may clasp thee;" then so caught me up,  
 That we were both one burden. As appears  
 The tower of Carisenda,<sup>7</sup> from beneath  
 Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud  
 So sail across, that opposite it hangs;  
 Such then Antæus seem'd, as at mine ease  
 I mark'd him stooping. I were fain at times

<sup>5</sup> The country near Carthage.

<sup>6</sup> The combat between Hercules (Alcides) and Antæus is adduced by the poet in his treatise "De Monarchia," lib. ii.,

as proof of God's judgment displayed in the duel, according to the singular superstition of those times.

<sup>7</sup> The leaning tower at Bologna.

To have past another way. Yet in the abyss,  
 That Lucifer with Judas low ingulfs,  
 Lightly he placed us; nor, there leaning, stay'd;  
 But rose, as in a bark the stately mast.

## CANTO XXXII

**ARGUMENT.**—This Canto treats of the first, and, in part, of the second of those rounds, into which the ninth and last, or frozen circle, is divided. In the former, called Cauna, Dante finds Carnicione de' Pazzi, who gives him an account of other sinners who are there punished; and in the next, named Antenora, he hears in like manner from Bocca degli Abbatì who his fellow-sufferers are.

**C**OULD I command rough rhymes and hoarse, to  
 suit  
 That hole of sorrow o'er which every rock  
 His firm abutment rears, then might the vein  
 Of fancy rise full springing: but not mine  
 Such measures, and with faltering awe I touch  
 The mighty theme; for to describe the depth  
 Of all the universe, is no emprise  
 To jest with, and demands a tongue not used  
 To infant babbling. But let them assist  
 My song, the tuneful maidens, by whose aid  
 Amphion wall'd in Thebes; so with the truth  
 My speech shall best accord. Oh ill-starr'd folk,  
 Beyond all others wretched! who abide  
 In such a mansion, as scarce thought finds words  
 To speak of, better had ye here on earth  
 Been flocks, or mountain goats. As down we stood  
 In the dark pit beneath the giants' feet,  
 But lower far than they, and I did gaze  
 Still on the lofty battlement, a voice  
 Bespake me thus: "Look how thou walkest. Take  
 Good heed, thy soles do tread not on the heads  
 Of thy poor brethren." Thereupon I turn'd,  
 And saw before and underneath my feet  
 A lake, whose frozen surface liker seem'd  
 To glass than water. Not so thick a veil  
 In winter e'er hath Austrian Danube spread  
 O'er his still course, nor Tanais far remote  
 Under the chilling sky. Roll'd o'er that mass

Had Tabernich or Pietrapana<sup>1</sup> fallen,  
 Not e'en its rim had creak'd. As peeps the frog  
 Croaking above the wave, what time in dreams  
 The village gleaner oft pursues her toil,  
 So, to where modest shame appears, thus low  
 Blue pinch'd and shrined in ice the spirits stood,  
 Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork.  
 His face each downward held; their mouth the cold,  
 Their eyes express'd the dolour of their heart.

A space I look'd around, then at my feet  
 Saw two so strictly join'd, that of their head  
 The very hairs were mingled. "Tell me ye,  
 Whose bosoms thus together press," said I,  
 "Who are ye?" At that sound their necks they bent;  
 And when their looks were lifted up to me,  
 Straightway their eyes, before all moist within,  
 Distill'd upon their lips, and the frost bound  
 The tears betwixt those orbs, and held them there.  
 Plank unto plank hath never cramp closed up  
 So stoutly. Whence, like two enraged goats,  
 They clash'd together: them such fury seized.

And one, from whom the cold both ears had reft,  
 Exclaim'd, still looking downward: "Why on us  
 Dost speculate so long? If thou wouldest know  
 Who are these two,<sup>2</sup> the valley, whence his wave  
 Bisenzio slopes, did for its master own  
 Their sire Alberto, and next him themselves.  
 They from one body issued: and throughout  
 Caïna thou mayst search, nor find a shade  
 More worthy in congealment to be fix'd;  
 Not him,<sup>3</sup> whose breast and shadow Arthur's hand  
 At that one blow dissever'd; not Focaccia,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Tabernich or Pietrapana." The one a mountain in Sclavonia, the other in that tract of country called the Garfagnana, not far from Lucca.

<sup>2</sup> Alessandro and Napoleone, sons of Alberto Alberti, who murdered each other. They were proprietors of the valley of Falterona, where the Bisenzio rises, falling into the Arno six miles from Florence.

<sup>3</sup> Mordred, son of King Arthur. In the

romance of Lancelot of the Lake, Arthur having discovered the traitorous intentio of his son, pierces him through with h lance, so that the sunbeam passes throug the body.

<sup>4</sup> Focaccia of Cancellieri (the Pistoia family), whose atrocious act of reveng against his uncle is said to have given ri to the parties, Bianchi and Neri, in t year 1300.

No, not this spirit, whose o'erjutting head  
 Obstructs my onward view; he bore the name  
 Of Mascheroni:<sup>5</sup> Tuscan if thou be,  
 Well knowest who he was. And to cut short  
 All further question, in my form behold  
 What once was Camiccione.<sup>6</sup> I await  
 Carlino<sup>7</sup> here my kinsman, whose deep guilt  
 Shall wash out mine." A thousand visages  
 Then mark'd I, which the keen and eager cold  
 Had shaped into a doggish grin; whence creeps  
 A shivering horror o'er me, at the thought  
 Of those frore shallows. While we journey'd on  
 Toward the middle, at whose point unites  
 All heavy substance, and I trembling went  
 Through that eternal chilness, I know not  
 If will it were, or destiny, or chance,  
 But, passing 'midst the heads, my foot did strike  
 With violent blow against the face of one.

"Wherefore dost bruise me?" weeping he exclaim'd;  
 "Unless thy errand be some fresh revenge  
 For Montaperto,<sup>8</sup> wherefore troublest me?"

I thus: "Instructor, now await me here,  
 That I through him may rid me of my doubt:  
 Thenceforth what haste thou wilt." The teacher paused  
 And to that shade I spake, who bitterly  
 Still cursed me in his wrath. "What art thou, speak,  
 That railest thus on others?" He replied:  
 "Now who art thou, that smiting others' cheeks,  
 Through Antenora<sup>9</sup> roamest, with such force  
 As were past sufferance, wert thou living still?"

"And I am living, to thy joy perchance,"  
 Was my reply, "if fame be dear to thee,

<sup>5</sup> Sassol Mascheroni, a Florentine, who murdered his uncle.

<sup>6</sup> Camiccione de' Pazzi of Valdarno, by whom his kinsman Ubertino was treacherously put to death.

<sup>7</sup> "Carlino." One of the same family. He betrayed the Castel di Piano Travigne, in Valdarno, to the Florentines, after the refugees of the Bianca and Ghibelline party had defended it against a siege for twenty-nine days, in the summer of 1302.

<sup>8</sup> The defeat of the Guelfi at Montaperto through the treachery of Bocca degli Abati, who, during the engagement, cut off the hand of Giacopo del Vacca de' Pazzi, the Florentine standard-bearer.

<sup>9</sup> "So called from Antenor, who, according to Dictys Cretensis (de Bello Troj. lib. v.) and Dares Phrygius (De Excidio Trojae) betrayed Troy his country." Lombardi.

That with the rest I may thy name enrol."

"The contrary of what I covet most,"  
Said he, "thou tender'st: hence! nor vex me more.  
Ill knowest thou to flatter in this vale."

Then seizing on his hinder scalp I cried:  
"Name thee, or not a hair shall tarry here."

"Rend all away," he answer'd, "yet for that  
I will not tell, nor show thee, who I am,  
Though at my head thou pluck a thousand times."

Now I had grasp'd his tresses, and stript off  
More than one tuft, he barking, with his eyes  
Drawn in and downward, when another cried,  
"What ails thee, Bocca? Sound not loud enough  
Thy chattering teeth, but thou must bark outright?  
What devil wrings thee?"—"Now," said I, "be dumb,  
Accursed traitor! To thy shame, of thee  
True tidings will I bear."—"Off!" he replied;  
"Tell what thou list: but, as thou 'scape from hence,  
To speak of him whose tongue hath been so glib,  
Forget not: here he wails the Frenchman's gold.  
'Him of Duera,'<sup>10</sup> thou canst say, 'I mark'd,  
Where the starved sinners pine.' If thou be ask'd  
What other shade was with them, at thy side  
Is Beccaria,<sup>11</sup> whose red gorge distain'd  
The biting axe of Florence. Further on,  
If I misdeem not, Soldanieri<sup>12</sup> bides,  
With Ganellon,<sup>13</sup> and Tribaldello,<sup>14</sup> him  
Who oped Faenza when the people slept."

We now had left him, passing on our way,  
When I beheld two spirits by the ice  
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one

<sup>10</sup> Buoso of Cremona, of the family of Duera, bribed by Guy de Montfort to leave a pass between Piedmont and Parma, with the defence of which he had been intrusted by the Ghibellines, open to the army of Charles of Anjou, A. D. 1265, at which the people of Cremona were so enraged that they extirpated the whole family, G. Villani.

<sup>11</sup> Abbot of Vallombrosa, Pope's legate at Florence, beheaded for his intrigues with the Ghibellines.

<sup>12</sup> "Gianni Soldanieri," says Villani, Hist. lib. vii. c. xiv., "put himself at the head of the people, in the hopes of rising into power, not aware that the result would be mischief to the Ghibelline party, and his own ruin."—A. D. 1266.

<sup>13</sup> The betrayer of Charlemain, mentioned by Archbishop Turpin. He is a type of treachery with the poets of the Middle Ages.

<sup>14</sup> Tribaldello de' Manfredi, bribed to betray the city of Faenza, 1282.

Was cowl unto the other; and as bread  
 Is raven'd up through hunger the uppermost  
 Did so apply his fangs to the other's brain,  
 Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously  
 On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnaw'd,  
 Than on that skull and on its garbage he.

"O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate  
 'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,  
 "The cause, on such condition, that if right  
 Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,  
 And what the color of his sinning was,  
 I may repay thee in the world above,  
 If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."

## CANTO XXXIII

**ARGUMENT.**—The Poet is told by Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi of the cruel manner in which he and his children were famished in the tower at Pisa, by command of the Archbishop Ruggieri. He next discourses of the third round, called Ptolomea, wherein those are punished who have betrayed others under the semblance of kindness; and among these he finds the Friar Albergo de' Manfredi, who tells him of one whose soul was already tormented in that place, though his body appeared still to be alive upon the earth, being yielded up to the governance of a fiend.

HIS jaws uplifting from their fell repast,  
 That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,  
 Which he behind had mangled, then began:  
 "Thy will obeying, I call up afresh  
 Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings  
 My heart, or ere I tell on 't. But if words,  
 That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear  
 Fruit of eternal infamy to him,  
 The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once  
 Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou mayst be  
 I know not, nor how here below art come:  
 But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,  
 When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth  
 Count Ugolino,<sup>1</sup> and the Archbishop he

<sup>1</sup> "Count Ugolino." — "In the year 1288, in the month of July, Pisa was much divided by competitors for the sovereignty; one party, composed of certain of the Guelfi, being headed by the

Judge Nino di Gallura de' Visconti; another, consisting of others of the same faction, by the Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi; and a third by the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, with the Lan-

Ruggieri. Why I neighbor him so close,  
 Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts  
 In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en  
 And after murder'd, need is not I tell.  
 What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,  
 How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,  
 And know if he have wrong'd me. A small grate  
 Within that mew, which for my sake the name  
 Of Famine bears, where others yet must pine,  
 Already through its opening several moons  
 Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep  
 That from the future tore the curtain off.  
 This one, methought, as master of the sport,  
 Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his  
 whelps,  
 Unto the mountain<sup>2</sup> which forbids the sight  
 Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs  
 Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged

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franchi, Sismondi, Gualandi, and other Ghibelline houses. The Count Ugolino, to effect his purpose, united with the archbishop and his party, and having betrayed Nino, his sister's son, they contrived that he and his followers should either be driven out of Pisa, or their persons seized. Nino hearing this, and not seeing any means of defending himself, retired to Calci, his castle, and formed an alliance with the Florentines and the people of Lucca, against the Pisans. The count, before Nino was gone, in order to cover his treachery, when everything was settled for his expulsion, quitted Pisa, and repaired to a manor of his called Settimo; whence, as soon as he was informed of Nino's departure, he returned to Pisa with great rejoicing and festivity, and was elevated to the supreme power with every demonstration of triumph and honor. But his greatness was not of long continuance. It pleased the Almighty that a total reverse of fortune should ensue, as a punishment for his acts of treachery and guilt; for he was said to have poisoned the Count Anselmo da Capraia, his sister's son, on account of the envy and fear excited in his mind by the high esteem in which the gracious manners of Anselmo were held

by the Pisans. The power of the Guelphs being so much diminished, the archbishop devised means to betray the Count Ugolino, and caused him to be suddenly attacked in his palace by the fury of the people, whom he had exasperated, by telling them that Ugolino had betrayed Pisa, and given up their castles to the citizens of Florence and of Lucca. He was immediately compelled to surrender; his bastard son and his grandson fell in the assault; and two of his sons, with their two sons also, were conveyed to prison. . . . In the following March, the Pisans, who had imprisoned the Count Ugolino, with two of his sons and two of his grandchildren, the offspring of his son the Count Guelfo, in a tower on the Piazza of the Anziani, caused the tower to be locked, the key thrown into the Arno, and all food to be withheld from them. In a few days they died of hunger; but the Count first with loud cries declared his penitence, and yet neither priest nor friar was allowed to shrive him. All the five, when dead, were dragged out of the prison, and meanly interred; and from thenceforward the tower was called the Tower of Famine, and so shall ever be." G. Villani, lib. vii.

<sup>2</sup> The mountain S. Giuliano between Pisa and Lucca.

Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.  
After short course the father and the sons  
Seem'd tired and lagging, and mèthought I saw  
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,  
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard  
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask  
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang  
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;  
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?  
Now had they waken'd; and the hour drew near  
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind  
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I  
Heard, at its outlet underneath, lock'd up  
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,  
I look'd upon the visage of my sons.  
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.  
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,  
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet  
I shed no tear, nor answer'd all that day  
Nor the next night, until another sun  
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam  
Had to our doleful prison made its way,  
And in four countenances I descried  
The image of my own, on either hand  
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought  
I did it through desire of feeding, rose  
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve  
Far less if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest  
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;  
And do thou strip them off from us again.'  
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down  
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next  
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!  
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came  
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet  
Outstretch'd did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help  
For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en  
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three  
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:  
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope  
Over them all, and for three days aloud

Call'd on them who were dead. Then, fasting got  
 The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,  
 Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth  
 He fasten'd like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,  
 Firm and unyielding. O thou Pisa! shame  
 Of all the people, who their dwelling make  
 In that fair region, where the Italian voice  
 Is heard; since that thy neighbors are so slack  
 To punish, from their deep foundations rise  
 Capraia and Gorgona,<sup>3</sup> and dam up  
 The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee  
 May perish in the waters. What if fame  
 Reported that thy castles were betray'd  
 By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou  
 To stretch his children on the rack. For them,  
 Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair  
 Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,  
 Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make  
 Uncapable of guilt. Onward we pass'd,  
 Where others, skarf'd in rugged folds of ice,  
 Not on their feet were turn'd, but each reversed.

There, very weeping suffers not to weep;  
 For, at their eyes, grief, seeking passage, finds  
 Impediment, and rolling inward turns  
 For increase of sharp anguish: the first tears  
 Hang cluster'd, and like crystal vizors show,  
 Under the socket brimming all the cup.

Now though the cold had from my face dislodged  
 Each feeling, as 't were callous, yet me seem'd  
 Some breath of wind I felt. "Whence cometh this,"  
 Said I, "my Master? Is not here below  
 All vapor quench'd?"—"Thou shalt be speedily,"  
 He answer'd, "where thine eyes shall tell thee whence,  
 The cause descrying of this airy shower."

Then cried out one, in the chill crust who mourn'd:  
 "O souls! so cruel, that the farthest post  
 Hath been assign'd you, from this face remove  
 The harden'd veil; that I may vent the grief  
 Impregnate at my heart, some little space,

<sup>3</sup> Small islands near the mouth of the Arno.

Ere it congeal again." I thus replied:  
 "Say who thou wast, if thou wouldest have mine  
 aid;  
 And if I extricate thee not, far down  
 As to the lowest ice may I descend."  
 "The friar Alberigo,"<sup>4</sup> answer'd he,  
 "Am I, who from the evil garden pluck'd  
 Its fruitage, and am here repaid, the date  
 More luscious for my fig."—"Hah!" I exclaim'd,  
 "Art thou, too, dead?" "How in the world aloft  
 It fareth with my body," answer'd he,  
 "I am right ignorant. Such privilege  
 Hath Ptolomea,<sup>5</sup> that oft-times the soul  
 Drops hither, ere by Atropos divorced.  
 And that thou mayst wipe out more willingly  
 The glazed tear-drops that o'erlay mine eyes,  
 Know that the soul, that moment she betrays,  
 As I did, yields her body to a fiend  
 Who after moves and governs it at will,  
 Till all its time be rounded: headlong she  
 Falls to this cistern. And perchance above  
 Doth yet appear the body of a ghost,  
 Who here behind me winters. Him thou know'st,  
 If thou but newly art arrived below.  
 The years are many that have passed away,  
 Since to this fastness Branca Doria<sup>6</sup> came."  
 "Now," answer'd I, "methinks thou mockest me;  
 For Branca Doria never yet hath died,  
 But doth all natural functions of a man,  
 Eats, drinks, and sleeps, and putteth raiment on."

<sup>4</sup>"The friar Alberigo." Alberigo de' Manfredi, of Faenza, one of the Frati Godenti (Joyous Friars), who having quarrelled with some of his brotherhood, under pretence of wishing to be reconciled, invited them to a banquet, at the conclusion of which he called for the fruit, a signal for the assassins to rush in and despatch those whom he had marked for destruction. Hence, adds Landino, it is said proverbially of one who has been stabbed, that he had had some of the friar Alberigo's fruit.

<sup>5</sup>"Ptolomea." This circle is named Ptolomea from Ptolemy the son of Abuibus, by whom Simon and his sons were murdered, at a great banquet he had made for them. See I Maccabees, ch. xvi. Or from Ptolemy, King of Egypt, the betrayer of Pompey the Great.

<sup>6</sup>"Branca Doria." The family of Doria was possessed of great influence in Genoa. Branca is said to have murdered his father-in-law, Michel Zanche. See Canto xxii.

He thus: "Not yet unto that upper foss  
 By th' evil talons guarded, where the pitch  
 Tenacious boils, had Michel Zanche reach'd,  
 When this one left a demon in his stead  
 In his own body, and of one his kin,  
 Who with him treachery wrought. But now put forth  
 Thy hand, and ope mine eyes." I oped them not.  
 Ill manners were best courtesy to him.

Ah Genoesel men perverse in every way  
 With every foulness stain'd why from the earth  
 Are ye not cancel'd? Such an one of yours  
 I with Romagna's darkest spirit<sup>7</sup> found,  
 As, for his doings, even now in soul  
 Is in Cocytus plunged, and yet doth seem  
 In body still alive upon the earth.

## CANTO XXXIV

**ARGUMENT.**—In the fourth and last round of the ninth circle, those who have betrayed their benefactors are wholly covered with ice. And in the midst is Lucifer, at whose back Dante and Virgil ascend, till by a secret path they reach the surface of the other hemisphere of the earth, and once more obtain sight of the stars.

"**T**HE banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth  
 Toward us; therefore look," so spake my guide,  
 "If thou discern him." As, when breathes a cloud  
 Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night  
 Fall on our hemisphere, seems view'd from far  
 A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round;  
 Such was the fabric then methought I saw.

To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew  
 Behind my guide: no covert else was there.

Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain  
 Record the marvel) where the souls were all  
 Whelm'd underneath, transparent, as through glass  
 Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid;  
 Others stood upright, this upon the soles,  
 That on his head, a third with face to feet  
 Arch'd like a bow. When to the point we came,  
 Whereat my guide was pleased that I should see

<sup>7</sup>The friar Alberigo.

The creature eminent in beauty once,  
He from before me stepp'd and made me pause.

"Lo!" he exclaim'd, "lo! Dis; and lo! the place,  
Where thou hast need to arm thy heart with strength."

How frozen and how faint I then became,  
Ask me not, reader! for I write it not;  
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state.  
I was not dead nor living. Think thyself,  
If quick conception work in thee at all,  
How I did feel. That emperor, who sways  
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice  
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like  
A giant, than the giants are his arms.

Mark now how great that whole must be, which suits  
With such a part. If he were beautiful  
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare  
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him  
May all our misery flow. Oh what a sight!  
How passing strange it seem'd, when I did spy  
Upon his head three faces: one in front  
Of hue vermillion, the other two with this  
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest;  
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd; the left  
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile  
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth  
Two mighty wings, enormous as became  
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw  
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they,  
But were in texture like a bat; and these  
He flapp'd i' th' air, that from him issued still  
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth  
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears  
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.  
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champ'd,  
Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three  
Were in this guise tormented. But far more  
Than from that gnawing, was the foremost pang'd  
By the fierce rending, whence oft-times the back  
Was stript of all its skin. "That upper spirit,  
Who hath worst punishment," so spake my guide,

"Is Judas, he that hath his head within  
 And plies the feet without. Of th' other two,  
 Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw  
 Who hangs, is Brutus:<sup>1</sup> lo! how he doth writhe  
 And speaks not. The other, Cassius, that appears  
 So large of limb. But night now reascends;  
 And it is time for parting. All is seen."

I clipp'd him round the neck; for so he bade:  
 And noting time and place, he, when the wings  
 Enough were oped, caught fast the shaggy sides,  
 And down from pile to pile descending stepp'd  
 Between the thick fell and the jagged ice.

Soon as he reach'd the point, whereat the thigh  
 Upon the swelling of the haunches turns,  
 My leader there, with pain and struggling hard,  
 Turn'd round his head where his feet stood before,  
 And grappled at the fell as one who mounts;  
 That into Hell methought we turn'd again.

"Expect that by such stairs as these," thus spake  
 The teacher, panting like a man forespent,  
 "We must depart from evil so extreme."  
 Then at a rocky opening issued forth,  
 And placed me on the brink to sit, next join'd  
 With wary step my side. I raised mine eyes,  
 Believing that I Lucifer should see  
 Where he was lately left, but saw him now  
 With legs held upward. Let the grosser sort,  
 Who see not what the point was I had past,  
 Bethink them if sore toil oppress'd me then.

"Arise," my master cried, "upon thy feet.  
 The way is long, and much uncouth the road;  
 And now within one hour and a half of noon<sup>2</sup>  
 The sun returns." It was no palace-hall

<sup>1</sup> "Brutus." Landino struggles to extricate Brutus from the unworthy lot which is here assigned him. He maintains that by Brutus and Cassius are not meant the individuals known by those names, but any who put a lawful monarch to death. Yet if Caesar was such, the conspirators might be regarded as deserving of their doom. If Dante, however, believed Bru-

tus to have been actuated by evil motives in putting Caesar to death, the excellence of the patriot's character in other respects would only have aggravated his guilt in that particular.

<sup>2</sup> The Poet uses the Hebrew manner of computing the day, according to which the third hour answers to our twelve o'clock at noon.

Lofty and luminous wherein we stood,  
 But natural dungeon where ill-footing was  
 And scant supply of light. "Ere from the abyss  
 I separate," thus when risen I began:  
 "My guide! vouchsafe few words to set me free  
 From error's thraldom. Where is now the ice?  
 How standeth he in posture thus reversed?  
 And how from eve to morn in space so brief  
 Hath the sun made his transit?" He in few  
 Thus answering spake: "Thou deemest thou art still  
 On the other side the centre, where I grasp'd  
 The abhorred worm that boreth through the world.  
 Thou wast on the other side, so long as I  
 Descended; when I turn'd, thou didst o'erpass  
 That point, to which from every part is dragg'd  
 All heavy substance. Thou art now arrived  
 Under the hemisphere opposed to that,  
 Which the great continent doth overspread,  
 And underneath whose canopy expired  
 The Man, that was born sinless and so lived.  
 Thy feet are planted on the smallest sphere,  
 Whose other aspect is Judecca. Morn  
 Here rises, when there evening sets: and he,  
 Whose shaggy pile we scaled, yet standeth fix'd,  
 As at the first. On this part he fell down  
 From Heaven; and th' earth here prominent before,  
 Through fear of him did veil her with the sea,  
 And to our hemisphere retired. Perchance,  
 To shun him, was the vacant space left here,  
 By what of firm land on this side appears,<sup>3</sup>  
 That sprang aloof." There is a place beneath,  
 From Belzebub as distant, as extends  
 The vaulted tomb;<sup>4</sup> discover'd not by sight,  
 But by the sound of brooklet, that descends  
 This way along the hollow of a rock,  
 Which, as it winds with no precipitous course,  
 The wave hath eaten. By that hidden way  
 My guide and I did enter, to return

<sup>3</sup>The mountain of Purgatory.      This word is used to express the whole

<sup>4</sup>"The vaulted tomb" ("La tomba"). depth of the infernal region.

To the fair world: and heedless of repose  
We climb'd, he first, I following his steps,  
Till on our view the beautiful lights of Heaven  
Dawn'd through a circular opening in the cave:  
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars.

# PURGATORY

## CANTO I

**ARGUMENT.**—The Poet describes the delight he experienced at issuing a little before dawn from the infernal regions, into the pure air that surrounds the isle of Purgatory; and then relates how, turning to the right, he beheld four stars never seen before, but by our first parents, and met on his left the shade of Cato of Utica, who, having warned him and Virgil what is needful to be done before they proceed on their way through Purgatory, disappears; and the two poets go toward the shore, where Virgil cleanses Dante's face with the dew, and girds him with a reed, as Cato had commanded.

O 'ER better waves to speed her rapid course  
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,  
Well pleased to leave so cruel sea behind;  
And of that second region will I sing,  
In which the human spirit from sinful blot  
Is purged, and for ascent to Heaven prepares.  
Here, O ye hallow'd Nine! for in your train  
I follow, here the deaden'd strain revive;  
Nor let Calliope refuse to sound  
A somewhat higher song, of that loud tone  
Which when the wretched birds of chattering note<sup>1</sup>  
Had heard, they of forgiveness lost all hope.  
Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread  
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,  
High up as the first circle,<sup>2</sup> to mine eyes  
Unwonted joy renew'd, soon as I 'scaped  
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom,  
That had mine eyes and bosom fill'd with grief.  
The radiant planet,<sup>3</sup> that to love invites,  
Made all the orient laugh, and veil'd beneath  
The Pisces' light,<sup>4</sup> that in his [her] escort came.

<sup>1</sup> "Birds of chattering note." For the likes to be as far off the rest of the comfortable of the daughters of Pierus who commentators as possible) will have it, the challenged the muses to sing, and were highest circle of the stars. by them changed into magpies, see Ovid, Met. lib. v. fab. 5.

<sup>2</sup> "The first circle." Either, as some suppose, the moon; or, as Lombardi (who a morning star.

<sup>3</sup> "Planet." Venus.

<sup>4</sup> The constellation of the Fish veiled by the more luminous body of Venus, then

To the right hand I turn'd, and fix'd my mind  
 On the other pole attentive, where I saw  
 Four stars<sup>5</sup> ne'er seen before save by the ken  
 Of our first parents.<sup>6</sup> Heaven of their rays  
 Seem'd joyous. O thou northern site! bereft  
 Indeed, and widow'd, since of these deprived.

As from this view I had desisted, straight  
 Turning a little toward the other pole,  
 There from whence now the wain<sup>7</sup> had disappear'd,  
 I saw an old man<sup>8</sup> standing by my side  
 Alone, so worthy of reverence in his look,  
 That ne'er from son to father more was owed.  
 Low down his beard, and mix'd with hoary white,  
 Descended, like his locks, which, parting, fell  
 Upon his breast in double fold. The beams  
 Of those four luminaries on his face  
 So brightly shone, and with such radiance clear  
 Deck'd it, that I beheld him as the sun.

"Say who are ye, that stemming the blind stream,  
 Forth from the eternal prison-house have fled?"  
 He spoke and moved those venerable plumes.  
 "Who hath conducted, or with lantern sure  
 Lights you emerging from the depth of night,  
 That makes the infernal valley ever black?  
 Are the firm statutes of the dread abyss  
 Broken, or in high Heaven new laws ordain'd,  
 That thus, condemn'd, ye to my caves approach?"

My guide, then laying hold on me, by words  
 And intimations given with hand and head,  
 Made my bent knees and eye submissive pay  
 Due reverence; then thus to him replied:

"Not of myself I come; a Dame from heaven<sup>9</sup>  
 Descending, him besought me in my charge  
 To bring. But since thy will implies, that more  
 Our true condition I unfold at large,  
 Mine is not to deny thee thy request.

<sup>5</sup> Symbolical of the four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

paradise, placed on the summit of Purgatory.

<sup>6</sup> "Our first parents." In the terrestrial

<sup>7</sup> Charles's Wain, or Boötes.

<sup>8</sup> "An old man." Cato.

<sup>9</sup> Beatrice. See Hell, ii. 54.

This mortal ne'er hath seen the farthest gloom;  
 But erring by his folly had approach'd  
 So near, that little space was left to turn.  
 Then, as before I told, I was despatch'd  
 To work his rescue; and no way remain'd  
 Save this which I have ta'en. I have display'd  
 Before him all the regions of the bad;  
 And purpose now those spirits to display,  
 That under thy command are purged from sin.  
 How I have brought him would be long to say.  
 From high descends the virtue, by whose aid  
 I to thy sight and hearing him have led.  
 Now may our coming please thee. In the search  
 Of liberty he journeys: that how dear,  
 They know who for her sake have life refused.  
 Thou knowest, to whom death for her was sweet  
 In Utica, where thou didst leave those weeds,  
 That in the last great day will shine so bright.  
 For us the eternal edicts are unmoved;  
 He breathes, and I of Minos am not bound,  
 Abiding in that circle, where the eyes  
 Of thy chaste Marcia beam, who still in look  
 Prays thee, O hallow'd spirit! to own her thine.  
 Then by her love we implore thee, let us pass  
 Through thy seven regions;<sup>10</sup> for which, best thanks  
 I for thy favour will to her return,  
 If mention there below thou not disdain."

"Marcia so pleasing in my sight was found,"  
 He then to him rejoin'd, "while I was there,  
 That all she ask'd me I was fain to grant.  
 Now that beyond the accursed stream she dwells,  
 She may no longer move me, by that law,<sup>11</sup>  
 Which was ordain'd me, when I issued thence.  
 Not so, if Dame from Heaven, as thou sayst,  
 Moves and directs thee; then no flattery needs.  
 Enough for me that in her name thou ask.

<sup>10</sup> "Through thy seven regions." The seven rounds of Purgatory, in which the seven capital sins are punished.

<sup>11</sup> "By that law." When he was delivered by Christ from Limbo, a change of affections accompanied his change of place.

Go therefore now: and with a slender reed<sup>12</sup>  
 See that thou duly gird him, and his face  
 Lave, till all sordid stain thou wipe from thence.  
 For not with eye, by any cloud obscured,  
 Would it be seemly before him to come,  
 Who stands the foremost minister in Heaven.  
 This islet all around, there far beneath,  
 Where the wave beats it, on the oozy bed  
 Produces store of reeds. No other plant,  
 Cover'd with leaves, or harden'd in its stalk,  
 There lives, not bending to the water's sway.  
 After, this way return not; but the sun  
 Will show you, that now rises, where to take  
 The mountain in its easiest ascent."

He disappear'd; and I myself upraised  
 Speechless, and to my guide retiring close,  
 Toward him turn'd mine eyes. He thus began:  
 "My son! observant thou my steps pursue.  
 We must retreat to rereward; for that way  
 The champain to its low extreme declines."

The dawn had chased the matin hour of prime,  
 Which fled before it, so that from afar  
 I spied the trembling of the ocean stream.

We traversed the deserted plain, as one  
 Who, wander'd from his track, thinks every step  
 Trodden in vain till he regain the path.

When we had come, where yet the tender dew  
 Strove with the sun, and in a place where fresh  
 The wind breathed o'er it, while it slowly dried;  
 Both hands extended on the watery grass  
 My master placed, in graceful act and kind.  
 Whence I of his intent before apprised,  
 Stretch'd out to him my cheeks suffused with tears.  
 There to my visage he anew restored  
 That hue which the dun shades of Hell conceal'd.

Then on the solitary shore arrived,  
 That never sailing on its waters saw  
 Man that could after measure back his course,  
 He girt me in such manner as had pleased

<sup>12</sup> A type of simplicity and patience.

Him who instructed; and, oh strange to tell!  
 As he selected every humble plant,  
 Wherever one was pluck'd another there  
 Resembling, straightway in its place arose.

## CANTO II

**ARGUMENT.**—They behold a vessel under conduct of an angel, coming over the waves with spirits to Purgatory, among whom, when the passengers have landed, Dante recognizes his friend Casella, but, while they are entertained by him with a song, they hear Cato exclaiming against their negligent loitering, and at that rebuke hasten forward to the mountain.

**N**OW had the sun<sup>1</sup> to that horizon reach'd,  
 That covers, with the most exalted point  
 Of its meridian circle, Salem's walls;  
 And night, that opposite to him her orb  
 Rounds, from the stream of Ganges issued forth,  
 Holding the scales,<sup>2</sup> that from her hands are dropt  
 When she reigns highest:<sup>3</sup> so that where I was,  
 Aurora's white and vermeil-tinctured cheek  
 To orange turn'd as she in age increased.

Meanwhile we linger'd by the water's brink,  
 Like men, who, musing on their road, in thought  
 Journey, while motionless the body rests.  
 When lo! as, near upon the hour of dawn,  
 Through the thick vapors Mars with fiery beam  
 Glares down in west, over the ocean floor;  
 So seem'd, what once again I hope to view,  
 A light, so swiftly coming through the sea,  
 No winged course might equal its career.  
 From which when for a space I had withdrawn  
 Mine eyes, to make inquiry of my guide,  
 Again I look'd, and saw it grown in size  
 And brightness: then on either side appear'd  
 Something, but what I knew not, of bright hue,

<sup>1</sup> "Now had the sun." Dante was now antipodal to Jerusalem; so that while the sun was setting with respect to that place, which he supposes to be the middle of the inhabited earth, to him it was rising.

<sup>2</sup> The constellation Libra.

<sup>3</sup> "When she reigns highest" is (according to Venturi, whom I have followed) "when the autumnal equinox is passed." Lombardi supposes it to mean "when the nights begin to increase, that is, after the summer solstice."

And by degrees from underneath it came  
 Another. My preceptor silent yet  
 Stood, while the brightness, that we first discern'd,  
 Open'd the form of wings: then when he knew  
 The pilot, cried aloud, "Down, down; bend low  
 Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands:  
 Now shalt thou see true ministers indeed.  
 Lo! how all human means he sets at naught;  
 So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail  
 Except his wings, between such distant shores.  
 Lo! how straight up to Heaven he holds them rear'd,  
 Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes,  
 That not like mortal hairs fall off or change."

As more and more toward us came, more bright  
 Appear'd the bird of God, nor could the eye  
 Endure his splendor near: I mine bent down.  
 He drove ashore in a small bark so swift  
 And light, that in its course no wave it drank.  
 The heavenly steersman at the prow was seen,  
 Visibly written Blessed in his looks.  
 Within a hundred spirits and more there sat.

"In Exitu<sup>4</sup> Israel de Egypto,"  
 All with one voice together sang, with what  
 In the remainder of that hymn is writ.  
 Then soon as with the sign of holy cross  
 He bless'd them, they at once leap'd out on land:  
 He, swiftly as he came, return'd. The crew,  
 There left, appear'd astounded with the place,  
 Gazing around, as one who sees new sights.

From every side the sun darted his beams,  
 And with his arrowy radiance from mid heaven  
 Had chased the Capricorn, when that strange tribe,  
 Lifting their eyes toward us: "If ye know,  
 Declare what path will lead us to the mount."

Them Virgil answer'd: "Ye suppose, perchance,  
 Us well acquainted with this place: but here,  
 We, as yourselves, are strangers. Not long erst  
 We came, before you but a little space,  
 By other road so rough and hard, that now

<sup>4</sup> "In Exitu." "When Israel came out of Egypt." Ps. cxiv.

The ascent will seem to us as play." The spirits,  
 Who from my breathing had perceived I lived,  
 Grew pale with wonder. As the multitude  
 Flock round a herald sent with olive branch,  
 To hear what news he brings, and in their haste  
 Tread one another down; e'en so at sight  
 Of me those happy spirits were fix'd, each one  
 Forgetful of its errand to depart  
 Where, cleansed from sin, it might be made all fair.

Then one I saw darting before the rest  
 With such fond ardour to embrace me, I  
 To do the like was moved. O shadows vain!  
 Except in outward semblance: thrice my hands  
 I clasp'd behind it, they as oft return'd  
 Empty into my breast again. Surprise  
 I need must think was painted in my looks,  
 For that the shadow smiled and backward drew.  
 To follow it I hasten'd, but with voice  
 Of sweetness it enjoin'd me to desist.  
 Then who it was I knew, and pray'd of it,  
 To talk with me it would a little pause.  
 It answer'd: "Thee as in my mortal frame  
 I loved, so loosed from it I love thee still,  
 And therefore pause: but why walkest thou here?"

"Not without purpose once more to return,  
 Thou find'st me, my Casella,<sup>5</sup> where I am,  
 Journeying this way;" I said: "but how of thee  
 Hath so much time been lost?" He answer'd straight:

"No outrage hath been done to me, if he,<sup>6</sup>  
 Who when and whom he chooses takes, hath oft  
 Denied me passage here; since of just will  
 His will he makes. These three months past<sup>7</sup> indeed,  
 He, who so chose to enter, with free leave

<sup>5</sup> "My Casella." A Florentine, celebrated for his skill in music, "in whose company, says Landino, "Dante often re-created his spirits, wearied by severer studies." See Dr. Burney's History of Music, vol. ii. cap. iv., p. 322. See also Milton's sonnet to Henry Lawes: "Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher

Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory."

<sup>6</sup> "He." The conducting angel.

<sup>7</sup> "These three months past." Since the time of the Jubilee, during which all spirits not condemned to eternal punishment were supposed to pass over to Purgatory as soon as they pleased.

Hath taken; whence I wandering by the shore<sup>8</sup>  
Where Tiber's wave grows salt, of him gain'd kind  
Admittance, at that river's mouth, toward which  
His wings are pointed; for there always throng  
All such as not to Acheron descend."

Then I: "If new law taketh not from thee  
Memory or custom of love-tuned song,  
That whilom all my cares had power to 'swage;  
Please thee therewith a little to console  
My spirit, that encumber'd with its frame,  
Travelling so far, of pain is overcome."

"Love, that discourses in my thoughts," he then  
Began in such soft accents, that within  
The sweetness thrills me yet. My gentle guide,  
And all who came with him, so well were pleased,  
That seem'd naught else might in their thoughts have  
room.

Fast fix'd in mute attention to his notes  
We stood, when lo! that old man venerable  
Exclaiming, "How is this, ye tardy spirits?  
What negligence detains you loitering here?  
Run to the mountain to cast off those scales,  
That from your eyes the sight of God conceal."

As a wild flock of pigeons, to their food  
Collected, blade or tares, without their pride  
Accustom'd, and in still and quiet sort,  
If aught alarm them, suddenly desert  
Their meal, assail'd by more important care;  
So I that new-come troop beheld, the song  
Deserting, hasten to the mountain's side,  
As one who goes, yet, where he tends, knows not.  
Nor with less hurried step did we depart.

<sup>8</sup> "The shore." Ostia.

## CANTO III

**ARGUMENT.**—Our Poet, perceiving no shadow except that cast by his own body, is fearful that Virgil has deserted him; but he is freed from that error, and both arrive together at the foot of the mountain; on finding it too steep to climb, they inquire the way from a troop of spirits that are coming toward them, and are by them shown which is the easiest ascent. Manfredi, King of Naples, who is one of these spirits, bids Dante inform his daughter Costanza, Queen of Arragon, of the manner in which he had died.

**T**HEM sudden flight had scatter'd o'er the plain,  
Turn'd toward the mountain, whither reason's  
voice  
Drives us: I, to my faithful company  
Adhering, left it not. For how, of him  
Deprived, might I have sped? or who, beside,  
Would o'er the mountainous tract have led my steps?  
He, with the bitter pang of self-remorse,  
Seem'd smitten. O clear conscience, and upright!  
How doth a little failing wound thee sore.  
Soon as his feet desisted (slackening pace)  
From haste, that mars all decency of act,  
My mind, that in itself before was wrapt,  
Its thought expanded, as with joy restored;  
And full against the steep ascent I set  
My face, where highest to Heaven its top o'erflows.  
The sun, that flared behind, with ruddy beam  
Before my form was broken; for in me  
His rays resistance met. I turn'd aside  
With fear of being left, when I beheld  
Only before myself the ground obscured.  
When thus my solace, turning him around,  
Bespeak me kindly: "Why distrustest thou?  
Believest not I am with thee, thy sure guide?  
It now is evening there, where buried lies  
The body in which I cast a shade, removed  
To Naples<sup>1</sup> from Brundusium's wall. Nor thou  
Marvel, if before me no shadow fall,  
More than that in the skyey element  
One ray obstructs not other. To endure  
Torments of heat and cold extreme, like frames

<sup>1</sup> "To Naples." Virgil died at Brundusium, from whence his body is said to have been removed to Naples.

That virtue hath disposed, which, how it works,  
Wills not to us should be reveal'd. Insane,  
Who hopes our reason may that space explore,  
Which holds three persons in one substance knit.  
Seek not the wherefore, race of human kind;

Could ye have seen the whole, no need had been  
For Mary to bring forth. Moreover, ye  
Have seen such men desiring fruitlessly;  
To whose desires, repose would have been given,  
That now but serve them for eternal grief.  
I speak of Plato, and the Stagirite,  
And others many more." And then he bent  
Downward his forehead, and in troubled mood  
Broke off his speech. Meanwhile we had arrived  
Far as the mountain's foot, and there the rock  
Found of so steep ascent, that nimblest steps  
To climb it had been vain. The most remote,  
Most wild, untrodden path, in all the tract  
"Twixt Lerice and Turbia,<sup>2</sup> were to this  
A ladder easy and open of access.

"Who knows on which hand now the steep declines?"  
My master said, and paused; "so that he may  
Ascend, who journeys without aid of wing?"  
And while, with looks directed to the ground,  
The meaning of the pathway he explored,  
And I gazed upward round the stony height;  
On the left hand appear'd to us a troop  
Of spirits, that toward us moved their steps;  
Yet moving seem'd not, they so slow approach'd.

I thus my guide address'd: "Upraise thine eyes:  
Lo! that way some, of whom thou mayst obtain  
Counsel, if of thyself thou find'st it not."

Straightway he look'd, and with free speech replied:  
"Let us tend thither: they but softly come.  
And thou be firm in hope, my son beloved."

Now was that crowd from us distant as far,  
(When we some thousand steps, I say, had past,)  
As at a throw the nervous arm could fling;

<sup>2</sup> "Twixt Lerice and Turbia." At that time the two extremities of the Genoese republic; the former on the east, the latter on the west.

When all drew backward on the massy crags  
Of the steep bank, and firmly stood unmoved,  
As one, who walks in doubt, might stand to look.

“O spirits perfect! O already chosen!”

Virgil to them began: “by that blest peace,  
Which, as I deem, is for you all prepared,  
Instruct us where the mountain low declines,  
So that attempt to mount it be not vain.  
For who knows most, him loss of time most grieves.”

As sheep, that step from forth their fold, by one,  
Or pairs, or three at once; meanwhile the rest  
Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose  
To ground, and what the foremost does, that do  
The others, gathering round her if she stops,  
Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern;  
So saw I moving to advance the first,  
Who of that fortunate crew were at the head,  
Of modest mien, and graceful in their gait.  
When they before me had beheld the light  
From my right side fall broken on the ground,  
So that the shadow reach’d the cave; they stopp’d,  
And somewhat back retired: the same did all  
Who follow’d, though unweeting of the cause.

“Unask’d of you, yet freely I confess,  
This is a human body which ye see.  
That the sun’s light is broken on the ground,  
Marvel not: but believe, that not without  
Virtue derived from Heaven, we to climb  
Over this wall aspire.” So them bespeak  
My master; and that virtuous tribe rejoin’d:  
“Turn, and before you there the entrance lies;”  
Making a signal to us with bent hands.

Then of them one began. “Whoe’er thou art,  
Who journey’st thus this way, thy visage turn;  
Think if me elsewhere thou hast ever seen.”

I toward him turn’d, and with fix’d eye beheld.  
Comely and fair, and gentle of aspect  
He seem’d, but on one brow a gash was mark’d.

When humbly I disclaim’d to have beheld  
Him ever: “Now behold!” he said, and show’d

High on his breast a wound: then smiling spake.

"I am Manfredi;<sup>3</sup> grandson to the Queen Costanza:<sup>4</sup> whence I pray thee, when return'd, To my fair daughter<sup>5</sup> go, the parent glad Of Aragonia and Sicilia's pride; And of the truth inform her, if of me Aught else be told. When by two mortal blows My frame was shatter'd, I betook myself Weeping to Him, who of free will forgives. My sins were horrible: but so wide arms Hath goodness infinite, that it receives All who turn to it. Had this text divine Been of Cosenza's shepherd better scann'd, Who then by Clement<sup>6</sup> on my hunt was set, Yet at the bridge's head my bones had lain, Near Benevento, by the heavy mole Protected; but the rain now drenches them, And the wind drives, out of the kingdom's bounds, Far as the stream of Verde,<sup>7</sup> where, with lights Extinguish'd, he removed them from their bed. Yet by their curse we are not so destroy'd, But that the eternal love may turn, while hope Retains her verdant blossom. True it is, That such one as in contumacy dies

<sup>3</sup> "Manfredi." King of Naples and Sicily, and the natural son of Frederick II. He was lively and agreeable in his manners, delighted in poetry, music, and dancing. But he was luxurious and ambitious, void of religion, and in his philosophy an Epicurean. He fell in the battle with Charles of Anjou in 1265, alluded to in Canto xxviii of Hell, ver. 13, or rather in that of Benevento. The successes of Charles were so rapidly followed up, that our author, exact as he generally is, might not have thought it necessary to distinguish them in point of time. "Dying excommunicated, King Charles did not allow of his being buried in sacred ground, but he was interred near the bridge of Benevento; and on his grave there was cast a stone by every one of the army, whence there was formed a great mound of stones. But some have

said, that afterward, by command of the Pope, the Bishop of Cosenza took up his body and sent it out of the kingdom, because it was the land of the Church; and that it was buried by the river Verde, on the borders of the kingdom and of Campania."

<sup>4</sup> See Paradise, Canto iii. 121.

<sup>5</sup> Costanza, the daughter of Manfredi, and wife of Peter III, King of Arragon, by whom she was mother to Frederick, King of Sicily, and James, King of Arragon. With the latter of these she was at Rome, 1296.

<sup>6</sup> "Clement." Pope Clement IV.

<sup>7</sup> "The stream of Verde." A river near Ascoli, that falls into the Tronto. The "extinguished lights" formed part of the ceremony at the interment of one excommunicated.

Against the holy Church, though he repent,  
 Must wander thirty-fold for all the time  
 In his presumption past: if such decree  
 Be not by prayers of good men shorter made.  
 Look therefore if thou canst advance my bliss;  
 Revealing to my good Costanza, how  
 Thou hast beheld me, and beside, the terms  
 Laid on me of that interdict; for here  
 By means of those below much profit comes."

## CANTO IV

**ARGUMENT.**—Dante and Virgil ascend the mountain of Purgatory, by a steep and narrow path pent in on each side by rock, till they reach a part of it that opens into a ledge or cornice. There seating themselves, and turning to the east, Dante wonders at seeing the sun on their left, the cause of which is explained to him by Virgil; and while they continue their discourse, a voice addresses them, at which they turn, and find several spirits behind the rock, and among the rest one named Belacqua, who had been known to our Poet on earth, and who tells that he is doomed to linger there on account of his having delayed his repentance to the last.

**W**HEN by sensations of delight or pain,  
 That any of our faculties hath seized,  
 Entire the soul collects herself, it seems  
 She is intent upon that power alone;  
 And thus the error is disproved, which holds  
 The soul not singly lighted in the breast.  
 And therefore whenas aught is heard or seen,  
 That firmly keeps the soul toward it turn'd,  
 Time passes, and a man perceives it not.  
 For that, whereby we hearken, is one power;  
 Another that, which the whole spirit hath:  
 This is as it were bound, while that is free.  
 This found I true by proof, hearing that spirit  
 And wondering; for full fifty steps<sup>1</sup> aloft  
 The sun had measured, unobserved of me,  
 When we arrived where all with one accord  
 The spirits shouted, "Here is what ye ask."

A larger aperture oft-times is stopt,  
 With forked stake of thorn by villager,  
 When the ripe grape imbrowns, than was the path,

<sup>1</sup> Three hours twenty minutes; fifteen degrees being reckoned to an hour.

By which my guide, and I behind him close,  
 Ascended solitary, when that troop  
 Departing left us. On Sanleo's<sup>2</sup> road  
 Who journeys, or to Noli<sup>3</sup> low descends,  
 Or mounts Bismantua's<sup>4</sup> height, must use his feet;  
 But here a man had need to fly, I mean  
 With the swift wing and plumes of high desire,  
 Conducted by his aid, who gave me hope,  
 And with light furnish'd to direct my way.

We through the broken rock ascended, close  
 Pent on each side, while underneath the ground  
 Ask'd help of hands and feet. When we arrived  
 Near on the highest ridge of the steep bank,  
 Where the plain level open'd, I exclaim'd,  
 "O Master! say, which way can we proceed."

He answer'd, "Let no step of thine recede.  
 Behind me gain the mountain, till to us  
 Some practised guide appear." That eminence  
 Was lofty, that no eye might reach its point;  
 And the side proudly rising, more than line  
 From the mid quadrant to the centre drawn.  
 I, wearied, thus began: "Parent beloved!  
 Turn and behold how I remain alone,  
 If thou stay not."—"My son!" he straight replied,  
 "Thus far put forth thy strength;" and to a track  
 Pointed, that, on this side projecting, round  
 Circles the hill. His words so spurr'd me on,  
 That I, behind him, clambering, forced myself,  
 Till my feet press'd the circuit plain beneath.  
 There both together seated, turn'd we round  
 To eastward, whence was our ascent: and oft  
 Many beside have with delight look'd back.

First on the nether shores I turn'd mine eyes,  
 Then raised them to the sun, and wondering mark'd  
 That from the left it smote us. Soon perceived  
 That poet sage, how at the car of light

<sup>2</sup> "Sanleo." A fortress on the summit of Montefeltro. The situation is described by Troya, Veltro Allegorico, p. 11. It is a conspicuous object to travellers along the cornice on the Riviera di Genoa.

<sup>3</sup> "Noli." In the Genoese territory, between Finale and Savona.

<sup>4</sup> "Bismantua." A steep mountain in the territory of Reggio.

Amazed<sup>5</sup> I stood, where 'twixt us and the north  
 Its course it enter'd. Whence he thus to me:  
 "Were Leda's offspring<sup>6</sup> now in company  
 Of that broad mirror, that high up and low  
 Imparts his light beneath, thou mightst behold  
 The ruddy Zodiac nearer to the Bears  
 Wheel, if its ancient course it not forsook.  
 How that may be, if thou wouldest think; within  
 Pondering, imagine Sion with this mount  
 Placed on the earth, so that to both be one  
 Horizon, and two hemispheres apart,  
 Where lies the path<sup>7</sup> that Phaeton ill knew  
 To guide his erring chariot: thou wilt see<sup>8</sup>  
 How of necessity by this, on one,  
 He passes, while by that on the other side;  
 If with clear view thine intellect attend."

"Of truth, kind teacher!" I exclaim'd, "so clear  
 Aught saw I never, as I now discern,  
 Where seem'd my ken to fail, that the mid orb<sup>9</sup>  
 Of the supernal motion (which in terms  
 Of art is call'd the Equator, and remains  
 Still 'twixt the sun and winter) for the cause  
 Thou hast assign'd, from hence toward the north  
 Departs, when those, who in the Hebrew land  
 Were dwellers, saw it towards the warmer part.  
 But if it please thee, I would gladly know,

<sup>5</sup> "Amazed." He wonders that being turned to the east he should see the sun on his left, since in all the regions on this side of the tropic of Cancer it is seen on the right of one who turns his face toward the east; not recollecting that he was now antipodal to Europe, from whence he had seen the sun taking an opposite course.

<sup>6</sup> "As the constellation of the Gemini is nearer the Bears than Aries is, it is certain that if the sun, instead of being in Aries, had been in Gemini, both the sun and that portion of the Zodiac made 'ruddy' by the sun, would have been seen to 'wheel nearer to the Bears.' By the 'ruddy Zodiac' must necessarily be understood that portion of the Zodiac affected or made red by the sun; for the whole of

the Zodiac never changes, nor appears to change, with respect to the remainder of the heavens."—Lombardi.

<sup>7</sup> "The path." The ecliptic.

<sup>8</sup> "Thou wilt see." "If you consider that this mountain of Purgatory, and that of Sion, are antipodal to each other, you will perceive that the sun must rise on opposite sides of the respective eminences."

<sup>9</sup> "That the mid orb." "That the equator (which is always situated between that part where, when the sun is, he causes summer, and the other where his absence produces winter) recedes from this mountain toward the north, at the time when the Jews inhabiting Mount Sion saw it depart toward the south."—Lombardi.

How far we have to journey: for the hill  
Mounts higher, than this sight of mine can mount."

He thus to me: "Such is this steep ascent,  
That it is ever difficult at first,  
But more a man proceeds, less evil grows.<sup>10</sup>  
When pleasant it shall seem to thee, so much  
That upward going shall be easy to thee  
As in a vessel to go down the tide,  
Then of this path thou wilt have reach'd the end.  
There hope to rest thee from thy toil. No more  
I answer, and thus far from certain know."  
As he his words had spoken, near to us  
A voice there sounded: "Yet ye first perchance  
May to repose you by constraint be led."  
At sound thereof each turn'd; and on the left  
A huge stone we beheld, of which nor I  
Nor he before was ware. Thither we drew;  
And there were some, who in the shady place  
Behind the rock were standing, as a man  
Through idleness might stand. Among them one,  
Who seem'd to be much wearied, sat him down,  
And with his arms did fold his knees about,  
Holding his face between them downward bent.

"Sweet Sir!" I cried, "behold that man who shows  
Himself more idle than if laziness  
Were sister to him." Straight he turn'd to us,  
And, o'er the thigh lifting his face, observed,  
Then in these accents spake: "Up then, proceed,  
Thou valiant one." Straight who it was I knew;  
Nor could the pain I felt (for want of breath  
Still somewhat urged me) hinder my approach.  
And when I came to him, he scarce his head  
Uplifted, saying, "Well hast thou discern'd,  
How from the left the sun his chariot leads?"

His lazy acts and broken words my lips  
To laughter somewhat moved; when I began:  
"Belacqua,<sup>11</sup> now for thee I grieve no more.

<sup>10</sup> Because in ascending he gets rid of  
the weight of his sins.

<sup>11</sup> In the margin of the Monte Casino  
MS. there is found this brief notice: "This

Belacqua was an excellent master of the  
harp and lute, but very negligent in his  
affairs both spiritual and temporal."

But tell, why thou art seated upright there.  
 Waitest thou escort to conduct thee hence?  
 Or blame I only thine accustom'd ways?"  
 Then he: "My brother! of what use to mount,  
 When, to my suffering, would not let me pass  
 The bird of God, who at the portal sits?  
 Behoves so long that Heaven first bear me round  
 Without its limits, as in life it bore;  
 Because I, to the end, repentant sighs  
 Delay'd; if prayer do not aid me first,  
 That riseth up from heart which lives in grace.  
 What other kind avails, not heard in Heaven?"

Before me now the poet, up the mount  
 Ascending, cried: "Haste thee: for see the sun  
 Has touch'd the point meridian; and the night  
 Now covers with her foot Marocco's shore."

## CANTO V

**ARGUMENT.**—They meet with others, who had deferred their repentance till overtaken by a violent death, when sufficient space being allowed them, they were then saved; and among these, Giacopo del Cassero, Buonconte da Montefeltro, and Pia, a lady of Siena.

**N**OW had I left those spirits, and pursued  
 The steps of my conductor; when behind,  
 Pointing the finger at me, one exclaim'd:  
 "See, how it seems as if the light not shone  
 From the left hand<sup>1</sup> of him beneath,<sup>2</sup> and he,  
 As living, seems to be led on." Mine eyes,  
 I at that sound reverting, saw them gaze,  
 Through wonder, first at me; and then at me  
 And the light broken underneath, by turns.  
 "Why are thy thoughts thus riveted," my guide  
 Exclaim'd, "that thou hast slack'd thy pace? or how  
 Imports it thee, what thing is whisper'd here?  
 Come after me, and to their babblings leave

<sup>1</sup>The sun was, therefore, on the right of our travellers. For, as before, when seated and looking to the east whence they had ascended, the sun was on their

left; so now that they are again going forward, it must be on the opposite side of them.

<sup>2</sup>Of Dante, following Virgil.

The crowd. Be as a tower, that, firmly set,  
 Shakes not its top for any blast that blows.  
 He, in whose bosom thought on thought shoots out,  
 Still of his aim is wide, in that the one  
 Sickles and wastes to naught the other's strength."

What other could I answer, save "I come"?  
 I said it, somewhat with that color tinged,  
 Which oft-times pardon meriteth for man.

Meanwhile traverse along the hill there came,  
 A little way before us, some who sang  
 The "Miserere" in responsive strains.  
 When they perceived that through my body I  
 Gave way not for the rays to pass, their song  
 Straight to a long and hoarse exclaim they changed;  
 And two of them, in guise of messengers,  
 Ran on to meet us, and inquiring ask'd:  
 "Of your condition we would gladly learn."

To them my guide: "Ye may return, and bear  
 Tidings to them who sent you, that his frame  
 Is real flesh. If, as I deem, to view  
 His shade they paused, enough is answer'd them:  
 Him let them honor: they may prize him well."

Ne'er saw I fiery vapors with such speed  
 Cut through the serene air at fall of night,  
 Nor August's clouds athwart the setting sun,  
 That upward these did not in shorter space  
 Return; and, there arriving, with the rest  
 Wheel back on us, as with loose rein a troop.

"Many," exclaim'd the bard, "are these, who throng  
 Around us: to petition thee, they come.  
 Go therefore on, and listen as thou go'st."

"O spirit! who go'st on to blessedness,  
 With the same limbs that clad thee at thy birth,"  
 Shouting they came: "a little rest thy step.  
 Look if thou any one amongst our tribe  
 Hast e'er beheld, that tidings of him there?  
 Thou mayst report. Ah, wherefore go'st thou on?  
 Ah, wherefore tarriest thou not? We all  
 By violence died, and to our latest hour

\* "There." Upon the earth.

Were sinners, but then warn'd by light from Heaven;  
 So that, repenting and forgiving, we  
 Did issue out of life at peace with God,  
 Who, with desire to see Him, fills our heart."

Then I: "The visages of all I scan,  
 Yet none of ye remember. But if aught  
 That I can do may please you, gentle spirits!  
 Speak, and I will perform it; by that peace,  
 Which, on the steps of guide so excellent  
 Following, from world to world, intent I seek."

In answer he began: "None here distrusts  
 Thy kindness, though not promised with an oath;  
 So as the will fail not for want of power.  
 Whence I, who sole before the other speak,  
 Entreat thee, if thou ever see that land<sup>4</sup>  
 Which lies between Romagna and the realm  
 Of Charles, that of thy courtesy thou pray  
 Those who inhabit Fano, that for me  
 Their adorations duly be put up,  
 By which I may purge off my grievous sins.  
 From thence I came.<sup>5</sup> But the deep passages,  
 Whence issued out the blood<sup>6</sup> wherein I dwelt,  
 Upon my bosom in Antenor's land?  
 Were made, where to be more secure I thought.  
 The author of the deed was Este's prince,  
 Who, more than right could warrant, with his wrath  
 Pursued me. Had I toward Mira fled,  
 When overta'en at Oriaco, still  
 Might I have breathed. But to the marsh I sped;  
 And in the mire and rushes tangled there  
 Fell, and beheld my life-blood float the plain."

Then said another: "Ah! so may the wish,  
 That takes thee o'er the mountain, be fulfill'd,  
 As thou shalt graciously give aid to mine.

<sup>4</sup>The Marca d' Ancona, between Romagna and Apulia, the kingdom of Charles of Anjou.

<sup>5</sup>Giacopo del Cassero, a citizen of Fano, who having spoken ill of Azzo da Este, Marquis of Ferrara, was by his orders put to death. Giacopo was overtaken by the assassins at Oriaco, near the

Brenta, whence, if he had fled toward Mira, higher up on that river, instead of making for the marsh on the sea-shore, he might have escaped.

<sup>6</sup>Supposed to be the seat of life.

<sup>7</sup>Padua, said to be founded by Antenor. This implies a reflection on the Paduans. See Hell, xxxii. 89.

Of Montefeltro I;<sup>8</sup> Buonconte I:  
 Giovanna<sup>9</sup> nor none else have care for me;  
 Sorrowing with these I therefore go." I thus:  
 "From Campaldino's field what force or chance  
 Drew thee, that ne'er thy sepulture was known?"  
 "Oh!" answer'd he, "at Casentino's foot  
 A stream there courseth, named Archiano, sprung  
 In Apennine above the hermit's seat.<sup>10</sup>  
 E'en where its name is cancel'd,<sup>11</sup> there came I,  
 Pierced in the throat, fleeing away on foot,  
 And bloodying the plain. Here sight and speech  
 Fail'd me; and, finishing with Mary's name,  
 I fell, and tenantless my flesh remain'd.  
 I will report the truth; which thou again  
 Tell to the living. Me God's angel took,  
 Whilst he of Hell exclaim'd: 'O thou from Heaven!  
 Say wherefore hast thou robb'd me? Thou of him  
 The eternal portion bear'st with thee away,  
 For one poor tear that he deprives me of.  
 But of the other, other rule I make.'

"Thou know'st how in the atmosphere collects  
 That vapour dank, returning into water  
 Soon as it mounts where cold condenses it.  
 That evil will,<sup>12</sup> which in his intellect  
 Still follows evil, came; and raised the wind  
 And smoky mist, by virtue of the power  
 Given by his nature. Thence the valley, soon  
 As day was spent, he cover'd o'er with cloud,  
 From Pratomagno to the mountain range;<sup>13</sup>  
 And stretch'd the sky above; so that the air  
 Impregnate changed to water. Fell the rain;  
 And to the fosses came all that the land

<sup>8</sup> Buonconte, son of Guido da Montefeltro (see also the twenty-seventh canto of Hell), fell in the battle of Campaldino (1289), fighting on the side of the Aretini. In this engagement our Poet took a distinguished part.

<sup>9</sup> Wife or kinswoman of Buonconte.

<sup>10</sup> The hermitage of Camaldoli.

<sup>11</sup> Between Bibbiena and Poppi, where the Archiano joins the Arno.

<sup>12</sup> The Devil. This notion of the Evil Spirit having power over the elements, appears to have arisen from his being termed the "prince of the air," in the New Testament.

<sup>13</sup> From Pratomagno, now called Prato Vecchio (which divides the Valdarno from Casentino), as far as to the Apennines.

Contain'd not; and, as mightiest streams are wont,  
 To the great river, with such headlong sweep,  
 Rush'd, that naught stay'd its course. My stiffen'd frame  
 Laid at his mouth, the fell Archiano found,  
 And dashed it into Arno; from my breast  
 Loosening the cross, that of myself I made  
 When overcome with pain. He hurl'd me on,  
 Along the banks and bottom of his course;  
 Then in his muddy spoils encircling wrapt."

"Ah! when thou to the world shalt be return'd,  
 And rested after thy long road," so spake  
 Next the third spirit; "then remember me.  
 I once was Pia.<sup>14</sup> Sienna gave me life;  
 Maremma took it from me. That he knows,  
 Who me with jewel'd ring had first espoused."

## CANTO VI

**ARGUMENT.**—Many besides, who are in like case with those spoken of in the last Canto, beseech our Poet to obtain for them the prayers of their friends, when he shall be returned to this world. This moves him to express a doubt to his guide, how the dead can be profited by the prayers of the living; for the solution of which doubt he is referred to Beatrice. Afterward he meets with Sordello the Mantuan, whose affection, shown to Virgil his countryman, leads Dante to break forth into an invective against the unnatural divisions with which Italy, and more especially Florence, was distracted.

**W**HEN from their game of dice men separate,  
 He who hath lost remains in sadness fix'd,  
 Revolving in his mind what luckless throws  
 He cast: but, meanwhile, all the company  
 Go with the other; one before him runs,  
 And one behind his mantle twitches, one  
 Fast by his side bids him remember him.  
 He stops not; and each one, to whom his hand  
 Is stretch'd, well knows he bids him stand aside;  
 And thus<sup>1</sup> he from the press defends himself.  
 E'en such was I in that close-crowding throng;

<sup>14</sup> "Pia." She is said to have been a Siennese lady, of the family of Tolommei, secretly made away with by her husband, Nello della Pietra, of the same city, in

Maremma, where he had some possessions.

<sup>1</sup> "And thus." It was usual for money to be given to bystanders at play by winners.

And turning so my face around to all,  
And promising, I 'scaped from it with pains.

Here of Arezzo him<sup>2</sup> I saw, who fell  
By Ghino's cruel arm; and him beside,<sup>3</sup>  
Who in his chase was swallow'd by the stream.  
Here Frederic Novello,<sup>4</sup> with his hand  
Stretch'd forth, entreated; and of Pisa he,<sup>5</sup>  
Who put the good Marzucco to such proof  
Of constancy. Count Orso<sup>6</sup> I beheld;  
And from its frame a soul dismiss'd for spite  
And envy, as it said, but for no crime;  
I speak of Peter de la Brosse:<sup>7</sup> and here,  
While she yet lives, that Lady of Brabant,  
Let her beware; lest for so false a deed  
She herd with worse than these. When I was freed  
From all those spirits, who pray'd for others' prayers  
To hasten on their state of blessedness;  
Straight I began: "O thou, my luminary!  
It seems expressly in thy text denied,  
That Heaven's supreme decree can ever bend  
To supplication; yet with this design  
Do these entreat. Can then their hope be vain?

<sup>2</sup> Benincasa of Arezzo, eminent for his skill in jurisprudence, who having condemned to death Turrino da Turrita, brother of Ghino di Tacco, for his robberies in Maremma, was murdered by Ghino, in an apartment of his own house, in the presence of many witnesses. Ghino was not only suffered to escape in safety, but obtained so high a reputation by the liberality with which he dispensed the fruits of his plunder, and treated those who fell into his hands with so much courtesy, that he was afterward invited to Rome, and knighted by Boniface VIII.

<sup>3</sup> Cione, or Ciacco de' Tarlati of Arezzo, carried by his horse into the Arno, and there drowned, while in pursuit of enemies.

<sup>4</sup> "Frederic Novello." Son of the Conte Guido da Battifolle, and slain by one of the family of Bostoli.

<sup>5</sup> Farinata de' Scornigiani, of Pisa. His father, Marzucco, who had entered the order of the Frati Minori, so entirely over-

came his resentment, that he even kissed the hands of the slayer of his son, and as he was following the funeral, exhorted his kinsmen to reconciliation.

<sup>6</sup> "Count Orso." Son of Napoleone da Cerbaia, slain by Alberto da Mangona, his uncle.

<sup>7</sup> Secretary of Philip III of France. The courtiers envying the high place which he held in the King's favor, prevailed on Mary of Brabant to charge him falsely with an attempt upon her person; for which supposed crime he suffered death. So say the Italian commentators. Henault represents the matter very differently: "Pierre de la Brosse, formerly barber to St. Louis, afterward the favorite of Philip, fearing the too great attachment of the King for his wife Mary, accuses this princess of having poisoned Louis, eldest son of Philip, by his first marriage. This calumny is discovered by a nun of Nivelle, in Flanders. La Brosse is hanged."

Or is thy saying not to me reveal'd?"

He thus to me: "Both what I write is plain,  
And these deceived not in their hope; if well  
Thy mind consider, that the sacred height  
Of judgment doth not stoop, because love's flame  
In a short moment all fulfills, which he,  
Who sojourns here, in right should satisfy.  
Besides, when I this point concluded thus,  
By praying no defect could be supplied;  
Because the prayer had none access to God.  
Yet in this deep suspicion rest thou not  
Contented, unless she assure thee so,  
Who betwixt truth and mind infuses light:  
I know not if thou take me right; I mean  
Beatrice. Her thou shalt behold above,  
Upon this mountain's crown, fair seat of joy."

Then I: "Sir! let us mend our speed; for now  
I tire not as before: and lo! the hill<sup>8</sup>  
Stretches its shadow far." He answer'd thus:  
"Our progress with this day shall be as much  
As we may now despatch; but otherwise  
Than thou supposest is the truth. For there  
Thou canst not be, ere thou once more behold  
Him back returning, who behind the steep  
Is now so hidden, that, as erst, his beam  
Thou dost not break. But lo! a spirit there  
Stands solitary, and toward us looks:  
It will instruct us in the speediest way."

We soon approach'd it. O thou Lombard spirit!  
How didst thou stand, in high abstracted mood,  
Scarce moving with slow dignity thine eyes.  
It spoke not aught, but let us onward pass,  
Eying us as a lion on his watch.  
But Virgil, with entreaty mild, advanced,  
Requesting it to show the best ascent.  
It answer to his question none return'd;  
But of our country and our kind of life  
Demanded. When my courteous guide began,  
"Mantua," the shadow, in itself absorb'd,

<sup>8</sup> "The hill." It was now past the moon.

Rose toward us from the place in which it stood,  
And cried, "Mantuan! I am thy countryman,  
Sordello."<sup>9</sup> Each the other then embraced.

Ah, slavish Italy! thou inn of grief!  
Vessel without a pilot in loud storm!  
Lady no longer of fair provinces,  
But brothel-house impure! this gentle spirit,  
Even from the pleasant sound of his dear land  
Was prompt to greet a fellow citizen  
With such glad cheer: while now thy living ones  
In thee abide not without war; and one  
Malicious gnaws another; ay, of those  
Whom the same wall and the same moat contains.  
Seek, wretched one! around the sea-coasts wide;  
Then homeward to thy bosom turn; and mark,  
If any part of thee sweet peace enjoy.  
What boots it, that thy reins Justinian's hand  
Refitted, if thy saddle be unprest?  
Naught doth he now but aggravate thy shame.  
Ah, people! thou obedient still should'st live,  
And in the saddle let thy Cæsar sit,  
If well thou marked'st that which God commands.

Look how that beast to fellness hath relapsed,  
From having lost correction of the spur,  
Since to the bridle thou hast set thine hand,  
O German Albert!<sup>10</sup> who abandon'st her  
That is grown savage and unmanageable,  
When thou shouldst clasp her flanks with forked heels.  
Just judgment from the stars fall on thy blood;  
And be it strange and manifest to all;  
Such as may strike thy successor<sup>11</sup> with dread;  
For that thy sire<sup>12</sup> and thou have suffer'd thus,

<sup>9</sup> Sordello's life is wrapt in obscurity. He distinguished himself by his skill in Provençal poetry and many feats of military prowess have been attributed to him. It is probable that he was born at the end of the twelfth, and died about the middle of the succeeding, century.

<sup>10</sup> The Emperor Albert I succeeded Adolphus in 1298, and was murdered in 1308. See Paradise, Canto xix. 114.

<sup>11</sup> Henry of Luxemburg, by whose interposition in the affairs of Italy our Poet hoped to have been reinstated in his native city.

<sup>12</sup> The Emperor Rodolph, too intent on increasing his power in Germany to give much of his thoughts to Italy, "the garden of the empire."

Through greediness of yonder realms detain'd,  
 The garden of the empire to run waste.  
 Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,<sup>13</sup>  
 The Filippeschi and Monaldi,<sup>14</sup> man  
 Who carest for naught! those sunk in grief, and these  
 With dire suspicion rack'd. Come, cruel one!  
 Come, and behold the oppression of the nobles,  
 And mark their injuries; and thou mayst see  
 What safety Santafiore can supply.<sup>15</sup>  
 Come and behold thy Rome, who calls on thee,  
 Desolate widow, day and night with moans,  
 "My Cæsar, why dost thou desert my side?"  
 Come, and behold what love among thy people:  
 And if no pity touches thee for us,  
 Come, and blush for thine own report. For me,  
 If it be lawful, O Almighty Power!  
 Who wast on earth for our sakes crucified,  
 Are thy just eyes turn'd elsewhere? or is this  
 A preparation, in the wondrous depth  
 Of thy sage counsel made, for some good end,  
 Entirely from our reach of thought cut off?  
 So are the Italian cities all o'erstrong'd  
 With tyrants, and a great Marcellus made  
 Of every petty factious villager.

My Florence! thou mayst well remain unmoved  
 At this digression, which affects not thee:  
 Thanks to thy people, who so wisely speed.  
 Many have justice in their heart, that long  
 Waiteth for counsel to direct the bow,  
 Or ere it dart unto its aim: but thine  
 Have it on their lips' edge. Many refuse  
 To bear the common burdens: readier thine  
 Answer uncall'd, and cry, "Behold I stoop!"

Make thyself glad, for thou hast reason now,  
 Thou wealthy! thou at peace! thou wisdom-fraught!  
 Facts best will witness if I speak the truth.  
 Athens and Lacedæmon, who of old  
 Enacted laws, for civil arts renown'd,

<sup>13</sup> Two powerful Ghibelline families of Verona.

<sup>14</sup> Two rival families in Orvieto.  
<sup>15</sup> A place between Pisa and Siena.

Made little progress in improving life  
 Toward thee, who usest such nice subtlety,  
 That to the middle of November scarce  
 Reaches the thread thou in October weavest.  
 How many times within thy memory,  
 Customs, and laws, and coins, and offices  
 Have been by thee renew'd, and people changed.

If thou remember'st well and canst see clear,  
 Thou wilt perceive thyself like a sick wretch,  
 Who finds no rest upon her down, but oft  
 Shifting her side, short respite seeks from pain.

## CANTO VII

**ARGUMENT.**—The approach of night hindering further ascent, Sordello conducts our Poet apart to an eminence, from whence they behold a pleasant recess, in form of a flowery valley, scooped out of the mountain; where are many famous spirits, and among them the Emperor Rodolph, Ottocar, King of Bohemia, Philip III of France, Henry of Navarre, Peter III of Arragon, Charles I of Naples, Henry III of England, and William, Marquis of Montferrat.

**A**FTER their courteous greetings joyfully  
 Seven times exchanged, Sordello backward drew  
 Exclaiming, "Who are ye?"—"Before this mount  
 By spirits worthy of ascent to God  
 Was sought, my bones had by Octavius' care  
 Been buried. I am Virgil; for no sin  
 Deprived of Heaven, except for lack of faith."  
 So answer'd him in few my gentle guide.

As one, who aught before him suddenly  
 Beholding, whence his wonder riseth, cries,  
 "It is, yet is not," wavering in belief;  
 Such he appear'd; then downward bent his eyes,  
 And, drawing near with reverential step,  
 Caught him, where one of mean estate might clasp  
 His lord. "Glory of Latium!" he exclaim'd,  
 "In whom our tongue its utmost power display'd;  
 Boast of my honor'd birth-place! what desert  
 Of mine, what favour, rather, undeserved,  
 Shows thee to me? If I to hear that voice  
 Am worthy, say if from below thou comest,

And from what cloister's pale."—"Through every  
orb  
Of that sad region," he replied, "thus far  
Am I arrived, by heavenly influence led:  
And with such aid I come. Not for my doing,  
But for not doing, have I lost the sight  
Of that high Sun, whom thou desirest, and who  
By me too late was known. There is a place<sup>1</sup>  
There underneath, not made by torments sad,  
But by dun shades alone; where mourning's voice  
Sounds not of anguish sharp, but breathes in sighs.  
There I with little innocents abide,  
Who by death's fangs were bitten, ere exempt  
From human taint. There I with those abide,  
Who the three holy virtues<sup>2</sup> put not on,  
But understood the rest,<sup>3</sup> and without blame  
Follow'd them all. But, if thou know'st, and canst,  
Direct us how we soonest may arrive,  
Where Purgatory its true beginning takes."

He answer'd thus: "We have no certain place  
Assign'd us: upward I may go, or round.  
Far as I can, I join thee for thy guide.  
But thou beholdest now how day declines;  
And upward to proceed by night, our power  
Excels: therefore it may be well to choose  
A place of pleasant sojourn. To the right  
Some spirits sit apart retired. If thou  
Consentest, I to these will lead thy steps:  
And thou wilt know them, not without delight."

"How chances this?" was answer'd: "whoso wish'd  
To ascend by night, would he be thence debarr'd  
By other, or through his own weakness fail?"

The good Sordello then, along the ground  
Trailing his finger, spoke: "Only this line  
Thou shalt not overpass, soon as the sun  
Hath disappear'd; not that aught else impedes  
Thy going upward, save the shades of night.  
These, with the want of power, perplex the will.

<sup>1</sup> Limbo. See Hell, Canto iv. 24.

<sup>2</sup> Faith, Hope, and Charity.

<sup>3</sup> "The rest." Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance.

With them thou haply mightst return beneath,  
Or to and fro around the mountain's side  
Wander, while day is in the horizon shut."

My master straight, as wondering at his speech,  
Exclaim'd: "Then lead us quickly, where thou sayst  
That, while we stay, we may enjoy delight."

A little space we were removed from thence,  
When I perceived the mountain hollow'd out,  
Even as large valleys hollow'd out on earth.

"That way," the escorting spirit cried, "we go,  
Where in a bosom the high bank recedes:  
And thou await renewal of the day."

Betwixt the steep and plain, a crooked path  
Led us traverse into the ridge's side,  
Where more than half the sloping edge expires.  
Refulgent gold, and silver thrice refined,  
And scarlet grain and ceruse, Indian wood  
Of lucid dye serene, fresh emeralds  
But newly broken, by the herbs and flowers  
Placed in that fair recess, in color all  
Had been surpass'd, as great surpasses less.  
Nor nature only there lavish'd her hues,  
But of the sweetness of a thousand smells  
A rare and undistinguish'd fragrance made.

"Salve Regina,"<sup>4</sup> on the grass and flowers,  
Here chanting, I beheld those spirits sit,  
Who not beyond the valley could be seen.

"Before the westering sun sink to his bed,"  
Began the Mantuan, who our steps had turn'd,  
"Mid those, desire not that I lead ye on.  
For from this eminence ye shall discern  
Better the acts and visages of all,  
Than, in the nether vale, among them mix'd.  
He, who sits high above the rest, and seems  
To have neglected that he should have done,  
And to the others' song moves not his lip,  
The Emperor Rodolph call, who might have heal'd  
The wounds whereof fair Italy hath died,

<sup>4</sup> "Salve Regina." The beginning of a prayer to the Virgin.

So that by others she revives but slowly.  
 He, who with kindly visage comforts him,  
 Sway'd in that country,<sup>5</sup> where the water springs,  
 That Moldaw's river to the Elbe, and Elbe  
 Rolls to the ocean: Ottocar<sup>6</sup> his name:  
 Who in his swaddling-clothes was of more worth  
 Than Wenceslaus his son, a bearded man,  
 Pamper'd with rank luxuriousness and ease.  
 And that one with the nose deprest,<sup>7</sup> who close  
 In counsel seems with him of gentle look,<sup>8</sup>  
 Flying expired, withering the lily's flower.  
 Look there, how he doth knock against his breast.  
 The other ye behold, who for his cheek  
 Makes of one hand a couch, with frequent sighs.  
 They are the father and the father-in-law  
 Of Gallia's bane:<sup>9</sup> his vicious life they know  
 And foul; thence comes the grief that rends them thus.  
 "He, so robust of limb,<sup>10</sup> who measure keeps  
 In song with him of feature prominent,<sup>11</sup>  
 With every virtue bore his girdle braced.

<sup>5</sup> "That country." Bohemia.

<sup>6</sup> "Ottocar." King of Bohemia, who was killed in the battle of Marchfield, fought with Rodolph, August 26, 1278. Wenceslaus II., his son, who succeeded him in the Kingdom of Bohemia, died in 1305. The latter is again taxed with luxury in the *Paradise*, xix. 123.

<sup>7</sup> "That one with the nose deprest." Philip III., of France, father of Philip IV. He died in 1285, at Perpignan, in his retreat from Arragon.

<sup>8</sup> "Him of gentle look." Henry of Navarre, father of Jane, married to Philip IV., of France, whom Dante calls "mal di Francia."—"Gallia's bane."

<sup>9</sup> "Gallia's bane." G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. cxlvii, speaks with equal resentment of Philip IV. "In 1291, on the night of the calends of May, Philip le Bel, King of France, by advice of Biccio and Musciatto Franzesi, ordered all the Italians, who were in his country and realm, to be seized, under pretence of seizing the money-lenders, but thus he caused the good merchants also to be seized and

ransomed; for which he was much blamed and held in great abhorrence. And from thenceforth the realm of France fell evermore into degradation and decline. And it is observable that between the taking of Acre and this seizure in France, the merchants of Florence received great damage and ruin of their property."

<sup>10</sup> "He, so robust of limb." Peter III., called the Great, King of Arragon, who died in 1285, leaving four sons, Alonzo, James, Frederick, and Peter. The two former succeeded him in the Kingdom of Arragon, and Frederick in that of Sicily.

<sup>11</sup> "Him of feature prominent." "Dal maschio naso"—"with the masculine nose." Charles I., King of Naples, Count of Anjou, and brother of St. Louis. He died in 1284. The annalist of Florence remarks that "there had been no sovereign of the house of France, since the time of Charlemagne, by whom Charles was surpassed either in military renown and prowess, or in the loftiness of his understanding."

And if that stripling,<sup>12</sup> who behind him sits,  
 King after him had lived, his virtue then  
 From vessel to like vessel had been pour'd;  
 Which may not of the other heirs be said.  
 By James and Frederick his realms are held;  
 Neither the better heritage obtains.  
 Rarely into the branches of the tree  
 Doth human worth mount up: and so ordains  
 He who bestows it, that as His free gift  
 It may be call'd. To Charles<sup>13</sup> my words apply  
 No less than to his brother in song;  
 Which Pouille and Provence now with grief confess.  
 So much that plant degenerates from its seed,  
 As, more than Beatrix and Margaret,  
 Costanza<sup>14</sup> still boasts of her valorous spouse.

"Behold the King of simple life and plain,  
 Harry of England,<sup>15</sup> sitting there alone:  
 He through his branches better issue<sup>16</sup> spreads.

"That one, who, on the ground, beneath the rest,  
 Sits lowest, yet his gaze directs aloft,  
 Is William, that brave Marquis,<sup>17</sup> for whose cause,  
 The deed of Alexandria and his war  
 Makes Montferrat and Canavese weep."

<sup>12</sup> "That stripling." Either (as the old commentators suppose) Alonzo III., King of Arragon, the eldest son of Peter III., who died in 1291, at the age of 27; or, according to Venturi, Peter, the youngest son. The former was a young prince of virtue sufficient to have justified the eulogium and the hopes of Dante.

<sup>13</sup> "To Charles." "Al Nausto"—Charles II., King of Naples, is no less inferior to his father, Charles I., than James and Frederick to theirs, Peter III.

<sup>14</sup> "Costanza." Widow of Peter III. She has been already mentioned in the third Canto, v. 112. By Beatrix and Margaret are probably meant two of the daughters of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence; the latter married to St. Louis of France, the former to his brother Charles of Anjou, King of Naples. See Paradise, Canto vi. 135. Dante therefore considers Peter as the most illustrious of the three monarchs.

<sup>15</sup> "Harry of England." Henry III. The contemporary annalist speaks of this king in similar terms. G. Villani, lib. v. cap. iv. "From Richard was born Henry, who reigned after him, who was a plain man of good faith, but of little courage."

<sup>16</sup> "Better issue." Edward I., of whose glory our Poet was perhaps a witness in his visit to England. "From the said Henry was born the good King Edward, who reigns in our times, who has done great things, whereof we shall make mention in due place."—G. Villani, *ibid.*

<sup>17</sup> "William, that brave Marquis." William, Marquis of Montferrat, was treacherously seized by his own subjects, at Alessandria in Lombardy, A. D. 1290, and ended his life in prison. A war ensued between the people of Alessandria and those of Montferrat and the Canavese, now part of Piedmont.

## CANTO VIII

**ARGUMENT.**—Two Angels, with flaming swords broken at the points, descend to keep watch over the valley, into which Virgil and Dante entering by desire of Sordello, our Poet meets with joy the spirit of Nino, the judge of Gallura, one who was well known to him. Meantime three exceedingly bright stars appear near the pole, and a serpent creeps subtly into the valley, but flees at hearing the approach of those angelic guards. Lastly, Conrad Malaspina predicts to our Poet his future banishment.

NOW was the hour that wakens fond desire  
 In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart  
 Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,  
 And pilgrim newly on his road with love  
 Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,  
 That seems to mourn for the expiring day:  
 When I, no longer taking heed to hear,  
 Began, with wonder, from those spirits to mark  
 One risen from its seat, which with its hand  
 Audience implored. Both palms it join'd and raised,  
 Fixing its stedfast gaze toward the east,  
 As telling God, "I care for naught beside."  
 "Te Lucis Ante,"<sup>1</sup> so devoutly then  
 Came from its lip, and in so soft a strain,  
 That all my sense in ravishment was lost.  
 And the rest after, softly and devout,  
 Follow'd through all the hymn, with upward gaze  
 Directed to the bright supernal wheels.  
 Here, reader! for the truth make thine eyes keen:  
 For of so subtle texture is this veil,  
 That thou with ease mayst pass it through unmark'd.  
 I saw that gentle band silently next  
 Look up, as if in expectation held,  
 Pale and in lowly guise; and, from on high,  
 I saw, forth issuing descend beneath,  
 Two Angels, with two flame-illumined swords,  
 Broken and mutilated of their points.  
 Green as the tender leaves but newly born,  
 Their vesture was, the which, by wings as green  
 Beaten, they drew behind them, fann'd in air.  
 A little over us one took his stand;

<sup>1</sup> "*Te lucis ante terminum*," the first verse of the hymn in the last part of the sacred office, termed "complin."

The other lighted on the opposing hill;  
 So that the troop were in the midst contain'd.  
 Well I descried the whiteness on their heads;  
 But in their visages the dazzled eye  
 Was lost, as faculty that by too much  
 Is overpower'd. "From Mary's bosom both  
 Are come," exclaim'd Sordello, "as a guard  
 Over the vale, 'gainst him, who hither tends,  
 The serpent." Whence, not knowing by which path  
 He came, I turn'd me round; and closely press'd,  
 All frozen, to my leader's trusted side.

Sordello paused not: "To the valley now  
 (For it is time) let us descend; and hold  
 Converse with those great shadows: haply much  
 Their sight may please ye." Only three steps down  
 Methinks I measured, ere I was beneath,  
 And noted one who look'd as with desire  
 To know me. Time was now that air grew dim;  
 Yet not so dim, that, 'twixt his eyes and mine,  
 It clear'd not up what was conceal'd before.  
 Mutually toward each other we advanced.  
 Nino, thou courteous judge!<sup>2</sup> what joy I felt,  
 When I perceived thou wert not with the bad.

No salutation kind on either part  
 Was left unsaid. He then inquired: "How long,  
 Since thou arrived'st at the mountain's foot,  
 Over the distant waves?"—"Oh!" answer'd I,  
 "Through the sad seats of woe this morn I came;  
 And still in my first life, thus journeying on,  
 The other strive to gain." Soon as they heard  
 My words, he and Sordello backward drew,  
 As suddenly amazed. To Virgil one,  
 The other to a spirit turn'd, who near  
 Was seated, crying: "Conrad!<sup>3</sup> up with speed:  
 Come, see what of His grace high God hath will'd."  
 Then turning round to me: "By that rare mark  
 Of honour, which thou owest to Him, who hides  
 So deeply His first cause it hath no ford;

<sup>2</sup> Nino di Gallura de' Visconti, nephew betrayed by him.  
 to Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, and      <sup>3</sup> Father to Marcello Malaspina.

When thou shalt be beyond the vast of waves,  
 Tell my Giovanna,<sup>4</sup> that for me she call  
 There, where reply to innocence is made.  
 Her mother,<sup>5</sup> I believe, loves me no more;  
 Since she has changed the white and wimpled folds,<sup>6</sup>  
 Which she is doom'd once more with grief to wish.  
 By her it easily may be perceived,  
 How long in woman lasts the flame of love,  
 If sight and touch do not relume it oft.  
 For her so fair a burial will not make  
 The viper,<sup>7</sup> which calls Milan to the field,  
 As had been made by shrill Gallura's bird."<sup>8</sup>

He spoke, and in his visage took the stamp  
 Of that right zeal, which with due temperature  
 Glows in the bosom. My insatiate eyes  
 Meanwhile to Heaven had travel'd, even there  
 Where the bright stars are slowest, as a wheel  
 Nearest the axle; when my guide inquired:  
 "What there aloft, my son, has caught thy gaze?"

I answer'd: "The three torches,<sup>9</sup> with which here  
 The pole is all on fire." He then to me:  
 "The four resplendent stars, thou saw'st this morn,  
 Are there beneath; and these, risen in their stead."

While yet he spoke, Sordello to himself  
 Drew him, and cried: "Lo there our enemy!"  
 And with his hand pointed that way to look.

Along the side, where barrier none arose  
 Around the little vale, a serpent lay,  
 Such haply as gave Eve the bitter food.  
 Between the grass and flowers, the evil snake  
 Came on, reverting oft his lifted head;

<sup>4</sup> The daughter of Nino, and wife of Riccardo da Camino, of Trevigi.

<sup>5</sup> "Her mother." Beatrice, Marchioness of Este, wife of Nino, and after his death married to Galeazzo de' Visconti of Milan.

<sup>6</sup> The weeds of widowhood.

<sup>7</sup> The arms of Galeazzo and the ensign of the Milanese.

<sup>8</sup> The cock was the ensign of Gallura, Nino's province in Sardinia. It is not known whether Beatrice had any further cause to regret her nuptials with Galeazzo,

than a certain shame which appears, however unreasonably, to have attached to a second marriage.

<sup>9</sup> The three evangelical virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, are supposed to rise in the evening, to denote their belonging to the contemplative; as the four others are made to rise in the morning to signify their belonging to the active life: or perhaps it may mark the succession, in order of time, of the Gospel to the heathen system of morality.

And, as a beast that smooths its polish'd coat,  
 Licking his back. I saw not, nor can tell,  
 How those celestial falcons from their seat  
 Moved, but in motion each one well descried.  
 Hearing the air cut by their verdant plumes,  
 The serpent fled; and, to their stations, back  
 The Angels up return'd with equal flight.

The spirit, (who to Nino, when he call'd,  
 Had come), from viewing me with fixed ken,  
 Through all that conflict, loosen'd not his sight.

"So may the lamp, which leads thee up on high,  
 Find, in thy free resolve, of wax so much,  
 As may suffice thee to the enamel'd height."  
 It thus began: "If any certain news  
 Of Valdimagra and the neighbour part  
 Thou know'st, tell me, who once was mighty there.  
 They call'd me Conrad Malaspina; not  
 That old one, but from him I sprang. The love  
 I bore my people is now here refined."

"In your domains," I answer'd, "ne'er was I.  
 But, through all Europe, where do those men dwell.  
 To whom their glory is not manifest?  
 The fame, that honours your illustrious house,  
 Proclaims the nobles, and proclaims the land;  
 So that he knows it, who was never there.  
 I swear to you, so may my upward route  
 Prosper, your honoured nation not impairs  
 The value of her coffer and her sword.  
 Nature and use give her such privilege,  
 That while the world is twisted from his course  
 By a bad head, she only walks aright,  
 And has the evil way in scorn." He then:  
 "Now pass thee on: seven times the tired sun<sup>10</sup>  
 Revisits not the couch, which with four feet  
 The forked Aries covers, ere that kind  
 Opinion shall be nail'd into thy brain

<sup>10</sup> "The sun shall not enter into the constellation of Aries seven times more, before thou shalt have still better cause for the good opinion thou expressest of Valdimagra, in the kind reception thou

shalt there meet with." Dante was hospitably received by the Marchese Marcello, or Morello Malaspina, during his banishment, A. D. 1307.

With stronger nails than other's speech can drive;  
If the sure course of judgment be not stay'd."

## CANTO IX

**ARGUMENT.**—Dante is carried up the mountain, asleep and dreaming, by Lucia; and, on awakening, finds himself, two hours after sunrise, with Virgil, near the gate of Purgatory, through which they are admitted by the Angel deputed by St. Peter to keep it.

**N**OW the fair consort of Tithonus old,  
Arisen from her mate's beloved arms,  
Look'd palely o'er the eastern cliff; her brow,  
Lucent with jewels, glitter'd, set in sign  
Of that chill animal,<sup>1</sup> who with his train  
Smites fearful nations: and where then we were,  
Two steps of her ascent the night had past;  
And now the third was closing up its wing,<sup>2</sup>  
When I, who had so much of Adam with me,  
Sank down upon the grass, o'ercome with sleep,  
There where all five<sup>3</sup> were seated. In that hour,  
When near the dawn the swallow her sad lay,  
Remembering haply ancient grief,<sup>4</sup> renews;  
And when our minds, more wanderers from the flesh,  
And less by thought restrain'd, are, as 't were, full  
Of holy divination in their dreams;  
Then, in a vision, did I seem to view  
A golden-feather'd eagle in the sky,  
With open wings, and hovering for descent;  
And I was in that place, methought, from whence  
Young Ganymede, from his associates 'reft,  
Was snatch'd aloft to the high consistory.  
"Perhaps," thought I within me, "here alone  
He strikes his quarry, and elsewhere disdains

<sup>1</sup> "Of that chill animal." The scorpion.

<sup>2</sup> "The third was closing up its wing."

The night being divided into four watches, I think he may mean that the third was past, and the fourth and last was begun, so that there might be some faint glimmering of morning twilight; and not merely, as Lombardi supposes, that the third watch was drawing toward its close,

which would still leave an insurmountable difficulty in the first verse.

<sup>3</sup> "All five." Virgil, Dante, Sordello, Nino, and Corrado Malaspina.

<sup>4</sup> "Remembering haply ancient grief." Progne having been changed into a swallow after the outrage done her by Tereus.

To pounce upon the prey." Therewith, it seem'd,  
 A little wheeling in his airy tour,  
 Terrible as the lightning, rush'd he down,  
 And snatch'd me upward even to the fire.  
 There both, I thought, the eagle and myself  
 Did burn; and so intense the imagined flames,  
 That needs my sleep was broken off. As erst  
 Achilles shook himself, and round him roll'd  
 His waken'd eyeballs, wondering where he was,  
 Whenas his mother had from Chiron fled  
 To Scyros, with him sleeping in her arms;  
 There whence the Greeks did after sunder him;  
 E'en thus I shook me, soon as from my face  
 The slumber parted, turning deadly pale,  
 Like one ice-struck with dread. Sole at my side  
 My comfort stood: and the bright sun was now  
 More than two hours aloft: and to the sea  
 My looks were turn'd. "Fear not," my master cried,  
 "Assured we are at happy point. Thy strength  
 Shrink not, but rise dilated. Thou art come  
 To Purgatory now. Lo! there the cliff  
 That circling bounds it. Lo! the entrance there,  
 Where it doth seem disparted. Ere the dawn  
 Usher'd the day-light, when thy wearied soul  
 Slept in thee, o'er the flowery vale beneath  
 A lady came, and thus bespake me: 'I  
 Am Lucia.<sup>5</sup> Suffer me to take this man,  
 Who slumbers. Easier so his way shall speed.'  
 Sordello and the other gentle shapes  
 Tarrying, she bare thee up: and, as day shone,  
 This summit reach'd: and I pursued her steps.  
 Here did she place thee. First, her lovely eyes  
 That open entrance show'd me; then at once  
 She vanish'd with thy sleep." Like one, whose doubts  
 Are chased by certainty, and terror turn'd  
 To comfort on discovery of the truth,  
 Such was the change in me: and as my guide  
 Beheld me fearless, up along the cliff  
 He moved, and I behind him, toward the height.

<sup>5</sup> "Lucia." See Hell, c. ii 97 and Paradise, c. xxxii. 123.

Reader! thou markest how my theme doth rise;  
 Nor wonder therefore, if more artfully  
 I prop the structure. Nearer now we drew,  
 Arrived whence, in that part, where first a breach  
 As of a wall appear'd, I could descry  
 A portal, and three steps beneath, that led  
 For inlet there, of different colour each;  
 And one who watch'd, but spake not yet a word.  
 As more and more mine eye did stretch its view,  
 I mark'd him seated on the highest step,  
 In visage such, as past my power to bear.  
 Grasp'd in his hand, a naked sword glanced back  
 The rays so toward me, that I oft in vain  
 My sight directed. "Speak, from whence ye stand;"  
 He cried: "What would ye? Where is your escort?  
 Take heed your coming upward harm ye not."

"A heavenly dame, not skill-less of these things,"  
 Replied the instructor, "told us, even now,  
 'Pass that way: here the gate is.'—"And may she,  
 Befriending, prosper your ascent," resumed  
 The courteous keeper of the gate: "Come then  
 Before our steps." We straightway thither came.

The lowest stair<sup>6</sup> was marble white, so smooth  
 And polish'd, that therein my mirror'd form  
 Distinct I saw. The next of hue more dark  
 Than sablest grain, a rough and singed block,  
 Crack'd lengthwise and across. The third, that lay  
 Massy above, seem'd porphyry, that flamed  
 Red as the life-blood spouting from a vein.  
 On this God's angel either foot sustain'd,  
 Upon the threshold seated, which appear'd  
 A rock of diamond. Up the trial steps  
 My leader cheerly drew me. "Ask," said he,  
 "With humble heart, that he unbar the bolt."

Piously at his holy feet devolved  
 I cast me, praying him for pity's sake  
 That he would open to me; but first fell

<sup>6</sup>The white step suggests the contrition on their account; the porphyry, the fervor with which he resolves on the future pursuit of piety and virtue.

Thrice on my bosom prostrate. Seven times<sup>7</sup>  
 The letter, that denotes the inward stain,  
 He, on my forehead, with the blunted point  
 Of his drawn sword, inscribed. And "Look," he cried,  
 "When enter'd, that thou wash these scars away."

Ashes, or earth ta'en dry out of the ground,  
 Were of one colour with the robe he wore.  
 From underneath that vestment forth he drew  
 Two keys,<sup>8</sup> of metal twain: the one was gold,  
 Its fellow silver. With the pallid first,  
 And next the burnish'd, he so ply'd the gate,  
 As to content me well. "Whenever one  
 Faileth of these, that in the key-hole straight  
 It turn not, to this alley then expect  
 Access in vain." Such were the words he spake.  
 "One is more precious:<sup>9</sup> but the other needs  
 Skill and sagacity, large share of each,  
 Ere its good task to disengage the knot  
 Be worthily perform'd. From Peter these  
 I hold, of him instructed that I err  
 Rather in opening, than in keeping fast;  
 So but the suppliant at my feet implore."

Then of that hallow'd gate he thrust the door,  
 Exclaiming, "Enter, but this warning hear:  
 He forth again departs who looks behind."

As in the hinges of that sacred ward  
 The swivels turn'd, sonorous metal strong,  
 Harsh was the grating; nor so surlily  
 Roar'd the Tarpeian, when by force bereft  
 Of good Metellus, thenceforth from his loss  
 To leanness doom'd. Attentively I turn'd,  
 Listening the thunder that first issued forth;  
 And "We praise thee, O God," methought I heard,

<sup>7</sup> "Seven times." Seven P's, to denote the seven sins (Peccata) of which he was to be cleansed in his passage through Purgatory.

<sup>8</sup> "Two keys." Lombardi remarks that painters have usually drawn St. Peter with two keys, the one of gold and the other of silver; but that Niccolo Alemani, in his Dissertation de Parietinis

Lateranensibus, produces instances of his being represented with one key, and with three. We have here, however, not St. Peter, but an angel deputed by him.

<sup>9</sup> The golden key denotes the divine authority by which the priest absolves the sinners; the silver, the learning and judgment requisite for the due discharge of that office.

In accents blended with sweet melody.  
 The strains came o'er mine ear, e'en as the sound  
 Of choral voices, that in solemn chant  
 With organ<sup>10</sup> mingle, and now high and clear  
 Come swelling, now float indistinct away.

## CANTO X

**ARGUMENT.**—Being admitted at the gate of Purgatory, our Poets ascend a winding path up the rock, till they reach an open and level space that extends each way round the mountain. On the side that rises, and which is of white marble, are seen artfully engraven many stories of humility, which whilst they are contemplating, there approach the souls of those who expiate the sin of pride, and who are bent down beneath the weight of heavy stones.

**W**HEN we had passed the threshold of the gate,  
 (Which the soul's ill affection doth disuse,  
 Making the crooked seem the straighter path,)  
 I heard its closing sound. Had mine eyes turn'd,  
 For that offence what plea might have avail'd?  
 We mounted up the riven rock, that wound  
 On either side alternate, as the wave  
 Flies and advances. "Here some little art  
 Behoves us," said my leader, "that our steps  
 Observe the varying flexure of the path."  
 Thus we so slowly sped, that with cleft orb  
 The moon once more o'erhangs her watery couch,  
 Ere we that strait have threaded. But when free,  
 We came, and open, where the mount above  
 One solid mass retires; I spent with toil,  
 And both uncertain of the way, we stood,  
 Upon a plain more lonesome than the roads  
 That traverse desert wilds. From whence the brink  
 Borders upon vacuity, to foot  
 Of the steep bank that rises still, the space  
 Had measured thrice the stature of a man:  
 And, distant as mine eye could wing its flight,  
 To leftward now and now to right despatch'd,  
 That cornice equal in extent appear'd.

<sup>10</sup> "Organ." Organs were used in Italy as early as in the sixth century. If I remember rightly there is a passage in the Emperor Julian's writings, which shows that the organ was not unknown in his time.

Not yet our feet had on that summit moved,  
When I discover'd that the bank, around,  
Whose proud uprising all ascent denied,  
Was marble white; and so exactly wrought  
With quaintest sculpture, that not there alone  
Had Polycletus, but e'en nature's self  
Been shamed. The Angel (who came down to earth  
With tidings of the peace so many years  
Wept for in vain, that oped the heavenly gates  
From their long interdict) before us seem'd,  
In a sweet act, so sculptured to the life,  
He look'd no silent image. One had sworn  
He had said "Hail!" for she was imaged there,  
By whom the key did open to God's love;  
And in her act as sensibly imprest  
That word, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord,"  
As figure seal'd on wax. "Fix not thy mind  
On one place only," said the guide beloved,  
Who had me near him on that part where lies  
The heart of man. My sight forthwith I turn'd,  
And mark'd, behind the Virgin Mother's form,  
Upon that side where he that moved me stood.  
Another story graven on the rock.

I past athwart the bard, and drew me near,  
That it might stand more aptly for my view.  
There, in the self-same marble, were engraved  
The cart and kine, drawing the sacred ark,  
That from unbidden office awes mankind.  
Before it came much people; and the whole  
Parted in seven quires. One sense cried "Nay,"  
Another, "Yes, they sing." Like doubt arose  
Betwixt the eye and smell, from the curl'd fume  
Of incense breathing up the well-wrought toil.  
Preceding the blest vessel, onward came  
With light dance leaping, girt in humble guise,  
Israel's sweet harper: in that hap he seem'd  
Less, and yet more, than kingly. Opposite  
At a great palace, from the lattice forth  
Look'd Michol, like a lady full of scorn  
And sorrow. To behold the tablet next,

Which, at the back of Michol, whitely shone,  
 I moved me. There, was storied on the rock  
 The exalted glory of the Roman prince,  
 Whose mighty worth moved Gregory<sup>1</sup> to earn  
 His mighty conquest, Trajan the Emperor.  
 A widow at his bridle stood, attired  
 In tears and mourning. Round about them troop'd  
 Full throng of knights; and overhead in gold  
 The eagles floated, struggling with the wind.  
 The wretch appear'd amid all these to say:  
 "Grant vengeance, Sire! for, woe besrew this heart,  
 My son is murder'd." He replying seem'd:  
 "Wait now till I return." And she, as one  
 Made hasty by her grief: "O Sire! if thou  
 Dost not return?"—"Where I am, who then is,  
 May right thee."—"What to thee is other's good,  
 If thou neglect thy own?"—"Now comfort thee;"  
 At length he answers. "It beseemeth well  
 My duty be perform'd, ere I move hence:  
 So justice wills; and pity bids me stay."

He, whose ken nothing new surveys, produced  
 That visible speaking, new to us and strange,  
 The like not found on earth. Fondly I gazed  
 Upon those patterns of meek humbleness,  
 Shapes yet more precious for their artist's sake;  
 When "Lo!" the poet whisper'd, "where this way  
 (But slack their pace) a multitude advance,  
 These to the lofty steps shall guide us on."

Mine eyes, though bent on view of novel sights,  
 Their loved allurement, were not slow to turn.

Reader! I would not that amazed thou miss  
 Of thy good purpose, hearing how just God  
 Decrees our debts be cancel'd. Ponder not  
 The form of suffering. Think on what succeeds:  
 Think that, at worst, beyond the mighty doom  
 It cannot pass. "Instructor!" I began,  
 "What I see hither tending, bears no trace  
 Of human semblance, nor of aught beside

<sup>1</sup> "Gregory." St. Gregory's prayers are said to have delivered Trajan from hell.  
 See Paradise, Canto xx. 40.

That my foil'd sight can guess." He answering thus:  
 "So curb'd to earth, beneath their heavy terms  
 Of torment stoop they, that mine eye at first  
 Struggled as thine. But look intently thither;  
 And disentangle with thy laboring view,  
 What, underneath those stones, approacheth: now,  
 E'en now, mayst thou discern the pangs of each."

Christians and proud! O poor and wretched ones!  
 That, feeble in the mind's eye, lean your trust  
 Upon unstaid perverseness: know ye not  
 That we are worms, yet made at last to form  
 The winged insect,<sup>2</sup> imp'd with angel plumes,  
 That to Heaven's justice unobstructed soars?  
 Why buoy ye up aloft your unfledged souls?  
 Abortive then and shapeless ye remain,  
 Like the untimely embryon of a worm.

As, to support incumbent floor or roof,  
 For corbel, is a figure sometimes seen,  
 That crumples up its knees unto its breast;  
 With the feign'd posture, stirring ruth unfeign'd  
 In the beholder's fancy; so I saw  
 These fashion'd, when I noted well their guise.

Each, as his back was laden, came indeed  
 Or more or less contracted; and it seem'd  
 As he, who show'd most patience in his look,  
 Wailing exclaim'd: "I can endure no more."

### CANTO XI

**ARGUMENT.**—After a prayer uttered by the spirits, who were spoken of in the last Canto, Virgil inquires the way upward, and is answered by one, who declares himself to have been Omerto, son of the Count of Santafoire. Next our Poet distinguishes Oderigi, the illuminator, who discourses on the vanity of worldly fame, and points out to him the soul of Provenzano Salvani.

**O** THOU Almighty Father! who dost make  
 The heavens Thy dwelling, not in bounds con-  
 fined,  
 But that, with love intenser, there Thou view'st  
 Thy primal effluence; hallow'd be Thy name:  
 Join, each created being, to extol

<sup>2</sup> "The winged insect." The butterfly was an ancient and well-known symbol of the human soul.

Thy might; for worthy humblest thanks and praise  
Is Thy blest Spirit. May Thy kingdom's peace  
Come unto us; for we, unless it come,  
With all our striving, thither tend in vain.  
As, of their will, the Angels unto Thee  
Tender meet sacrifice, circling Thy throne  
With loud hosannas; so of theirs be done  
By saintly men on earth. Grant us, this day,  
Our daily manna, without which he roams  
Through this rough desert retrograde, who most  
Toils to advance his steps. As we to each  
Pardon the evil done us, pardon Thou  
Benign, and of our merit take no count.  
'Gainst the old adversary, prove Thou not  
Our virtue, easily subdued; but free  
From his incitements, and defeat his wiles.  
This last petition, dearest Lord! is made  
Not for ourselves; since that were needless now;  
But for their sakes who after us remain."

Thus for themselves and us good speed imploring,  
Those spirits went beneath a weight like that  
We sometimes feel in dreams; all, sore beset,  
But with unequal anguish; wearied all;  
Round the first circuit; purging as they go  
The world's gross darkness off. In our behoof  
If their vows still be offer'd, what can here  
For them be vow'd and done by such, whose wills  
Have root of goodness in them? Well beseems  
That we should help them wash away the stains  
They carried hence; that so, made pure and light,  
They may spring upward to the starry spheres.

"Ah! so may mercy-temper'd justice rid  
Your burdens speedily; that ye have power  
To stretch your wing, which e'en to your desire  
Shall lift you; as ye show us on which hand  
Toward the ladder leads the shortest way.  
And if there be more passages than one,  
Instruct us of that easiest to ascend:  
For this man, who comes with me, and bears yet  
The charge of fleshly raiment Adam left him,

Despite his better will, but slowly mounts.”  
 From whom the answer came unto these words,  
 Which my guide spake, appear’d not; but ’twas said:  
 “Along the bank to rightward come with us;  
 And ye shall find a pass that mocks not toil  
 Of living man to climb: and were it not  
 That I am hinder’d by the rock, wherewith  
 This arrogant neck is tamed, whence needs I stoop  
 My visage to the ground; him, who yet lives,  
 Whose name thou speak’st not, him I fain would view;  
 To mark if e’er I knew him, and to crave  
 His pity for the fardel that I bear.  
 I was of Latium,<sup>1</sup> of a Tuscan born,  
 A mighty one: Aldobrandesco’s name  
 My sire’s, I know not if ye e’er have heard.  
 My old blood and forefathers’ gallant deeds  
 Made me so haughty, that I clean forgot  
 The common mother; and to such excess  
 Wax’d in my scorn of all men, that I fell,  
 Fell therefore; by what fate, Siena’s sons.  
 Each child in Campagnatico, can tell.  
 I am Omberto: not me, only, pride  
 Hath injured, but my kindred all involved  
 In mischief with her. Here my lot ordains  
 Under this weight to groan, till I appease  
 God’s angry justice, since I did it not  
 Amongst the living, here amongst the dead.”

Listening I bent my visage down: and one  
 (Not he who spake) twisted beneath the weight  
 That urged him, saw me, knew me straight, and call’d;  
 Holding his eyes with difficulty fix’d  
 Intent upon me, stooping as I went  
 Companion of their way. “O!” I exclaim’d,  
 “Art thou not Oderigi?<sup>2</sup> art not thou  
 Agobbio’s glory, glory of that art  
 Which they of Paris call the limner’s skill?”

“Brother!” said he, “with tints, that gayer smile,

<sup>1</sup> “I was of Latium.” Omberto, the son of Guglielmo Aldobrandesco, Count of Santaiores, in the territory of Siena. His arrogance provoked his countrymen to

such a pitch of fury against him that he was murdered by them at Campagnatico.

<sup>2</sup> The illuminator, or miniature painter, a friend of Giotto and Dante.

Bolognian Franco's<sup>3</sup> pencil lines the leaves.  
 His all the honour now; my light obscured.  
 In truth, I had not been thus courteous to him  
 The whilst I lived, through eagerness of zeal  
 For that pre-eminence my heart was bent on.  
 Here, of such pride, the forfeiture is paid.  
 Nor were I even here, if, able still  
 To sin, I had not turn'd me unto God.  
 O powers of man! how vain your glory, nipt  
 E'en in its height of verdure, if an age  
 Less bright succeed not. Cimabue thought  
 To lord it over painting's field; and now  
 The cry is Giotto's,<sup>4</sup> and his name eclipsed.  
 Thus hath one Guido from the other<sup>5</sup> snatch'd  
 The letter'd prize: and he, perhaps, is born,  
 Who shall drive either from their nest. The noise  
 Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,  
 That blows from diverse points, and shifts its name,  
 Shifting the point it blows from. Shalt thou more  
 Live in the mouths of mankind, if thy flesh  
 Part shrivel'd from thee, than if thou hadst died  
 Before the coral and the pap were left;  
 Or e'er some thousand years have past? and that  
 Is, to eternity compared, a space  
 Briefer than is the twinkling of an eye  
 To the heaven's slowest orb. He there, who treads  
 So leisurely before me, far and wide  
 Through Tuscany resounded once; and now  
 Is in Siena scarce with whispers named:  
 There was he sovereign, when destruction caught  
 The maddening rage of Florence, in that day  
 Proud as she now is loathsome. Your renown  
 Is as the herb, whose hue doth come and go;

<sup>3</sup> Franco of Bologna, who is said to have been a pupil of Oderigi's.

<sup>4</sup> "The cry is Giotto's." In Giotto we have a proof at how early a period the fine arts were encouraged in Italy. His talents were discovered by Cimabue, while he was tending sheep for his father in the neighborhood of Florence, and he was afterward patronized by Pope Benedict

XI and Robert, King of Naples; and enjoyed the society and friendship of Dante, whose likeness he has transmitted to posterity.

<sup>5</sup> Guido Cavalcanti, the friend of our Poet, had eclipsed the literary fame of Guido Guinicelli. See also the twenty-sixth Canto.

And his might withers it, by whom it sprang  
 Crude from the lap of earth." I thus to him:  
 "True are thy sayings: to my heart they breathe  
 The kindly spirit of meekness, and allay  
 What tumours rankle there. But who is he,  
 Of whom thou spakest but now?"—"This," he replied,  
 "Is Provenzano. He is here, because  
 He reach'd with grasp presumptuous, at the sway  
 Of all Siena. Thus he still hath gone,  
 Thus goeth never-resting, since he died.  
 Such is the acquittance render'd back of him,  
 Who, in the mortal life, too much hath dared."  
 I then: "If soul, that to life's verge delays  
 Repentance, linger in that lower space,  
 Nor hither mount, (unless good prayers befriend),  
 Or ever time, long as it lived, be past;  
 How chanced admittance was vouchsafed to him?"  
 "When at his glory's topmost height," said he,  
 "Respect of dignity all cast aside,  
 Freely he fix'd him on Siena's plain,  
 A suitor<sup>6</sup> to redeem his suffering friend,  
 Who languish'd in the prison-house of Charles;  
 Nor, for his sake, refused through every vein  
 To tremble. More I will not say; and dark,  
 I know, my words are; but thy neighbours soon  
 Shall help thee to a comment on the text.  
 This is the work, that from these limits freed him."

<sup>6</sup> Provenzano Salvani, for the sake of one of his friends who was detained in captivity by Charles I of Sicily, personally supplicated the people of Siena to contribute the ransom required by the King;

and this act of self-abasement atoned for his general ambition. He fell at Vald' Elsa, where the Florentines discomfited the Sienese in June, 1269.

## CANTO XII

**ARGUMENT.**—Dante, being desired by Virgil to look down on the ground which they are treading, observes that it is wrought over with imagery exhibiting various instances of pride recorded in history and fable. They leave the first cornice, and are ushered to the next by an angel who points out the way.

WITH equal pace, as oxen in the yoke,  
I, with that laden spirit, journey'd on,  
Long as the mild instructor suffer'd me;  
But, when he bade me quit him, and proceed,  
(For "Here," said he, "behoves with sail and oars  
Each man, as best he may, push on his bark,")  
Upright, as one disposed for speed, I raised  
My body, still in thought submissive bow'd.  
I now my leader's track not loth pursued;  
And each had shown how light we fared along,  
When thus he warned me: "Bend thine eyesight down,  
For thou, to ease the way, shalt find it good  
To ruminate the bed beneath thy feet."

As, in memorial of the buried, drawn  
Upon earth-level tombs, the sculptured form  
Of what was once, appears, (at sight whereof  
Tears often stream forth, by remembrance waked,  
Whose sacred stings the piteous often feel),  
So saw I there, but with more curious skill  
Of portraiture o'erwrought, whate'er of space  
From forth the mountain stretches. On one part  
Him I beheld, above all creatures erst  
Created noblest, lightening fall from Heaven:  
On the other side, with bolt celestial pierced,  
Briareus; cumbering earth he lay, through dint  
Of mortal ice-stroke. The Thymbræan god,<sup>1</sup>  
With Mars, I saw, and Pallas, round their sire,  
Arm'd still, and gazing on the giants' limbs  
Strewn o'er the ethereal field. Nimrod I saw:  
At foot of the stupendous work he stood,  
As if bewilder'd, looking on the crowd  
Leagued in his proud attempt on Sennaar's plain.  
O Niobe! in what a trance of woe

<sup>1</sup> "The Thymbræan god." Apollo.

Thee I beheld, upon that highway drawn,  
 Seven sons on either side thee slain. O Saul!  
 How ghastly didst thou look, on thine own sword  
 Expiring, in Gilboa, from that hour  
 Ne'er visited with rain from heaven, or dew.

O fond Arachne! thee I also saw,  
 Half spider now, in anguish, crawling up  
 The unfinish'd web thou weaved'st to thy bane.

O Rehoboam! here thy shape doth seem  
 Louring no more defiance; but fear-smote,  
 With none to chase him, in his chariot whirl'd.

Was shown beside upon the solid floor,  
 How dear Alcmæon forced his mother rate  
 That ornament, in evil hour received:  
 How, in the temple, on Sennacherib fell  
 His sons, and how a corpse they left him there.  
 Was shown the scath, and cruel mangling made  
 By Tomyris on Cyrus, when she cried,  
 "Blood thou didst thirst for: take thy fill of blood."  
 Was shown how routed in the battle fled  
 The Assyrians, Holofernes slain, and e'en  
 The relics of the carnage. Troy I mark'd,  
 In ashes and in caverns. Oh! how fallen,  
 How abject, Ilion, was thy semblance there.

What master of the pencil or the style  
 Had traced the shades and lines, that might have made  
 The subtlest workman wonder? Dead, the dead;  
 The living seem'd alive: with clearer view,  
 His eye beheld not, who beheld the truth,  
 Than mine what I did tread on, while I went  
 Low bending. Now swell out, and with stiff necks  
 Pass on, ye sons of Eve! vale not your looks,  
 Lest they descry the evil of your path.

I noted not (so busied was my thought)  
 How much we now had circled of the mount;  
 And of his course yet more the sun had spent;  
 When he, who with still wakeful caution went,  
 Admonish'd: "Raise thou up thy head: for know  
 Time is not now for slow suspense. Behold,  
 That way, an Angel hastening toward us. Lo,

When duly the sixth handmaid doth return  
 From service on the day. Wear thou, in look  
 And gesture, seemly grace of reverent awe;  
 That gladly he may forward us aloft.  
 Consider that this day ne'er dawns again."

Time's loss he had so often warn'd me 'gainst,  
 I could not miss the scope at which he aim'd.

The goodly shape approach'd us, snowy white  
 In vesture, and with visage casting streams  
 Of tremulous lustre like the matin star.  
 His arms he open'd, then his wings; and spake:  
 "Onward! the steps, behold, are near; and now  
 The ascent is without difficulty gain'd."

A scanty few are they, who, when they hear  
 Such tidings, hasten. O, ye race of men!  
 Though born to soar, why suffer ye a wind  
 So slight to baffle ye? He led us on  
 Where the rock parted; here, against my front,  
 Did beat his wings; then promised I should fare  
 In safety on my way. As to ascend  
 That steep, upon whose brow the chapel stands,<sup>2</sup>  
 (O'er Rubaonte, looking lordly down  
 On the well-guided city<sup>3</sup>), up the right  
 The impetuous rise is broken by the steps  
 Carved in that old and simple age, when still  
 The registry<sup>4</sup> and label rested safe;  
 Thus is the acclivity relieved, which here,  
 Precipitous, from the other circuit falls:  
 But, on each hand, the tall cliff presses close.

As, entering, there we turn'd, voices, in strain  
 Ineffable, sang: "Blessed<sup>5</sup> are the poor  
 In spirit." Ah! how far unlike to these

<sup>2</sup> "The chapel stands." The church of San Miniato in Florence, situated on a height that overlooks the Arno, where it is crossed by the bridge Rubaonte, so called from Messer Rubaonte da Mandella, of Milan, chief magistrate of Florence, by whom the bridge was founded in 1237. [The bridge is now generally known as the Ponte alle Grazie.] —Ed.]

<sup>3</sup> "The well-guided city." This is said ironically of Florence.

<sup>4</sup> "The registry." In allusion to certain instances of fraud committed in Dante's time with respect to the public accounts and measures.

<sup>5</sup> "Blessed." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. v. 3.

The straits of Hell: here songs to usher us,  
 There shrieks of woe. We climb the holy stairs:  
 And lighter to myself by far I seem'd  
 Than on the plain before; whence thus I spake:  
 "Say, master, of what heavy thing have I  
 Been lighten'd; that scarce aught the sense of toil  
 Affects me journeying?" He in few replied:  
 "When sin's broad characters,<sup>6</sup> that yet remain  
 Upon thy temples, though well nigh effaced,  
 Shall be, as one is, all clean razed out;  
 Then shall thy feet by heartiness of will  
 Be so o'ercome, they not alone shall feel  
 No sense of labor, but delight much more  
 Shall wait them, urged along their upward way."

Then like to one, upon whose head is placed  
 Somewhat he deems not of, but from the becks  
 Of others, as they pass him by; his hand  
 Lends therefore help to assure him, searches, finds,  
 And well performs such office as the eye  
 Wants power to execute; so stretching forth  
 The fingers of my right hand, did I find  
 Six only of the letters, which his sword,  
 Who bare the keys, had traced upon my brow.  
 The leader, as he mark'd mine action, smiled.

## CANTO XIII

ARGUMENT.—They gain the second cornice, where the sin of envy is purged; and having proceeded a little to the right, they hear voices uttered by invisible spirits recounting famous examples of charity, and next behold the shades, or souls, of the envious clad in sackcloth, and having their eyes sewed up with an iron thread. Amongst these Dante finds Sapia, a Siennese lady, from whom he learns the cause of her being there.

**W**E reach'd the summit of the scale, and stood  
 Upon the second buttress of that mount  
 Which healeth him who climbs. A cornice there,  
 Like to the former, girdles round the hill;  
 Save that its arch, with sweep less ample, bends.

<sup>6</sup> "Sin's broad characters." Of the seven P's, that denoted the same number of sins (Peccata) whereof he was to be cleansed (see Canto ix. 100), the first had now vanished in consequence of his having passed the place where the sin of pride, the chief of them, was expiated.

Shadow, nor image there, is seen: all smooth  
 The rampart and the path, reflecting naught  
 But the rock's sullen hue. "If here we wait,  
 For some to question," said the bard, "I fear  
 Our choice may haply meet too long delay."

Then fixedly upon the sun his eyes  
 He fasten'd; made his right the central point  
 From whence to move; and turn'd the left aside.  
 "O pleasant light, my confidence and hope!  
 Conduct us thou," he cried, "on this new way,  
 Where now I venture; leading to the bourn  
 We seek. The universal world to thee  
 Owes warmth and lustre. If no other cause  
 Forbid, thy beams should ever be our guide."

Far, as is measured for a mile on earth,  
 In brief space had we journey'd; such prompt will  
 Impell'd; and toward us flying, now were heard  
 Spirits invisible, who courteously  
 Unto love's table bade the welcome guest.  
 The voice, that first flew by, call'd forth aloud,  
 "They have no wine," so on behind us past,  
 Those sounds reiterating, nor yet lost  
 In the faint distance, when another came  
 Crying, "I am Orestes,"<sup>1</sup> and alike  
 Wing'd its fleet way. "O father!" I exclaim'd,  
 "What tongues are these?" and as I question'd, lo!  
 A third exclaiming, "Love ye those have wrong'd you."

"This circuit," said my teacher, "knots the scourge  
 For envy; and the cords are therefore drawn  
 By charity's correcting hand. The curb  
 Is of a harsher sound; as thou shalt hear  
 (If I deem rightly) ere thou reach the pass,  
 Where pardon sets them free. But fix thine eyes  
 Intently through the air; and thou shalt see  
 A multitude before thee seated, each  
 Along the shelving grot." Then more than erst  
 I oped mine eyes; before me view'd; and saw  
 Shadows with garments dark as was the rock;  
 And when we pass'd a little forth, I heard

<sup>1</sup> "Orestes." Alluding to his friendship with Pylades.

A crying, "Blessed Mary! pray for us,  
Michael and Peter! all ye saintly host!"

I do not think there walks on earth this day  
Man so remorseless, that he had not yearn'd  
With pity at the sight that next I saw.  
Mine eyes a load of sorrow teem'd, when now  
I stood so near them, that their semblances  
Came clearly to my view. Of sackcloth vile  
Their covering seem'd; and, on his shoulder, one  
Did stay another, leaning; and all lean'd  
Against the cliff. E'en thus the blind and poor,  
Near the confessionals, to crave an alms,  
Stand, each his head upon his fellow's sunk;  
So most to stir compassion, not by sound  
Of words alone, but that which moves not less,  
The sight of misery. And as never beam  
Of noon-day visiteth the eyeless man,  
E'en so was heaven a niggard unto these  
Of his fair light: for, through the orbs of all,  
A thread of wire, impiercing, knits them up,  
As for the taming of a haggard hawk.  
It were a wrong, methought, to pass and look  
On others, yet myself the while unseen.  
To my sage counsel therefore did I turn.  
He knew the meaning of the mute appeal,  
Nor waited for my questioning, but said:  
"Speak; and be brief, be subtile in thy words."

On that part of the cornice, whence no rim  
Engarlands its steep fall, did Virgil come;  
On the other side me were the spirits, their cheeks  
Bathing devout with penitential tears,  
That through the dread impalement forced a way.

I turn'd me to them, and "O shades!" said I,  
"Assured that to your eyes unveil'd shall shine  
The lofty light, sole object of your wish,  
So may Heaven's grace clear whatsoe'er of foam  
Floats turbid on the conscience, that thenceforth  
The stream of mind roll limpid from its source;  
As ye declare (for so shall ye impart  
A boon I dearly prize) if any soul

Of Latium dwell among ye: and perchance  
That soul may profit, if I learn so much."

"My brother! we are, each one, citizens  
Of one true city.<sup>2</sup> Any, thou wouldest say,  
Who lived a stranger in Italia's land."

So heard I answering, as appear'd, a voice  
That onward came some space from whence I stood.

A spirit I noted, in whose look was mark'd  
Expectance. Ask ye how? The chin was raised  
As in one reft of sight. "Spirit," said I,  
"Who for thy rise art tutoring, (if thou be  
That which didst answer to me), or by place,  
Or name, disclose thyself, that I may know thee."

"I was," it answer'd, "of Sienna: here  
I cleanse away with these the evil life,  
Soliciting with tears that He, who is,  
Vouchsafe Him to us. Though Sapia<sup>3</sup> named,  
In sapience I excell'd not; gladder far  
Of other's hurt, than of the good befell me.  
That thou mayst own I now deceive thee not,  
Hear, if my folly were not as I speak it.  
When now my tears sloped waning down the arch,  
It so bechanced, my fellow-citizens  
Near Colle met their enemies in the field;  
And I pray'd God to grant what He had will'd.<sup>4</sup>  
There were they vanquish'd, and betook themselves  
Unto the bitter passages of flight.  
I mark'd the hunt; and waxing out of bounds  
In gladness, lifted up my shameless brow,  
And, like the merlin<sup>5</sup> cheated by a gleam,  
Cried: 'It is over. Heaven! I fear thee not.'  
Upon my verge of life I wish'd for peace  
With God; nor yet repentance had supplied  
What I did lack of duty, were it not

<sup>2</sup> "—Citizens of one true city!" "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb xii. 14.

<sup>3</sup> "Sapia." A lady of Sienna, living in exile at Colle, so overjoyed at a defeat which her countrymen sustained near that place, that she declared nothing more was wanting to make her die contented.

<sup>4</sup> "—What He had will'd." That her countrymen should be defeated in battle.

<sup>5</sup> Induced by a gleam of fine weather in the winter to escape from his master, the merlin was soon oppressed by the rigor of the season.

The hermit Piero,<sup>6</sup> touch'd with charity,  
 In his devout orisons thought on me.  
 But who art thou that question'st of our state,  
 Who go'st, as I believe, with lids unclosed,  
 And breathest in thy talk?"—"Mine eyes," said I,  
 "May yet be here ta'en from me; but not long;  
 For they have not offended grievously  
 With envious glances. But the woe beneath<sup>7</sup>  
 Urges my soul with more exceeding dread.  
 That nether load already weighs me down."

She thus: "Who then, amongst us here aloft,  
 Hath brought thee, if thou weenest to return?"

"He," answered I, "who standeth mute beside me.  
 I live: of me ask therefore, chosen spirit!  
 If thou desire I yonder yet should move  
 For thee my mortal feet."—"Oh!" she replied,  
 "This is so strange a thing, it is great sign  
 That God doth love thee. Therefore with thy prayer  
 Sometime assist me: and, by that I crave,  
 Which most thou covetest, that if thy feet  
 E'er tread on Tuscan soil, thou save my fame  
 Amongst my kindred. Them shalt thou behold  
 With that vain multitude,<sup>8</sup> who set their hope  
 On Telamone's haven; there to fail  
 Confounded, more than when the fancied stream  
 They sought, of Dian call'd: but they, who lead  
 Their navies, more than ruin'd hopes shall mourn."

<sup>6</sup> "The hermit Piero." Piero Pettinagno, a holy hermit of Florence.

<sup>7</sup> Dante felt that he was much more subject to the sin of pride, than to that of envy.

<sup>8</sup> The Sienese.

## CANTO XIV

**ARGUMENT.**—Our Poet on this second cornice finds also the souls of Guido del Duca of Brettinoro, and Rinieri da Calboli of Romagna; the latter of whom, hearing that he comes from the banks of the Arno, inveighs against the degeneracy of all those who dwell in the cities visited by that stream; and the former, in like manner, against the inhabitants of Romagna. On leaving these, our Poets hear voices recording noted instances of envy.

“**S**AY,<sup>1</sup> who is he around our mountain winds,  
Or ever death has pruned his wing for flight;  
That opes his eyes, and covers them at will?”

“I know not who he is, but know thus much;  
He comes not singly. Do thou ask of him,  
For thou art nearer to him; and take heed,  
Accost him gently, so that he may speak.”

Thus on the right two spirits, bending each  
Toward the other, talk’d of me; then both  
Addressing me, their faces backward lean’d,  
And thus the one<sup>2</sup> began: “O soul, who yet  
Pent in the body, tendest towards the sky!  
For charity, we pray thee, comfort us;  
Recounting whence thou comest, and who thou art:  
For thou dost make us, at the favor shown thee,  
Marvel, as at a thing that ne’er hath been.”

“There stretches through the midst of Tuscany,”  
I straight began, “a brooklet,<sup>3</sup> whose well-head  
Springs up in Falterona; with his race  
Not satisfied, when he some hundred miles  
Hath measured. From his banks bring I this frame.  
To tell you who I am were words mis-spent:  
For yet my name scarce sounds on rumour’s lip.”

“If well I do incorporate with my thought  
The meaning of thy speech,” said he, who first  
Address’d me, “thou dost speak of Arno’s wave.”

To whom the other:<sup>4</sup> “Why hath he conceal’d  
The title of that river, as a man  
Doth of some horrible thing?” The spirit, who

<sup>1</sup> “Say.” The two spirits who thus speak to each other are Guido del Duca, of Brettinoro, and Rinieri da Calboli, of Romagna.

<sup>2</sup> “The one.” Guido del Duca.

<sup>3</sup> The Arno, that rises in Falterona, a mountain in the Apennines. Its course is 120 miles.

<sup>4</sup> Rinieri da Calboli.

Thereof was question'd, did acquit him thus:  
 "I know not: but 'tis fitting well the name  
 Should perish of that vale; for from the source,<sup>5</sup>  
 Where teems so plenteously the Alpine steep  
 Maim'd of Pelorus, (that doth scarcely pass  
 Beyond that limit), even to the point  
 Where unto ocean is restored what heaven  
 Drains from the exhaustless store for all earth's streams,  
 Throughout the space is virtue worried down,  
 As 't were a snake, by all, for mortal foe;  
 Or through disastrous influence on the place,  
 Or else distortion of misguided wills  
 That custom goads to evil: whence in those,  
 The dwellers in that miserable vale,  
 Nature is so transform'd, it seems as they  
 Had shared of Circe's feeding. 'Midst brute swine,<sup>6</sup>  
 Worthier of acorns than of other food  
 Created for man's use, he shapeth first  
 His obscure way; then, sloping onward, finds  
 Curs,<sup>7</sup> snarlers more in spite than power, from whom  
 He turns with scorn aside: still journeying down,  
 By how much more the curst and luckless foss<sup>8</sup>  
 Swells out to largeness, e'en so much it finds  
 Dogs turning into wolves.<sup>9</sup> Descending still  
 Through yet more hollow eddies, next he meets  
 A race of foxes,<sup>10</sup> so replete with craft,  
 They do not fear that skill can master it.  
 Nor will I cease because my words are heard<sup>11</sup>  
 By other ears than thine. It shall be well  
 For this man,<sup>12</sup> if he keep in memory  
 What from no erring spirit I reveal.  
 Lo! I behold thy grandson,<sup>13</sup> that becomes

<sup>5</sup> From the rise of the Arno in the Apennines, whence Pelorus in Sicily was torn by a convulsion of the earth, even to the point where the same river unites with the ocean. Virtue is persecuted by all.

<sup>6</sup> The people of Casentino.

<sup>7</sup> "Curs." The Arno leaves Arezzo about four miles to the left.

<sup>8</sup> "Foss." So in his anger he terms the Arno.

<sup>9</sup> "Wolves." The Florentines.

<sup>10</sup> "Foxes." The Pisans.

<sup>11</sup> Guido still addresses Rinieri.

<sup>12</sup> For Dante, who has told us that he comes from the banks of Arno.

<sup>13</sup> "Thy grandson." Fulcieri da Calboli, grandson of Rinieri da Calboli, who is here spoken to. The atrocities predicted came to pass in 1302.

A hunter of those wolves, upon the shore  
 Of the fierce stream; and cows them all with dread.  
 Their flesh, yet living, sets he up to sale,  
 Then, like an aged beast, to slaughter dooms.  
 Many of life he reaves, himself of worth  
 And goodly estimation. Smear'd with gore,  
 Mark how he issues from the rueful wood;  
 Leaving such havoc, that in thousand years  
 It spreads not to prime lustihood again."

As one, who tidings hears of woe to come,  
 Changes his looks perturb'd, from whate'er part  
 The peril grasp him; so beheld I change  
 That spirit, who had turn'd to listen; struck  
 With sadness, soon as he had caught the word.

His visage, and the other's speech, did raise  
 Desire in me to know the names of both;  
 Whereof, with meek entreaty, I inquired.

The shade, who late address'd me, thus resumed:  
 "Thy wish imports, that I vouchsafe to do  
 For thy sake what thou wilt not do for mine.  
 But, since God's will is that so largely shine  
 His grace in thee, I will be liberal too.  
 Guido of Duca know then that I am.  
 Envy so parch'd my blood, that had I seen  
 A fellow man made joyous, thou had'st mark'd  
 A livid paleness overspread my cheek.  
 Such harvest reap I of the seed I sow'd.  
 O man! why place thy heart where there doth need  
 Exclusion of participants in good?  
 This is Rinieri's spirit; this, the boast  
 And honour of the house of Calboli;  
 Where of his worth no heritage remains.  
 Nor his the only blood, that hath been stript  
 ("Twixt Po, the mount, the Reno, and the shore<sup>14</sup>)  
 Of all that truth or fancy asks for bliss:  
 But, in those limits, such a growth has sprung  
 Of rank and venom'd roots, as long would mock  
 Slow culture's toil. Where is good Lizio?<sup>15</sup> where

<sup>14</sup> The boundaries of Romagna.      duced into Boccaccio's Decameron, G. v.  
<sup>15</sup> "Lizio." Lizio da Valbona intro- N. 4.

Mainardi, Traversaro, and Carpigna?<sup>16</sup>  
 O bastard slips of old Romagna's line!  
 When in Bologna the low artisan,<sup>17</sup>  
 And in Faenza yon Bernardin<sup>18</sup> sprouts,  
 A gentle cyon from ignoble stem.  
 Wonder not, Tuscan, if thou see me weep,  
 When I recall to mind those once loved names,  
 Guido of Prata,<sup>19</sup> and of Azzo him<sup>20</sup>  
 That dwelt with us; Tignoso<sup>21</sup> and his troop,  
 With Traversaro's house and Anastagio's,<sup>22</sup>  
 (Each race disherited); and beside these,  
 The ladies and the knights, the toils and ease,  
 That witch'd us into love and courtesy;  
 Where now such malice reigns in recreant hearts  
 O Brettinoro!<sup>23</sup> wherefore tarriest still,  
 Since forth of thee thy family hath gone,  
 And many, hating evil, join'd their steps?  
 Well doeth he, that bids his lineage cease,  
 Bagnacavallo;<sup>24</sup> Castrocaro ill,  
 And Conio worse,<sup>25</sup> who care to propagate  
 A race of Counties<sup>26</sup> from such blood as theirs.  
 Well shall ye also do, Pagani,<sup>27</sup> then  
 When from amongst you hies your demon child;  
 Not so, howe'er, that thenceforth there remain

<sup>16</sup> Arrigo Manardi, of Faenza, or, as some say, of Brettinoro; Pier Traversaro, Lord of Ravenna; and Guido di Carpigna, of Montefeltrò.

<sup>17</sup> One who had been a mechanic, named Lambertaccio, arrived at almost supreme power in Bologna.

<sup>18</sup> Benardin di Fosco, a man of low origin, but great talents, who governed at Faenza.

<sup>19</sup> "Prata." A place between Faenza and Ravenna.

<sup>20</sup> "Of Azzo him." Ugolino, of the Ubaldini family in Tuscany.

<sup>21</sup> Federigo Tignoso of Rimini.

<sup>22</sup> Two noble families of Ravenna.

<sup>23</sup> "O Brettinoro." A beautifully situated castle in Romagna, the hospitable residence of Guido del Duca, who is here speaking. Landino relates that there were several of this family who, when a stran-

ger arrived among them, contended with one another by whom he should be entertained; and that in order to end this dispute, they set up a pillar with as many rings as there were fathers of families among them, a ring being assigned to each, and that accordingly as a stranger on his arrival hung his horse's bridle on one or other of these, he became his guest to whom the ring belonged.

<sup>24</sup> "Bagnacavallo." A castle between Imola and Ravenna.

<sup>25</sup> "— Castrocaro ill, and Conio worse." Both in Romagna.

<sup>26</sup> "Counties." I have used this word here for "counts," as it is in Shakespeare.

<sup>27</sup> "Pagani." The Pagani were lords of Faenza and Imola. One of them, Machiardo, was named "the Demon," from his treachery. See Hell, Canto xxvii. 47 and note.

True proof of what ye were. O Hugolin,<sup>23</sup>  
Thou sprung of Fantolini's line! thy name  
Is safe; since none is look'd for after thee  
To cloud its lustre, warping from thy stock.  
But, Tuscan! go thy ways; for now I take  
Far more delight in weeping, than in words.  
Such pity for your sakes hath wrung my heart."

We knew those gentle spirits, at parting, heard  
Our steps. Their silence therefore, of our way,  
Assured us. Soon as we had quitted them,  
Advancing onward, lo! a voice, that seem'd  
Like volley'd lightning, when it rives the air,  
Met us, and shouted, "Whosoever finds  
Will slay me"; then fled from us, as the bolt  
Lanced sudden from a downward-rushing cloud.  
When it had given short truce unto our hearing,  
Behold the other with a crash as loud  
As the quick-following thunder: "Mark in me  
Aglauros, turn'd to rock." I, at the sound  
Retreating, drew more closely to my guide.

Now in mute stillness rested all the air;  
And thus he spake: "There was the galling bit,  
Which should keep man within his boundary.  
But your old enemy so baits the hook,  
He drags you eager to him. Hence nor curb  
Avails you, nor reclaiming call. Heaven calls,  
And, round about you wheeling, courts your gaze  
With everlasting beauties. Yet your eye  
Turns with fond doting still upon the earth.  
Therefore He smites you who discerneth all."

<sup>23</sup> "Hugolin." Ugolino Ubaldini, a noble and virtuous person in Faenza, who, on account of his age probably, was not likely to leave any offspring behind him.

## CANTO XV

ARGUMENT.—An Angel invites them to ascend the next steep. On their way Dante suggests certain doubts, which are resolved by Virgil; and, when they reach the third cornice, where the sin of anger is purged, our Poet, in a kind of waking dream, beholds remarkable instances of patience; and soon after they are enveloped in a dense fog.

**A**S much as 'twixt the third hour's close and dawn,  
Appeareth of Heaven's sphere, that ever whirls  
As restless as an infant in his play;  
So much appear'd remaining to the sun  
Of his slope journey towards the western goal.

Evening was there, and here the noon of night;  
And full upon our forehead smote the beams.  
For round the mountain, circling, so our path  
Had led us, that toward the sunset now  
Direct we journey'd; when I felt a weight  
Of more exceeding splendour, than before,  
Press on my front. The cause unknown, amaze  
Possess'd me! and both hands against my brows  
Lifting, I interposed them, as a screen,  
That of its gorgeous superflux of light  
Clips the diminish'd orb. As when the ray,  
Striking on water or the surface clear  
Of mirror, leaps unto the opposite part,  
Ascending at a glance, e'en as it fell,  
And as much differs from the stone, that falls  
Through equal space, (so practic skill hath shown);  
Thus, with refracted light, before me seem'd  
The ground there smitten; whence, in sudden haste,  
My sight recoil'd. "What is this, sire beloved!  
'Gainst which I strive to shield the sight in vain?"  
Cried I, "and which toward us moving seems?"

"Marvel not, if the family of Heaven,"  
He answer'd, "yet with dazzling radiance dim  
Thy sense. It is a messenger who comes,  
Inviting man's ascent. Such sights ere long,  
Not grievous, shall impart to thee delight,  
As thy perception is by nature wrought  
Up to their pitch." The blessed Angel, soon

As we had reach'd him, hail'd us with glad voice:  
 "Here enter on a ladder far less steep  
 Than ye have yet encounter'd." We forthwith  
 Ascending, heard behind us chanted sweet,  
 "Blessed the merciful,"<sup>1</sup> and "Happy thou,  
 That conquer'st." Lonely each, my guide and I,  
 Pursued our upward way; and as we went,  
 Some profit from his words I hoped to win,  
 And thus of him inquiring, framed my speech:  
 "What meant Romagna's spirit,<sup>2</sup> when he spake  
 Of bliss exclusive, with no partner shared?"

He straight replied: "No wonder, since he knows  
 What sorrow waits on his own worst defect,  
 If he chide others, that they less may mourn.  
 Because ye point your wishes at a mark,  
 Where, by communion of possessors, part  
 Is lessen'd, envy bloweth up men's sighs.  
 No fear of that might touch ye, if the love  
 Of higher sphere exalted your desire.  
 For there, by how much more they call it *ours*,  
 So much propriety of each in good  
 Increases more, and heighten'd charity  
 Wraps that fair cloister in a brighter flame."

"Now lack I satisfaction more," said I,  
 "Than if thou hadst been silent at the first;  
 And doubt more gathers on my labouring thought.  
 How can it chance, that good distributed,  
 The many, that possess it, makes more rich,  
 Than if 't were shared by few?" He answering thus:  
 "Thy mind, reverting still to things of earth,  
 Strikes darkness from true light. The highest Good  
 Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed  
 To love, as beam to lucid body darts,  
 Giving as much of ardour as it finds.  
 The sempiternal effluence streams abroad,  
 Spreading, wherever charity extends;  
 So that the more aspirants to that bliss  
 Are multiplied, more good is there to love,  
 And more is loved; as mirrors, that reflect,

<sup>1</sup> "Blessed the merciful." Matt. v. 7.   <sup>2</sup> Guido del Duca, of Brettinoro.

Each unto other, propagated light.  
 If these my words avail not to allay  
 Thy thirsting, Beatrice thou shalt see,  
 Who of this want, and of all else thou hast,  
 Shall rid thee to the full. Provide but thou,  
 That from thy temples may be soon erased,  
 E'en as the two already, those five scars,  
 That, when they pain thee worst, then kindliest heal.”

“Thou,” I had said, “content’st me”; when I saw  
 The other round was gain’d, and wondering eyes  
 Did keep me mute. There suddenly I seem’d  
 By an ecstatic vision wrapt away;  
 And in a temple saw, methought, a crowd  
 Of many persons; and at the entrance stood  
 A dame, whose sweet demeanour did express  
 A mother’s love, who said, “Child! why hast thou  
 Dealt with us thus? Behold thy sire and I  
 Sorrowing have sought thee”; and so held her peace;  
 And straight the vision fled. A female next  
 Appear’d before me, down whose visage coursed  
 Those waters, that grief forces out from one  
 By deep resentment stung, who seem’d to say:  
 ‘If thou, Pisistratus, be lord indeed  
 Over this city,<sup>3</sup> named with such debate  
 Of adverse gods, and whence each science sparkles,  
 Avenge thee of those arms, whose bold embrace  
 Hath clasp’d our daughter”; and to her, meseem’d,  
 Benign and meek, with visage undisturb’d,  
 Her sovran spake: “How shall we those requite<sup>4</sup>  
 Who wish us evil, if we thus condemn  
 The man that loves us?” After that I saw  
 A multitude, in fury burning, slay  
 With stones a stripling youth,<sup>5</sup> and shout amain  
 “Destroy, destroy”; and him I saw, who bow’d

<sup>3</sup> “Over this city.” Athens, named after Minerva (*Aθηνα*), in consequence of her having produced a more valuable gift for it in the olive than Neptune had done in the horse.

<sup>4</sup> “How shall we those requite?” The answer of Pisistratus the tyrant to

his wife, when she urged him to inflict the punishment of death on a young man, who, inflamed with love for his daughter, had snatched a kiss from her in public.

<sup>5</sup> “A stripling youth.” The Proto-martyr Stephen.

Heavy with death unto the ground, yet made  
His eyes, unfolded upward, gates to Heaven,  
Praying forgiveness of the Almighty Sire,  
Amidst that cruel conflict, on his foes,  
With looks that win compassion to their aim.

Soon as my spirit, from her airy flight  
Returning, sought again the things whose truth  
Depends not on her shaping, I observed  
She had not roved to falsehood in her dreams.

Meanwhile the leader, who might see I moved  
As one who struggles to shake off his sleep,  
Exclaim'd: "What ails thee, that thou canst not hold  
Thy footing firm; but more than half a league  
Hast travel'd with closed eyes and tottering gait,  
Like to a man by wine or sleep o'ercharged?"

"Beloved father! so thou deign," said I,  
"To listen, I will tell thee what appear'd  
Before me, when so fail'd my sinking steps."

He thus: "Not if thy countenance were mask'd  
With hundred vizards, could a thought of thine,  
How small soe'er, elude me. What thou saw'st  
Was shown, that freely thou mightst ope thy heart  
To the waters of peace, that flow diffused  
From their eternal fountain. I not ask'd,  
What ails thee? for such cause as he doth, who  
Looks only with that eye, which sees no more,  
When spiritless the body lies; but ask'd,  
To give fresh vigour to thy foot. Such goads,  
The slow and loitering need; that they be found  
Not wanting, when their hour of watch returns."

So on we journey'd, through the evening sky  
Gazing intent, far onward as our eyes,  
With level view, could stretch against the bright  
Vespertine ray: and lo! by slow degrees  
Gathering, a fog made towards us, dark as night.  
There was no room for 'scaping; and that mist  
Bereft us, both of sight and the pure air.

## CANTO XVI

**ARGUMENT.**—As they proceed through the mist, they hear the voices of spirits praying. Marco Lombardo, one of these, points out to Dante the error of such as impute our actions to necessity; explains to him that man is endued with free will; and shows that much of human depravity results from the undue mixture of spiritual and temporal authority in rulers.

H ELL'S dunkest gloom, or night unlustrous, dark,  
Of every planet 'reft, and pall'd in clouds,  
Did never spread before the sight a veil  
In thickness like that fog, nor to the sense  
So palpable and gross. Entering its shade,  
Mine eye endured not with unclosed lids;  
Which marking, near me drew the faithful guide,  
Offering me his shoulder for a stay.

As the blind man behind his leader walks,  
Lest he should err, or stumble unawares  
On what might harm him or perhaps destroy;  
I journey'd through that bitter air and foul,  
Still listening to my escort's warning voice,  
"Look that from me thou part not." Straight I heard  
Voices, and each one seem'd to pray for peace,  
And for compassion, to the Lamb of God  
That taketh sins away. Their prelude still  
Was "Agnus Dei"; and through all the choir,  
One voice, one measure ran, that perfect seem'd  
The concord of their song. "Are these I hear  
Spirits, O master?" I exclaim'd; and he,  
"Thou aim'st aright: these loose the bonds of wrath."

"Now who art thou, that through our smoke dost cleave,  
And speak'st of us, as thou thyself e'en yet  
Dividedst time by calends?" So one voice  
Bespake me; whence my master said, "Reply;  
And ask, if upward hence the passage lead."

"O being! who dost make thee pure, to stand  
Beautiful once more in thy Maker's sight;  
Along with me: and thou shalt hear and wonder."  
Thus I, whereto the spirit answering spake:  
"Long as 'tis lawful for me, shall my steps  
Follow on thine; and since the cloudy smoke

Forbids the seeing, hearing in its stead  
 Shall keep us join'd." I then forthwith began:  
 "Yet in my mortal swathing, I ascend  
 To higher regions; and am hither come  
 Thorough the fearful agony of Hell.  
 And, if so largely God hath doled His grace,  
 That, clean beside all modern precedent,  
 He wills me to behold His kingly state;  
 From me conceal not who thou wast, ere death  
 Had loosed thee; but instruct me: and instruct  
 If rightly to the pass I tend; thy words  
 The way directing, as a safe escort."

"I was of Lombardy, and Marco call'd:<sup>1</sup>  
 Not inexperienced of the world, that worth  
 I still affected, from which all have turn'd  
 The nerveless bow aside. Thy course tends right  
 Unto the summit:" and, replying thus,  
 He added, "I beseech thee pray for me,  
 When thou shalt come aloft." And I to him:  
 "Accept my faith for pledge I will perform  
 What thou requirest. Yet one doubt remains,  
 That wrings me sorely, if I solve it not.  
 Singly before it urged me, doubled now  
 By thine opinion, when I couple that  
 With one elsewhere declared; each strengthening other.  
 The world indeed is even so forlorn  
 Of all good, as thou speak'st it, and so swarms  
 With every evil. Yet, beseech thee, point  
 The cause out to me, that myself may see,  
 And unto others show it: for in Heaven  
 One places it, and one on earth below."

Then heaving forth a deep and audible sigh,  
 "Brother!" he thus began, "the world is blind;  
 And thou in truth comest from it. Ye, who live,

<sup>1</sup> A Venetian gentleman. "Lombardo" both was his surname and denoted the country to which he belonged. G. Villani, lib. vii. cap. cxx., terms him "a wise and worthy courtier." Benvenuto da Imola, says Landino, relates of him, that being imprisoned and not able to pay his ransom, he wrote to his friend Riccardo

da Camino, lord of Trevigi, who raised a contribution among the nobles of Lombardy; of which when Marco was informed, he wrote back with much indignation to Riccardo, that he had rather die than remain under obligations to so many benefactors. Riccardo then paid the whole out of his own purse.

Do so each cause refer to Heaven above,  
 E'en as its motion, of necessity,  
 Drew with it all that moves. If this were so,  
 Free choice in you were none; nor justice would  
 There should be joy for virtue, woe for ill.  
 Your movements have their primal bent from Heaven;  
 Not all: yet said I all; what then ensues?  
 Light have ye still to follow evil or good,  
 And of the will free power, which, if it stand  
 Firm and unwearied in Heaven's first assay,  
 Conquers at last, so it be cherish'd well,  
 Triumphant over all. To mightier force,  
 To better nature subject, ye abide  
 Free, not constrain'd by that which forms in you  
 The reasoning mind uninfluenced of the stars.  
 If then the present race of mankind err,  
 Seek in yourselves the cause, and find it there;  
 Herein thou shalt confess me no false spy.

"Forth from His plastic hand, who charm'd beholds  
 Her image ere she yet exist, the soul  
 Comes like a babe, that wantons sportively,  
 Weeping and laughing in its wayward moods;  
 As artless, and as ignorant of aught,  
 Save that her Maker being one who dwells  
 With gladness ever, willingly she turns  
 To whate'er yields her joy. Of some slight good  
 The flavour soon she tastes; and, snared by that,  
 With fondness she pursues it; if no guide  
 Recall, no rein direct her wandering course.  
 Hence it behoved, the law should be a curb;  
 A sovereign hence behoved, whose piercing view  
 Might mark at least the fortress<sup>2</sup> and main tower  
 Of the true city. Laws indeed there are:  
 But who is he observes them? None; not he,  
 Who goes before, the shepherd of the flock,

<sup>2</sup> Justice, the most necessary virtue in the chief magistrate, as the commentators for the most part explain it. See also Dante's *De Monarchia*, book I. Yet Lombardi understands the law here spoken of

to be the law of God; "the sovereign," a spiritual ruler, and "the true city," the society of true believers; so that "the fortress," according to him, denotes the principal parts of Christian duty.

Who<sup>3</sup> chews the cud but doth not cleave the hoof.  
 Therefore the multitude, who see their guide  
 Strike at the very good they covet most,  
 Feed there and look no further. Thus the cause  
 Is not corrupted nature in yourselves,  
 But ill-conducting, that hath turn'd the world  
 To evil. Rome, that turn'd it unto good,  
 Was wont to boast two suns,<sup>4</sup> whose several beams  
 Cast light on either way, the world's and God's.  
 One since hath quench'd the other; and the sword  
 Is grafted on the crook; and, so conjoin'd,  
 Each must perforce decline to worse, unawed  
 By fear of other. If thou doubt me, mark  
 The blade: each herb is judged of by its seed.  
 That land,<sup>5</sup> through which Adice and the Po  
 Their waters roll, was once the residence  
 Of courtesy and valour, ere the day<sup>6</sup>  
 That frown'd on Frederick; now secure may pass  
 Those limits, whosoe'er hath left, for shame,  
 To talk with good men, or come near their haunts.  
 Three aged ones are still found there, in whom  
 The old time chides the new: these deem it long  
 Ere God restore them to a better world:  
 The good Gherardo,<sup>7</sup> of Palazzo he,  
 Conrad,<sup>8</sup> and Guido of Castello,<sup>9</sup> named  
 In Gallic phrase more fitly the plain Lombard.  
 On this at last conclude. The Church of Rome,  
 Mixing two governments that ill assort,  
 Hath miss'd her footing, fallen into the mire,  
 And there herself and burden much defiled."

<sup>3</sup> "Who." He compares the Pope, on account of the union of the temporal with the spiritual power in his person, to an unclean beast in the Levitical law. "The camel, because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof." Levit. vi. 4.

<sup>4</sup> The Emperor and Bishop of Rome.

<sup>5</sup> "That land." Lombardy.

<sup>6</sup> Before the Emperor Frederick II was defeated at Parma, in 1248.

<sup>7</sup> Gherardo da Camino, of Trevigi. He is honorably mentioned in our Poet's Con-

vito, p. 173. "Let us suppose that Gherardo da Camino had been the grandson of the meanest hind that ever drank of the Sile or the Cagnano, and that his grandfather was not yet forgotten; who will dare to say that Gherardo da Camino was a mean man, and who will not agree with me in calling him noble?"

<sup>8</sup> Currado da Palazzo of Brescia.

<sup>9</sup> Of Reggio. All the Italians were called Lombards by the French.

"O Marco!" I replied, "thine arguments  
Convince me: and the cause I now discern,  
Why of the heritage no portion came  
To Levi's offspring. But resolve me this:  
Who that Gherardo is, that as thou say'st  
Is left a sample of the perish'd race,  
And for rebuke to this untoward age?"

"Either thy words," said he, "deceive, or else  
Are meant to try me; that thou, speaking Tuscan,  
Appear'st not to have heard of good Gherardo;  
The sole addition that, by which I know him;  
Unless I borrow'd from his daughter Gaia<sup>10</sup>  
Another name to grace him. God be with you.  
I bear you company no more. Behold  
The dawn with white ray glimmering through the mist.  
I must away—the angel comes—ere he  
Appear." He said, and would not hear me more.

## CANTO XVII

**ARGUMENT.**—The Poet issues from that thick vapour; and soon after his fancy represents to him in lively portraiture some noted examples of anger. This imagination is dissipated by the appearance of an angel, who marshals them onward to the fourth cornice, on which the sin of gloominess or indifference is purged; and here Virgil shows him that this vice proceeds from a defect of love, and that all love can be only of two sorts, either natural, or of the soul; of which sorts the former is always right, but the latter may err either in respect of object or of degree.

**C**ALL to remembrance, reader, if thou e'er  
Hast on an Alpine height been ta'en by cloud,  
Through which thou saw'st no better than the mole  
Doth through opacious membrane; then, whene'er  
The watery vapours dense began to melt  
Into thin air, how faintly the sun's sphere  
Seem'd wading through them: so thy nimble thought  
May image, how at first I rebeheld  
The sun, that bedward now his couch o'erhung.  
Thus, with my leader's feet still equaling pace,  
From forth that cloud I came, when now expired

<sup>10</sup> "His daughter Gaia." A lady claim to the praise of having been the equally admired for her modesty, the first among the Italian ladies, by whom beauty of her person, and the excellency of her talents. Gaia may perhaps lay the vernacular poetry was cultivated.

The parting beams from off the nether shores.  
 O quick and forgetive power! that sometimes dost  
 So rob us of ourselves, we take no mark  
 Though round about us thousand trumpets clang;  
 What moves thee, if the senses stir not? Light  
 Moves thee from Heaven, spontaneous, self-inform'd;  
 Or, likelier, gliding down with swift illapse  
 By will divine. Portray'd before me came  
 The traces of her dire impiety,  
 Whose form was changed into the bird, that most  
 Delights itself in song:<sup>1</sup> and here my mind  
 Was inwardly so wrapt, it gave no place  
 To aught that ask'd admittance from without.  
 Next shower'd into my fantasy a shape  
 As of one crucified, whose visage spake  
 Fell rancour, malice deep, wherein he died;  
 And round him Ahasuerus the great king;  
 Esther his bride; and Mordecai the just,  
 Blameless in word and deed. As of itself  
 That unsubstantial coinage of the brain  
 Burst, like a bubble, when the water fails  
 That fed it; in my vision straight uprose  
 A damsel<sup>2</sup> weeping loud, and cried, "O queen!  
 O mother! wherefore has intemperate ire  
 Driven thee to loathe thy being? Not to lose  
 Lavinia, desperate thou hast slain thyself.  
 Now hast thou lost me. I am she, whose tears  
 Mourn, ere I fall, a mother's timeless end."

E'en as a sleep breaks off, if suddenly  
 New radiance strikes upon the closed lids,  
 The broken slumber quivering ere it dies;  
 Thus, from before me, sunk that imagery,  
 Vanishing, soon as on my face there struck  
 The light, outshining far our earthly beam.

<sup>1</sup>I cannot think, with Vellutello, that the swallow is here meant. Dante probably alludes to the story of Philomela, as it is found in Homer's "Odyssey," b. xix. 518. Philomela intended to slay the son of her husband's brother Amphion, incited to it by the envy of his wife, who had six children, while herself had only

two, but through mistake slew her own son Itylus, and for her punishment was transformed by Jupiter into a nightingale.

<sup>2</sup>Lavinia, mourning for her mother Amata, who, impelled by grief and indignation for the supposed death of Turnus, destroyed herself.

As round I turn'd me to survey what place  
 I had arrived at, "Here ye mount": exclaim'd  
 A voice, that other purpose left me none  
 Save will so eager to behold who spake,  
 I could not chuse but gaze. As 'fore the sun,  
 That weighs our vision down, and veils his form  
 In light transcendent, thus my virtue faul'd  
 Unequal. "This is Spirit from above,  
 Who marshals us our upward way, unsought;  
 And in his own light shrouds him. As a man  
 Doth for himself, so now is done for us.  
 For whoso waits imploring, yet sees need  
 Of his prompt aidance, sets himself prepared  
 For blunt denial, ere the suit be made.  
 Refuse we not to lend a ready foot  
 At such inviting: haste we to ascend,  
 Before it darken: for we may not then,  
 Till morn again return." So spake my guide;  
 And to one ladder both address'd our steps;  
 And the first stair approaching, I perceived  
 Near me as 't were the waving of a wing,  
 That fann'd my face, and whisper'd: "Blessed they,  
 The peace-makers: they know not evil wrath."

Now to such height above our heads were raised  
 The last beams, follow'd close by hooded night,  
 That many a star on all sides through the gloom  
 Shone out. "Why partest from me, O my strength?"  
 So with myself I communed; for I felt  
 My o'ertoil'd sinews slacken. We had reach'd  
 The summit, and were fix'd like to a bark  
 Arrived at land. And waiting a short space,  
 If aught should meet mine ear in that new round,  
 Then to my guide I turn'd, and said: "Loved sire!  
 Declare what guilt is on this circle purged.  
 If our feet rest, no need thy speech should pause."

He thus to me: "The love of good, whate'er  
 Wanted of just proportion, here fulfils.  
 Here plies afresh the oar, that loiter'd ill.  
 But that thou mayst yet clearlier understand,  
 Give ear unto my words; and thou shalt cull

Some fruit may please thee well, from this delay.

"Creator, nor created being, e'er,  
My son," he thus began, "was without love,  
Or natural, or the free spirit's growth,  
Thou hast not that to learn. The natural still  
Is without error: but the other swerves,  
If on ill object bent, or through excess  
Of vigour, or defect. While e'er it seeks  
The primal blessings,<sup>3</sup> or with measure due  
The inferior,<sup>4</sup> no delight, that flows from it,  
Partakes of ill. But let it warp to evil,  
Or with more ardour than behoves, or less,  
Pursue the good; the thing created then  
Works 'gainst its Maker. Hence thou must infer  
That love is germin of each virtue in ye,  
And of each act no less, that merits pain.  
Now<sup>5</sup> since it may not be, but love intend  
The welfare mainly of the thing it loves,  
All from self-hatred are secure; and since  
No being can be thought to exist apart,  
And independent of the first, a bar  
Of equal force restrains from hating that.

"Grant the distinction just; and it remains  
The evil must be another's, which is loved.  
Three ways such love is gender'd in your clay.  
There is<sup>6</sup> who hopes (his neighbour's worth deprest)  
Pre-eminence himself; and covets hence,  
For his own greatness, that another fall.  
There is<sup>7</sup> who so much fears the loss of power,  
Fame, favour, glory, (should his fellow mount  
Above him), and so sickens at the thought,  
He loves their opposite: and there is he,<sup>8</sup>  
Whom wrong or insult seems to gall and shame,  
That he doth thirst for vengeance; and such needs  
Must dote on other's evil. Here beneath,

<sup>3</sup> "The primal blessings." Spiritual can therefore rejoice only in the evil good.

<sup>4</sup> "The inferior." Temporal good.

<sup>5</sup> "Now." It is impossible for any being, either to hate itself, or to hate the First Cause of all, by which it exists. We

which befalls others."

<sup>6</sup> "There is." The proud.

<sup>7</sup> "There is." The envious.

<sup>8</sup> "There is he." The resentful.

This threefold love is mourn'd. Of the other sort  
Be now instructed; that which follows good,  
But with disorder'd and irregular course.

"All indistinctly apprehend a bliss,  
On which the soul may rest; the hearts of all  
Yearn after it; and to that wished bourn  
All therefore strive to tend. If ye behold,  
Or seek it, with a love remiss and lax;  
This cornice, after just repenting, lays  
Its penal torment on ye. Other good  
There is, where man finds not his happiness:  
It is not true fruition; not that blest  
Essence, of every good the branch and root.  
The love too lavishly bestow'd on this,  
Along three circles over us, is mourn'd.  
Account of that division tripartite  
Expect not, fitter for thine own research."